

The PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY: SUMMER NUMBER

JUN 8 1909

SUMMER READING

1909

Being the Summer Number
of The Publishers' Weekly,
298 Broadway, near Duane
Street, New York City, 1909

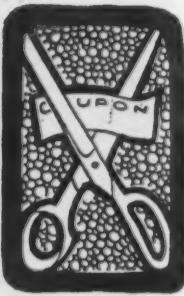
Vol. LXXV., No. 22. May 29, 1909. Whole No. 1948

Subscription Price, One Year, \$4; to Foreign Countries, \$5

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter
R. R. Bowker, Publisher

A.E.R.

Ready in June



And It's Going to be the Craze
this Summer



The MAKING of BOBBY BURNIT



When his eccentric father left him three millions with a trustee who had a dimple in her chin, what happened to Bobby was a plenty. He burned it all right, did Bobby Burnit, while gathering experience in large and elegant bunches. But he got even. And he made good.

And there was Agnes, the dimpled trustee, waiting for him in the end. And the reader is left feeling mighty cheerful and satisfied and thanking his lucky star for this bully book.



GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg and F. R. Gruger
12mo, cloth, \$1.50



THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS--ROBERT GRANT—AND A NEW AUTHOR



From "The White Mice"

THE WHITE MICE

Now in its Third Printing

By
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Illustrated by George Gibbs. \$1.50

"Nothing more is needed than the announcement that it is as good as 'Soldiers of Fortune.'"

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Not a slumberous moment possibly can intervene from the familiar 'once upon a time' of the first paragraph until we hear the final words of the hero."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"The love story is delightful. It is one of the best things Mr. Davis has ever done."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE CHIPPENDALES

By
ROBERT GRANT

(Another Edition Now Ready)

"An uncommonly good story of American life. Entertaining from cover to cover."—*New York Tribune.*

"It is a human comedy; it is told with wit and cleverness and not without satire. You will find this story wholly charming and worth while."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

\$1.50

IN THE WAKE OF THE GREEN BANNER

By EUGENE PAUL METOUR

A stirring and absorbing novel of love and adventure during the French occupation of Algeria. The author's knowledge of the native Moor and Berber, the charming love story, wonderful pictures of desert life and warfare, and the adventures of the dashing, plucky D'Ornano and his handful of the Foreign Legion at the oasis make up a story that will hold the reader fascinated to the end.

Illustrated. \$1.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE BEST NEW NOVELS

54-40 OR FIGHT

By Emerson Hough

Better than
"THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE"

54-40 or Fight is clever blending of history and romance.—*Boston Globe*. John C. Calhoun figures largely and glowingly.—*N. Y. World*. There are stirring scenes.—*Phila. Ledger*. 54-40 or Fight hasn't a dull page.—*Detroit News*. An excellent complement to "The Mississippi Bubble."—*Chicago Examiner*. The most popular novel of the year.—*Rochester Herald*. Certain to reach the class of the six best sellers.—*Chicago Journal*. History of Baroness Ritz is deeply absorbing.—*New York Herald*. Love and power, candles and ceremony, but above all mystery.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*. A capital story capitally told.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

Pictures by A. I. Keller. \$1.50

By Ellery H. Clark

LOADED DICE

"Loaded Dice" displays originality, vigor, and a bold handling of big ideas.

—*Nashville American*.

A story of originality and undeniable power, revealing a rare dramatic sense.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

There is no denying the compelling power of the narrative.—*New York Press*.

The interest never ceases for a moment. Not only is the general proposition an unusual, absorbing one, but the recital of incidents leading ever on to the properly draped climax makes the reader want to turn the pages with increasing rapidity.—*The Boston Globe*. Tremendously interesting.—*Philadelphia Item*.

The characters are men and women, not puppets, and the various scenes stand out with a vividness that is nothing short of remarkable.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

Full of snap and whistle and go.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

Pictures by F. Graham Coates. \$1.50

By Jacques Futrelle

ELUSIVE ISABEL

The
Speeding Arrow
of a
Brilliant Tale

Pictures by Alonzo Kimball. \$1.50

The best mystery story I have read this year. — EDWIN MARKHAM, in *New York American*.

A leaping, stirring tale.—*Pittsburg Post*.

Clutching, clinging, persuasive.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Should be immensely popular.—*Boston Post*.

Has dash and vim, and an entrancing rapidity of action.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

THE BEST NEW NOVELS

By the author of
"THE CIRCULAR
STAIRCASE"

"The Circular Staircase" made a commotion, but this arouses even greater interest.
—*Philadelphia Record*.

The unexpected solution startles the reader.
—*New York Sun*.

For compelling interest it is not equalled by any recent novel.—*Buffalo Courier*.

One of the most fascinating books that has come to our hands in many months.
—*St. Paul Press*.

Plenty of gayety and sparkle, the humor is spontaneous and infectious.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The MAN in LOWER TEN

By Mary
Roberts
Rinehart

Pictures by Howard Chandler Christy. \$1.50

By
Henry Wallace Phillips

Trolley Folly

Certainly funny in every sense of the word.—*Rochester Union*.

It is good fun.—*New York Globe*.

Entertaining.—*Boston Journal*.

Pervaded with a spirit of extravagant fun.—*Brooklyn Times*.

Many pictures. Price \$1.25

By
Lloyd Osbourne

Infatuation

Mr. Osbourne makes an absorbing book.
—*Springfield Republican*.

"Infatuation" is clever, as clever in telling as it is in conception. Read it and cheer up.—*New York Globe*.

An intensity of spirit makes "Infatuation" move with force and power.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

Pictures by Karl Anderson. \$1.50

By
Lucia Chamberlain

Author of
"The Coast of Chance"

Makes the reader's heart beat hard and fast.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Another successful blending of romance and mystery such as the author gives in "The Coast of Chance."—*New York Globe*.

The delicacy and charm of the blossom time of the year.

—*Baltimore Sun*.

"The Other Side of the Door" fascinates and entertains and delights.

—*Chicago Journal*.

The OTHER SIDE of the DOOR

Pictures by Herman Pleifer. \$1.50

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY • Publishers • INDIANAPOLIS

LIPPINCOTT'S SUMMER NOVELS



*THE 1,000 DOLLAR PRIZE
MYSTERY STORY*

Love's Privilege

By STELLA M. DÜRING
Author of "Disinherited."

This novel of Mrs. Düring's recently won a thousand-dollar prize in a leading Chicago newspaper's competition, and was pronounced as perhaps the most baffling mystery-story of recent years—out of some three thousand five hundred solutions received there were only one hundred and six correct, or approximately correct. The plot is concerned with a murder which absolutely defies solution. The "false scents" are numerous, and one is led hither and thither in the mad race to place the responsibility of the crime. Unusual attention is given to character-drawing, and the strained situation between the husband, who is suspected of the murder, and the wife, who believes him guilty from the first, is splendidly done. It is indeed a clean, well-written bit of fiction, just the thing for mental rest and amusement. The scenes are laid on an English estate near London.

Frontispiece in color by Frank H. Desch
12mo. Cloth, with colored inset, \$1.50

*GENERAL KING'S LATEST
ARMY ROMANCE*

Lanier of the Cavalry

By GENERAL CHARLES KING
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "A War-Time Wooing," etc.

General King stands sponsor for many fine army stories, but it is doubtful if he has ever penned a more stirring one than this, his latest romance. The plot is laid at a frontier fort where witty women and brave men are snowed in for months, which isolation is to some extent accountable for the remarkable happenings. Lieutenant Robert Lanier incurs the enmity of the post commander, and is by him accused of dire misdeeds—though it is only fair to the aforesaid commanding officer to say that circumstances do point to the young officer's guilt. There are many entanglements to be straightened out before Lanier is fully exonerated and wins the prize which is to him the greatest in the world—said prize being a girl. The powerful grip of the plot bespeaks a master craftsman—it's invention, its atmosphere, its characterization, are all stamped by that professional touch which is so unerringly sure.



Second Edition. Three full-page illustrations by Frank McKernan
12mo. Decorated cloth, \$1.25

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA

LIPPINCOTT'S SUMMER NOVELS

JUST PUBLISHED—A NEW MODERN ROMANCE

by the author of

"The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" and *"The Princess Dehra"*

The Woman in Question

By JOHN REED SCOTT

"The Woman in Question" is a romance, but not of Valeria nor mediaeval England. Mr. Scott has remained home in America, and the scenes are laid in the Eastern United States. The story is distinctly modern in tone and theme, and centers in and around Fairlawn Hall, an old mansion with a marvellous garden, lying on the outskirts of Egerton, where the new master has come with a party of friends—to find mystery, misfortune, and love awaiting him.

Mr. Scott shows steady improvement in each succeeding novel, and he has planned this latest story well, filling it with many surprises and dramatic moments.

Three full-page illustrations in color by
Clarence F. Underwood

12mo. Decorated cloth, \$1.50



*A REALLY BIG AMERICAN
NOVEL OF INTENSE INTEREST*

The Winning Chance

By ELIZABETH DEJEANS

Each season one publisher or another claims that he has at last found the American novel, but the public fails to agree and the niche remains vacant. In "The Winning Chance" we know we have a big American novel—we won't say *the*, although we almost feel like doing so—dealing with a modern problem of such vital interest to all it cannot help but win its way to great popularity. The story is strikingly original in theme and treatment, and it pictures as never before the big problem of the American girl who enters upon a business career.

Frontispiece in color by Gayle P. Hoskins
12mo. Ornamental cloth, \$1.50

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA

NEW BOOKS SUITABLE FOR SUMMER READING



The Bronze Bell
by
Louis Joseph Vance
Author of
"THE BRASS BOWL,"
etc.

A novel of mystery, romance and adventure.
Illustrations in color by Harrison Fisher, \$1.50

The Alternative
by

George Barr McCutcheon
Author of "GRAUSTARK,"
"THE DAY OF THE DOG,"
etc., etc.

With full-page illustrations in color by Harrison Fisher, and decorations by Theodore B. Hapgood, \$1.25.



The Hand on the Latch

By **Mary Cholmondeley**
Author of "RED POTTAGE,"
etc. One of the strongest books
of the season. 12mo, cloth.
Illustrated, \$1.25.



THE ROYAL END

by
HENRY HARLAND

Author of
"THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF BOX,"
"MY FRIEND PROSPERO," etc.

Illustrated, \$1.50

The Glass House

By **Florence Morse Kingsley**

Author of "The Transfiguration
of Miss Philura," "The Resur-
rection of Miss Cynthia," etc.,
etc. With illustrations by Alice
Barber Stephens. 12mo, cloth,
\$1.50



THE MUSIC MASTER

By **CHARLES KLEIN**

Author of "The Lion and the
Mouse"

Illustrations in color by John Rae.
\$1.50

KINGSMEAD

by
BETTINA VON HUTTEN

Author of "Pam," "Pam
Decides," etc.

Frontispiece in color by Will Foster.
\$1.50

The Red Mouse.

By **WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE**

Illustrated in color by the Kinneys and Harrison Fisher. \$1.50

The Girl and the Bill.

By **BANNISTER MERWIN**

With cover design by Harrison Fisher and full-page illustrations in color by the Kinneys. \$1.50.

The Whirl.

By **FOXCROFT DAVIS**. Full-

page illustrations in color by B.

Martin Justice. \$1.50.

The Eternal Boy.

By **OWEN JOHNSON**.
Illustrated, \$1.50.

The Hands of Compulsion.

By **AMELIA E. BARR**

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," etc. \$1.50.

The Pulse of Life.

By **MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES**. \$1.50.

What Is Physical Life

By **WM. HANNA THOMSON, M.D.**

Author of "Brain and Personality."
Ready in May. 12mo, cloth, net, \$1.50.

The Great Wet Way

By **ALAN DALE**

With over 100 illustrations by H. B.
Martin. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The Blue Bird.

A Fairy Play
in 5 Acts.

By **MAURICE MAETERLINCK**

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de
Mattos. 12mo, cloth, net, \$1.20.

A Handbook of Modern French Painting.

By **D. CADY**

EATON, B.A., M.A., Professor of the
History and Criticism of Art (Emeritus)
Yale University. With 250 illustrations.
8vo, cloth. Net, \$2.50.

MR. CLEVELAND

A personal impression

By **JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS**

Net, 50 cents.

Studies in Several Literatures

By **HARRY THURSTON PECK**,
Litt.D., Professor in Columbia University.
12mo, cloth, net, \$1.20.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

THE BOOKMAN, A Magazine
of Literature and Life



THE NEW INTERNATIONAL
ENCYCLOPAEDIA

WATCH THIS BOOK

Ready June 12

**BECAUSE
IT IS SO
UNUSUAL
WE HAVE
SAVED IT
UNTIL THE
END OF
THE SEASON**



**A STORE
WINDOW
CAN BE
MADE VERY
ATTRACTIVE
WITH OUR
ADVERTISING
DISPLAY**

Write for it

An intensely dramatic story of Washington life, of diplomats, society people, senators, lobbyists, adventurers and adventuresses; a story with a dash of danger and the spice of a big political intrigue, a perfectly fascinating heroine and a strong and stubborn hero.

\$1.50

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

THE BOOKMAN, A Magazine
of Literature and Life



THE NEW INTERNATIONAL
ENCYCLOPAEDIA

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS



From "The Governors"

Oppenheim's New Summer Novel

THE GOVERNORS

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Unfolds an eventful chapter in the life of an American financier and his charming daughter, Virginia. Mr. Oppenheim handles his plot with his usual skill in this strong narrative. *Frontispiece in color by Will Grefé, and other illustrations by Howard Somerville.* \$1.50. *READY JUNE 5.*

By the same author

THE MISSIONER

No man of this generation has so much facility of expression, so many technical resources or so fine a power of narration as Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* Illustrated. Cloth, cover inlay in color, \$1.50.

THE HARVEST WITHIN

By Capt. A. T. Mahan

Thoughts on the life of a Christian. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.60.



From "Strain of White"

THE STRAIN OF WHITE

By Ada W. Anderson

A strong romance of the Puget Sound Country, by the author of "The Heart of the Red Firs," having for its heroine Francesca ("Singing Bird"), the daughter of an American officer and an Indian maiden. Illustrated. \$1.50

BUT STILL A MAN

By Margaret L. Knapp

This story of a young minister's fight against the conventionality of a New England parish and also against his own stiff-necked pride, is marked by careful workmanship, good psychology and life-like line and tint of drawing.—*Edwin Markham.* Cloth, \$1.50.



THE SMALL YACHT Its Management and Handling for Racing and Sailing

By Edwin A. Boardman

The best book on tuning up, and handling a sail boat, written by an expert, for the amateur, with rules, etc. With 32 full-page plates and diagrams, \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.13.

IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

By Anne Warner

A story of love and sacrifice, that teems with the original humor of Mrs. Ray, the village post-mistress, one of the most delicious creations Anne Warner has yet produced. Illustrated by J. V. McFall. With picture cover, \$1.50.

By the same author

REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY

Impossible to read without laughing; a sparkling, hilarious tale.—*Chicago Record-Herald. Players' Edition.* Illustrated. \$1.50

OUR BENNY

By MARY E. WALLER

Of this great narrative poem, Edwin Markham says:

"It is fluent and simple and full of homely pathos and humor, and it takes a place next below 'Snowbound' and 'Myles Standish.'" \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.

From "In a Mysterious Way"

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

Anthony Partridge's Dashing Romance

THE KINGDOM OF EARTH

By Anthony Partridge

Full of exciting adventure and political intrigue, this dashing romance of a European crown prince and a talented American girl moves to its climax in baffling mysteries. Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell. \$1.50.



By the same author

THE DISTRIBUTORS

An absorbing story of a great London mystery. \$1.50.

Sidney McCall's New American Novel

RED HORSE HILL

By Sidney McCall

This intensely dramatic American novel by the author of "Truth Dexter," and "The Breath of the Gods," with its background of Southern mill life, is one of the notable works of fiction of the year. \$1.50.

A ROYAL WARD

By Percy Brebner

A swiftly moving tale of love and adventure, with a captivating heroine, by the author of "The Princess Maritza," that gets into heart to heart touch with the reader before the first chapter is half finished. Illustrated in color. Cloth, \$1.50



From "The Kingdom of Earth"

WHIPS OF TIME

By Arabella Kenealy

Not only a story of thrilling interest, but of deep significance as well, for it deals with the problems of heredity in a most ingenious way.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Cloth, \$1.50

COOKING FOR TWO

By Janet M. Hill

A handbook for young housekeepers. Fully illustrated. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63.

From "A Royal Ward"

THE PANAMA CANAL AND ITS MAKERS

By Vaughan Cornish, of the Royal Geographical Society, London

A compact, comprehensive, and impartial account of this great work by an eminent English geographer. With map, plans and 63 illustrations from photographs. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.61



From "The Little Gods"

THE LITTLE GODS

By Rowland Thomas

A book of Philippine Island life and adventure, by "an American Kipling," having for its first chapter, "Fagan," the Collier \$5000-prize story. Illustrated. \$1.50.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS

By Anna Chapin Ray

"Into the plot is woven very skilfully an account of the last days and fall of the great structure across the St. Lawrence above Quebec."—*Boston Globe.* \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

JUST PUBLISHED

MOLLIE DEVERILL

By CURTIS YORKE

Author of "The Other Sara," "The Girl and the Man," etc.

The charm of style, the brilliancy of dialogue, and the deep note of sincerity, which have conquered innumerable readers in the past, are to be found in abundance in Curtis Yorke's new novel, "MOLLIE DEVERILL." Illustrated with a colored frontispiece portrait of the heroine.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50

**TWO EXTREMELY INTERESTING
BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING**

SERVITUDE

By IRENE OSCOOD

A fascinating tale of pirate days on the Mediterranean just after the war of 1812.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50

A BRIDE ON TRUST

By Captain HENRY CURTIES

A thrilling modern romance of the love of a soldier for a beautiful woman he meets under peculiar and mysterious circumstances.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50

Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Publishers

FICTION FOR SUMMER READING

SPECIAL MESSENGER

By Robert W. Chambers

4th Large Edition

Author of "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," "THE FIRING LINE," "IOLE," etc.

The romantic love story of a woman spy in the Civil War, told with all the vividness, skill, and finish of this most brilliant of our popular writers.

Cover inlay by Harrison Fisher. Many illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG

By David Graham Phillips

3d Large Edition

Author of "THE SECOND GENERATION," "OLD WIVES FOR NEW," etc.

A bold picture satirizing society life in Washington, showing the native strength of an impetuous Westerner in victorious conflict with the trivialities of social conventions.

Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

By Oliver Cabot

3d Edition

The search for his own identity, told by a man who has lost all clue to his personality—absorbing mystery, thrilling adventure, chivalrous love.

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

A KING IN KHAKI

By Henry Kitchell Webster

3d Edition

Author of "THE WHISPERING MAN," "CALUMET K," etc.

A romance of love, adventure, and high finance in the West Indies. A refreshing, thoroughly American hero, fighting against odds for love and honor.

Illustrated by O'Neill. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

OUR VILLAGE

By Joseph C. Lincoln

2d Edition

Author of "CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE," "CAP'N ERI," etc.

"The people are the same charming and lovable Cape Codders that he has drawn so well."

N. Y. Sun.

Decorated cover, many illustrations, printed throughout on toned paper. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50 net.

A YEAR OUT OF LIFE

By Mary E. Waller

2d Edition

Author of "THE WOOD-CARVER OF 'LYMPUS."

The romance of an American girl traveling in Germany and a distinguished German author. Written in the charming style that has ever marked Miss Waller's work.

Decorated cover. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE LADY WITHOUT JEWELS

By Arthur Goodrich

Ready May 28

Author of "GLEAM O' DAWN," "THE BALANCE OF POWER," etc.

Rare humor, genial satire, delightful sentiment, charming comedy, and just enough dramatic thrill to make it perfect summer reading.

Cover inlay and illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

READY IN JUNE

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

By Roy Norton

Mr. Norton is almost a modern Jules Verne, and this story may be relied upon to hold the reader's attention by its mysterious events, painted on a broad canvas, and by the magnificent spirit of strength and patriotism with which it is pervaded.

Decorated cover and illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE MASTER BUILDERS

By James Edmund Dunning

The battle between two strong though dissimilar characters, with the love of a fascinating woman as the prize for the victor. The scene is a Maine shipyard where there is being constructed a magnificent cruiser, which is coveted by a foreign power hostile to the United States.

Decorated cover and illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Published by D. APPLETON & CO., New York

Fiction for Summer Reading

*Now
Selling*



The Web of the Golden Spider

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "Joan of the Alley."

Illustrated by HARRISON FISHER and C. M. RELYEAE. \$1.50

The best adventure story of the year

"The lure of hidden treasure grips men's hearts to-day as surely as it fascinated the adventurers of bygone centuries, and Mr. Bartlett's expedition to El Dorado is such an enticing affair one has half a mind to knock off prosy business, buy a cutlass and a brace of pistols and enlist in the adventure."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

*Now
Selling*

The Rule of Three

A Story of Pike's Peak

By ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM. \$1.25

For all lovers of the open air in fiction. A captivating comedy of courtship, filled with the clean uplift of the Colorado air and the life and sparkle of the Colorado sunshine.

*Ready
June 12*

Waylaid by Wireless

A Suspicion, a Warning,
A Sporting Proposition, and a
Transatlantic Pursuit

By EDWIN BALMER

Author of the famous "wireless" scene in the play,
"Via Wireless."

Illustrated by EDMUND FREDERICK. \$1.50

The first big wireless novel—filled with charming touches of travel through the English cathedral towns and homeward bound, with humor and with delicious and impenetrable mystery. Destined to rank high.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Publishers
of the
Beacon
Biographies

Small, Maynard & Company

Publishers : : : Boston

Publishers
of the
Beacon
Biographies

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

FICTION READY JUNE 1ST

“There is no book in the fiction of recent years that I should rank as equal to it. The story is a masterpiece, and it only lacks a touch of poetry to put it in the very front rank.

The book has its proper share of color and vivacity; but the main thing is that it is a real book. I have read none like it for a very long time.”

So writes DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, in *The British Weekly*, concerning

THE OLD WIVES' TALE

A Novel of Life. By ARNOLD BENNETT

Price, \$1.20 net

A reader in America says it is a most fascinating combination of William De Morgan and William J. Locke at their best. Altogether it is a novel that will do much credit to the bookseller who sells it.

RIDGWELL CULLUM is doing some wonderfully strong work. His romance and adventure are of the cleanest, crispest and most dramatic sort.

THE COMPACT

(RIDGWELL CULLUM)

is his new novel. It is a South African story of more than unusual force and worth.

Price, \$1.20 net

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY,

35 West 32d Street
New York

"MR. OPP"

By ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

THE GREAT SUMMER SUCCESS

"A better story than 'Mrs. Wiggs'"

WHATEVER YOU READ DON'T MISS

"MR. OPP"

Beautiful pictures, \$1.00

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SILVER FOX

A wonderful animal story—a companion volume to his famous "Biography of a Grizzly." Exquisite pictures and ornaments, printed in two colors, \$1.50.

SOMETHING NEW IN FICTION

OLD LADY NUMBER 31

If you want to be moved by humor and pathos, buy a copy of this remarkable little book—all about a personage who isn't an old lady at all. \$1.00.

The Century Co.

Union Square

New York

WHAT GOVERNOR HAY, OF WASHINGTON, SAYS:

I find that when once begun it will be read to the end without stopping. I think you have been particularly happy in laying the scene of your story in the Palouse Country, in the "hills where the bunchgrass waves." The picturesque days of the West are passing, the great silences are disturbed and the great spaces are being filled, but here is an inexhaustible fund for romance and story which writers of fiction have as yet hardly touched.

THE CHRYsalis

*By***HAROLD MORTON KRAMER**

A STORY that Deals With the Strongest Emotions and Passions that Humanity Can Know, and Breathing the Strong, New Life of the Great American Northwest that Marcus Whitman Saved.

A STORY OF LIVES AND HEARTS

"God will understand—
yes; but God isn't Anglo-Saxon."

Illustrated by Edwards. Cloth, \$1.50

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., Boston

MONEY, PUSH, AND ENERGY

Of publishers who publish only "Best Sellers" are back
of this Greater Successor of a Great Book

First Printing, 100,000 Copies. Ready August 25

Every Progressive Bookseller will Order in Time
For Sale Publication Day

THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Author of "The Shepherd of the Hills," "That Printer of Udell's"

EA CH of his books have a possessive, distinctive element. That Printer of Udell's is notable, first of all for its wonderful "motive power," in portraying the practices of practical Christianity. The Shepherd of the Hills is conspicuous for its "story power," the goal of the story-teller's art, breathing an inspiration to the simple life. The Calling of Dan Matthews, while different in treatment and style from the other two, is a combination of the motive power and the story power in one vital, thrilling, life-giving force of "thought power," out of which the ministry of daily life is the all-compelling incentive that grips the life and determination of its readers.

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY
ARTHUR I. KELLER AT HIS BEST
364 Pages. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS

New Illustrations by
F. GRAHAM COOTES

THAT PRINTER OF UDELL'S

Illustrations by
JOHN CLITHEROE GILBERT

New Edition, Uniform with
THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS

Ready August 25th
Each, \$1.50

ALL JOBBERS SELL MR. WRIGHT'S BOOKS

PUBLISHERS' SELLING AGENTS TO THE TRADE FOR THE UNITED STATES
THE REILLY AND BRITTON COMPANY, 258 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, . Publishers, . CHICAGO

ONE OF THE SIX BEST-SELLING NOVELS IN ENGLAND



A play based upon this story has just been produced in London by Miss Julia Neilson and Fred Terry. Both book and play bid fair to rival in success the famous *Scarlet Pimpernel*. On the occasion of the first performance of *Henry of Navarre* it was received with unbounded enthusiasm, there being no less than thirty-eight calls in the course of the performance.



HENRY OF NAVARRE

A Romance of August, 1572. Frontispiece by H. M. Brock

A stirring and dramatic story, the scene of which is laid in Paris during the eventful month of August, 1572, on the eve of the marriage of Marguerite de Valois to Henry of Navarre, which was followed by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. As befits the times, the plot moves rapidly, the dialogue is strikingly good, and the pages are filled with intrigue, adventure, violence, and the love of woman.



"Vividly and vigorously recounted, the dialogue is brisk and ingenious, the plot well contrived, and action swift and skilfully managed."—*N. Y. Sun*

"The story is a credit to the author and a thing to be proud of."—
Nashville American



Price, \$1.50 post-paid

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 West 23d Street

LONDON
24 Bedford Street, Strand



By Mrs. Humphry Ward

MARRIAGE À LA MODE



This is Mrs. Ward's first novel laid partly in America, and Daphne Floyd, with her beauty and wealth and self-confidence and proud jealousy, is a fascinating and bewildering creation. This story pictures vividly some fundamental differences between American and English character and social customs. Four illustrations in color. Fixed price, \$1.20 (postage 10c.).

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

Michael Thwaite's Wife

Miss Michelson has never done anything more true, more powerful or more appealing than this rec-



ord of twin sisters. The story reaches an intense climax when Tess, "the good one," finds herself thrust irresistibly into the place of her sister who has run away from her husband. Four illustrations in color by C. Coles Phillips. \$1.50.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Mike Flannery On Duty and Off The Sequel to "Pigs Is Pigs"

Here are some more wildly laughable adventures that befell Mike Flannery of "Pigs Is Pigs" fame, and one of the best liked and best known humorous characters of the century. Every reader of "Pigs" will read the new stories, for they make large additions to the joy of life. Illustrations. 50 cents postpaid.

Ezekiel

By LUCY PRATT

Ezekiel is a genuine character—he is the little Negro who has delighted and amused millions of magazine readers during the past two years. You will never get rid of Ezekiel—if you read this record of his adventures. Illustrations by Frederick Dorr Steele. \$1.00.



COUNTRY LIFE
IN AMERICA



THE WORLD'S WORK



THE GARDEN
MAGAZINE

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. NEW YORK.

Now Ready

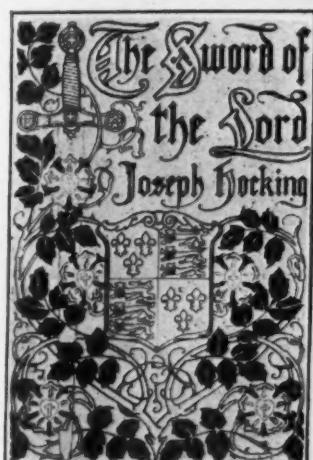
NET FICTION!!!

NET FICTION!!!

**JOSEPH HOCKING'S
NEW NOVEL**

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

A Romance of the Time of Martin Luther



A POWERFUL AND REALISTIC STORY OF
TUDOR ENGLAND AND COEVAL GERMANY

A romance of stirring times when Europe was in
the throes of the Reformation.

*A spirited and animated tale of plot and counter-plot
interwoven with brilliant and diversified scenes of court
and camp.*

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD" is a stirring
story of Luther and his times, written with the
author's well-known power.

Brian Hamilton is sent to Germany by Henry VIII to bring a lady of noble birth to England, where her presence is required for political reasons. The King has chosen Hamilton for the task partly because the latter is reputed to be a woman-hater, and Henry does not desire a messenger likely to fall in love with the lady. But even so absolute a monarch as Henry VIII is not always able to stay the tide of love.

Brian's mission is surrounded by almost overwhelming difficulties, for, at the time of his arrival, Germany is in a state of ferment owing to the growth of the Reformation. He meets Luther and Erasmus, and has many thrilling experiences in the execution of his important mission.

*By the author of "The Woman of Babylon,"
"A Flame of Fire," "Lest We Forget," etc.*

Printed on featherweight paper

Cover elaborately decorated in three colors. 12mo. 344 pp. Net, \$1 25

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 31 West 23d Street, New York

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK**Are the Dead Alive?****By FREMONT RIDER**

A careful and authoritative summing up of a half-century's progress in psychical research, written in a way that almost compels an absorbing interest.

Ghosts, spirit rappings, materializations, table levitations, trance speaking and writing, telepathy, clairvoyance—form no immediately attractive field for scientific investigation. The author's purpose, thru two years of careful work in preparation, has been absolute impartiality, considering childish credulity and the denial of ignorance alike to be condemned.

When a portion of the book, condensed, ran serially in *The Delineator*, the comment aroused was almost unprecedented, literally thousands of letters being received.

A unique addition are the statements of personal belief on the question of the book's title, prepared especially for it, by such scholars and writers as Sir Oliver Lodge, William T. Stead, Count Tolstoi, Sir William Crookes, Professor Richet, Dr. Lombroso, Andrew Lang, Camille Flammarion, Professor William James, etc.

The book is illustrated with some 50 photographs, most of them never before published, illustrating every phase of psychical phenomena, including remarkable photographs of levitation and examples of alleged materialization, and is provided with a very complete index.

Cloth extra, 8vo, \$1.75 fixed price

We have received to date 87 reviews of ARTHUR STRINGER'S wireless adventure romance

The Gunrunner

and of these only one, the *New York Sun*—of course—has been other than enthusiastic praise. On the contrary, such phrases as "of absorbing interest," "quite Stringer's best work," "a rattling good yarn," "breathless situations," "a fascinating story," "not a dull moment in it"—run through all the reviews.

That's the reason it's selling big, too! **Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50**

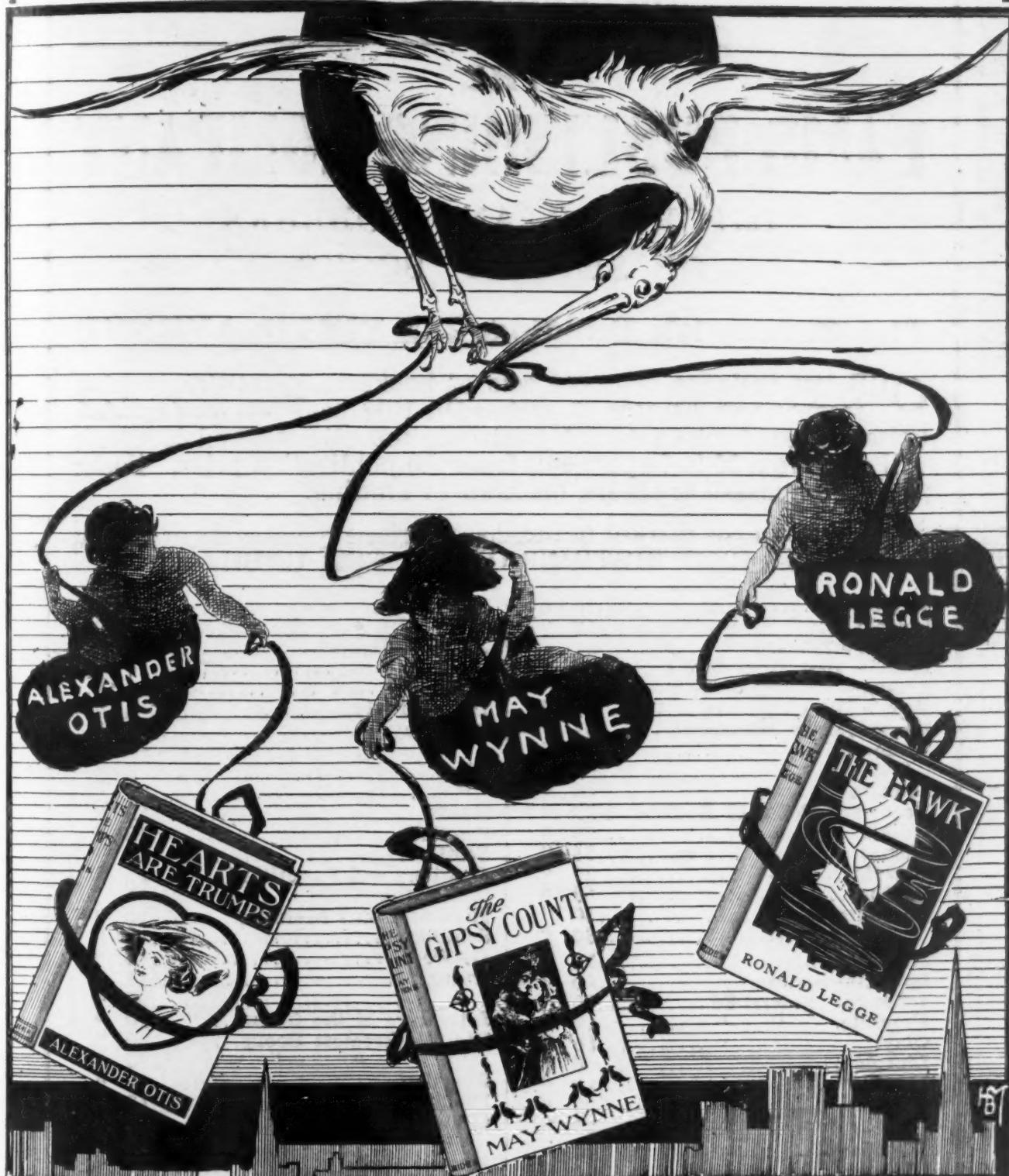
Fate and the Butterfly**By FORREST HALSEY****Illustrated in color****By H. RICHARD BOEHM**

A novel of real American society, startlingly vivid, breathlessly rapid and undeniably convincing. The butterfly heroine, hounded by fate and hypocritical convention till the final breaking of her beautiful wings, is a genuine addition to American prose fiction.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50

B. W. DODGE & COMPANY

Flourishing Summer Babies



- 1. HEARTS ARE TRUMPS**
- 2. THE GIPSY COUNT**
- 3. THE HAWK**

THE GREAT SUMMER FICTION TRIO

By Alexander Otis
By May Wynne
By Ronald Legge

of The John McBride Co., N. Y.

***The Largest Jobbers of Sets of Books in
the United States***

**THE
LAMB PUBLISHING COMPANY**
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
OF SETS OF BOOKS

The Brunswick Building, 225 FIFTH AVENUE

OUR list includes over 250 sets of books in quantities varying from 10 to 1,000 sets of each. On this page we quote a few titles. These books are mostly subscription editions, and discounts will vary from 50 to 80 per cent. from the publication price. Books may be purchased in sheets, buckram or binding.

We are in the market to purchase **entire** remainders of sets of books. **THE BEST EDITIONS ONLY. FOR CASH.**

Wilde.....	15 vols.	Balzac.....	18 vols.
Lincoln.....	12 "	"	36 "
Warner's Library {	31 "	Arabian Nights.....	15 "
World's Best Literature }		"	17 "
Lossing's History of U. S.....	8 "	Rousseau.....	4 "
Pepy's Diary.....	9 "	Don Quixote.....	4 "
Encyclopædia Britannica.....	31 "	Macaulay.....	10 "
Lamb.....	8 "	"	20 "
"	12 "	Eliot.....	8 "
Johnson.....	16 "	"	12 "
Beaus and Belles of England....	28 "	Reade.....	12 "
Ruskin.....	26 "	Smollett.....	12 "
Dumas.....	34 "	Scott.....	24 "
Carlyle.....	26 "	Courtiers and Favorites } of Royalty }	10 "
Pardoé.....	15 "	Historic Court Memoirs.....	10 "
Thackeray.....	10 "	Schiller.....	8 "
"	30 "	De Foe.....	16 "
Jane Austen.....	12 "	Irving.....	14 "
Immortal Series.....	20 "	"	27 "
Jefferson. Federal Ed.....	12 "	Literature of the Orient.....	10 "
Franklin. " "	12 "	World's Greatest Books.....	30 "
Clay. " "	10 "	" " "	60 "
Lincoln.....	8 "	Kingsley.....	7 "
Hamilton.....	12 "	Fielding.....	12 "
Dickens.....	20 "	Gibbon's Rome.....	6 "
"	30 "	" "	12 "
Stevenson.....	10 "	Eugene Sue.....	10 "
Kipling.....	10 "	" "	20 "
Hugo.....	16 "	Richardson.....	20 "
"	20 "	De Maupassant.....	17 "
Shakespeare.....	20 "	Walpole.....	9 "
"	21 "	Bronte.....	12 "
Poe.....	10 "	Whitman.....	10 "
Merimee.....	8 "	Heine.....	20 "
De Musset.....	10 "	Boswell.....	8 "

THE LAMB PUBLISHING COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

IDEAL SUMMER READING**The Scarlet Feather**

By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY



"The Bishop's Emeralds" was one of the biggest successes of last year. The thousands of readers of it will delight in "The Scarlet Feather," for this new book is even a greater story than its famous predecessor.

Will Grefé as the illustrator has done his best in his own inimitable way.

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.50

The Three Keys

By FREDERIC ORMOND

The scene of "The Three Keys" is laid in the New York of to-day. Love, adventure, action and mystery are all properly blended, and unusual, indeed, must be the reader who can lay it down without finishing it.

The Harrison Fisher frontispiece in color is one of the greatest achievements of this renowned artist.



Cloth. 12mo. \$1.50

**Princess Zara**

ROSE BEECKMAN'S story is meeting with the success it deserves. "Princess Zara" is the best company in the world on a hot day.

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.50

W. J. WATT & CO., Publishers, New York

BRENTANO'S BOOKS

FOR SUMMER READING

ROYAL LOVERS AND THEIR FAVOURITES

The Romance of Crowned and Uncrowned Kings and Queens of Europe. By ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT, Ph.D. With six illustrations in photogravure and thirteen other engravings. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt top. \$4.00 net.

The author describes intimately and interestingly the romantic episodes in the lives of a few sovereigns whose histories are not generally familiar. He writes of them with grace and in excellent good taste. The portraits which illustrate the text are splendid reproductions from paintings.

FAIR WOMEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU

By FRANK HAMEL, author of "Famous French Salons." With nine full-page portraits. 8vo. Cloth extra. \$3.75 net.

A complete history of the Palace of Fontainebleau would mean a history of French society from the earliest times to the present day. The author, in this book, has endeavored to give the romantic element which is in all social life where cultured and beautiful women play a prominent part. To understand and to know these women is to understand and know the country and the times in which they lived.

By the author of "LEAVES FROM A LIFE"

FRESH LEAVES AND GREEN PASTURES

8vo. Cloth. Price, \$3.50 net.

The author of "Leaves from a Life" gives, in this continuation of her recollections, a vivid picture of English country life in mid-Victorian days. She lived in the county Thomas Hardy has used as the scene of most of his novels. She has the art of picturing her "memories" in lively and vivid sentences. She knows the best people and has many amusing and interesting stories to tell of them. The book is a book of the season.

DUKE DE LAUZUN

COURTIER, ADVENTURER, AND FRIEND OF LOUIS XIV.

His Life and Adventures. By MISS SANDARS. Illustrated. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. \$6.00 net.

The Duc de Lauzun must have been the original of Dumas's D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers." "The little Gascon," says the London *Spectator*, speaking of the Duke de Lauzun, "with his courage and glitter, his power of worsting his adversaries by repartee and superior cunning . . . reminds us at every turn of the foxy captain of the musketeers immortalized by Dumas." A remarkable life this; undoubtedly, a work to be read and enjoyed.

NEW FICTION

By the Author of "Thalassa"

A FALSE POSITION. By MRS. BAILLIE-REYNOLDS. 12mo. Cloth. . . \$1.50

By the Author of "A Roman Mystery"

ANTHONY CUTHBERT. By RICHARD BAGOT. 12mo. Cloth. . . . 1.50

By Bernard Shaw

LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS. A New Edition. By G. BERNARD SHAW. 12mo. Cloth. 1.50

By the Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room"

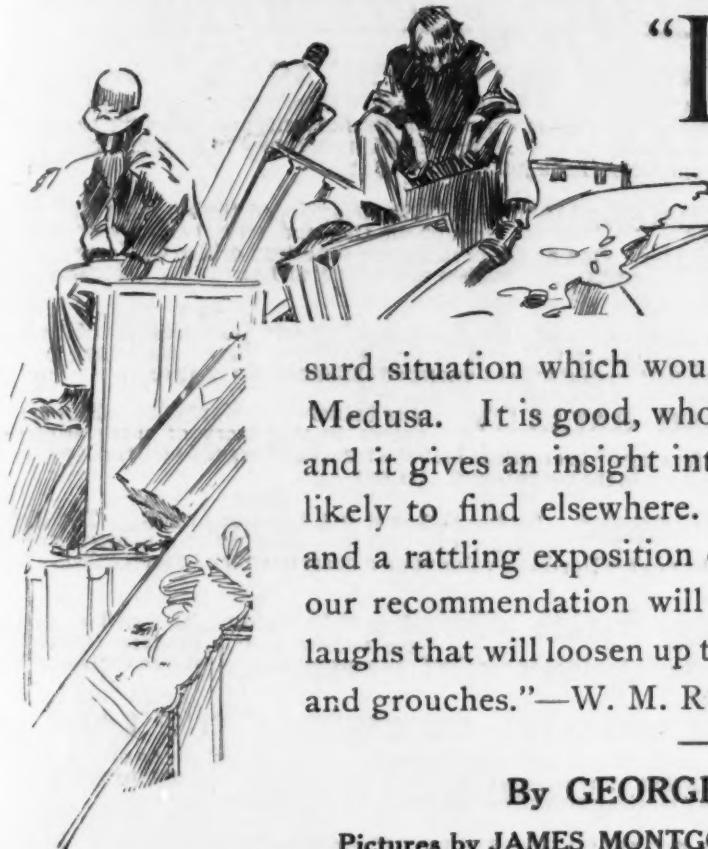
THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK. By GASTON LEROUX. Illustiated. 12mo. Cloth. 1.50

By the Author of "Adam's Clay"

THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE. By COSMO HAMILTON. 12mo. Cloth. 1.50

BRENTANO'S, Fifth Ave. and 27th St., New York

Bill Truetell



"IT is always a pleasure to pass on a pleasure. The story is told in easy colloquial fashion with an easy acceptance of human nature at its best and worst, finest and meanest, and with culminations of absurd situation which would bring a smile to the face of Medusa. It is good, wholesome fun all the way through and it gives an insight into theatrical life that one is not likely to find elsewhere. It is a racy excerpt from life and a rattling exposition of character. Who reads it on our recommendation will thank us for two score or more laughs that will loosen up the spirits and dispel the grumps and gourches."—W. M. REEDY in *St. Louis Mirror*.

By GEORGE H. BRENNAN

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG. Price \$1.50

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers, Chicago





NEW FICTION THAT'S WORTH WHILE

WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. *Ready in June.*

By the author of "Somehow Good," "Alice-for-Short" and "Joseph Vance." EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS said in *The Outlook*: De Morgan is "almost the perfect example of the humorist; certainly the completest since Lamb," and speaks of his "young women . . . all brave and humorous and gay, and all trailing clouds of glory from the fairyland from which they have just come." (\$1.75.)

LOTTIE BLAIR PARKER'S HOMESPUN. Mrs. Parker has gripped the hearts of Americans throughout the land with her play of "Way

Down East," as well as won their laughter. One of the best known American critics who saw the Ms. writes: "It seems to me quite exceptional—much good realism and plenty of humor . . . broad human appeal." (\$1.50.)

RUNAWAY PLACE. *A May Idyl of Manhattan.* Mr. Eaton was formerly dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*. The Runaway Place is Central Park, and there is something in these pages of Kenneth Graham's half playful, half wistful love of vanished childhood days. (\$1.25.)

EVA LATHBURY'S THE LONG GALLERY. The influence of Kenneth Graham is also potent in this story of three attractive women and some men. Humor and the fencing of keen minds is to the fore, but Tragedy and the Mystery of the long picture gallery at Southern Court are in the background. (\$1.50.)

RAMSEY BENSON'S MELCHISEDEC. By the author of "A Lord of Lands." The highly picturesque and poetical story of a quarterblood Indian, who has much of the mystic, and leaves his Northern wilds upon a quest to which he feels called. Love is not absent from his adventures.

ALICE DUER MILLER'S LESS THAN KIN. A good love story with a striking plot by the author of "A Modern Obstacle." A clean-cut young man just back from South America is received, as a prodigal son, into an exclusive New York family of entire strangers. (\$1.25.)

ADELE MARIE SHAW and CARMELITA BECKWITH'S THE LADY OF THE DYNAMOS. The love and adventures of a plucky American electrical engineer and a devoted English girl in Ceylon. *Living Age* (Boston) says: "This is one of the truly patriotic stories in which the best qualities of the American abroad are set forth." (\$1.50.)

H. H. BASHFORD'S THE PILGRIM'S MARCH. The story of a likable young pilgrim to the shrine of art who fell among puritans. Prof. WM. LYON PHELPS, of Yale, calls it: "Extremely clever and charming;" and *The Bookman*: "A sureness of touch, a sympathetic understanding that deserve high praise." (\$1.50.)

Recent Volumes in the AMERICAN NATURE SERIES

* * Prices net. Postage 8% additional. Prospectus on application

BIRDS OF THE WORLD. By FRANK H. KNOWLTON, of the U. S. National Museum, assisted by F. A. LUCAS, Brooklyn Academy of Arts and Sciences, and ROBERT RIDGWAY, U. S. National Museum. With 16 colored plates and several hundred text cuts. \$7.00.

A modern, popular account. The most comprehensive one-volume work on the subject. The treatment of the game birds has been made very full. Technical language has been avoided so far as possible, and the main attention given to habits, songs, nests, eggs and food.

"Admirable. . . . No better single source from which to begin one's study."—*Independent*.

NORTH AMERICAN TREES. By Director NATHANIEL LORD BRITTON, assisted by J. A. SHAFFER, both of the N. Y. Botanical Garden. 775 illustrations, 894 pages, \$7.00.

The most comprehensive and profusely illustrated single volume on the trees known to grow independently of cultivation in North America north of the West Indies and Mexico. With a minimum of technical terms, a glossary of the botanical terms, keys for identification and a 29-page index.

"The most complete description of the trees of North America that we have seen."—*New York Sun*.

FISH STORIES: Alleged and Experienced with a Little History, Natural and Unnatural. By CHARLES F. HOLDER, author of "The Log of a Sea Angler," etc., and DAVID STARR JORDAN, author of "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," etc. With four colored plates and many other illustrations. \$1.75.

"A delightful miscellany, and science and fishing are made very readable."—*New York Sun*.

THE LIFE OF A FOSSIL HUNTER. By CHARLES H. STERNBERG. With introduction by Prof. H. F. OSBORN. 48 illustrations. \$1.60.

The most interesting autobiography of the oldest and best known explorer in this field.

"Hardy adventure and hair-breadth escape. . . . Makes the dead past of five million years ago live again."—*Dial*.

THE FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM AND ITS INHABITANTS. A Guide for the Amateur Aquarist. By OTTO EGGLING and FREDERICK EHRENBURG. With 100 illustrations, large 12mo, \$2.00.

"The best guide to the aquarium."—*The Independent*.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 34 W. 33d St.
NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED, CLOTH, \$1.50 NET

THE SECOND EDITION IN PRESS

APOSTLE OF ALASKATHE STORY OF WILLIAM DUNCAN OF METLAKAHTLA
JOHN W. ARCTANDER

SECOND EDITION

A record of the life work and thrilling experiences of William Duncan during fifty years among the Indians in British Columbia and Alaska. Marvelous is this story of the reformation in the Indian character and its diversion to useful, practical pursuits; as Duncan originated industrial enterprises, acting all the while as instructor, overseer, school-master, preacher, and pastor.

With numerous anecdotes. Indian legends. Profusely illustrated

The Trailers

RUTH LITTLE MASON

"The liveliest sort of a story, vivid and human. Its spontaneity and freshness cannot fail to please the most captious."

—*Boston Globe.*

Cloth, \$1.20 net

Whither Thou Goest

J. J. BELL

"Mr. Bell's latest more than realizes all expectations. Mr. Bell has a finely developed sense of humor and a healthy outlook on life."

—*Rochester Advertiser.*Cloth,
\$1.20
net

"Remarkable for its vitality, picturesqueness, humor, and literary quality. Mr. Milligan saw a lot during his seven African years, and saw it all very clearly, so that he came away with a pretty thorough knowledge of the folk among whom he had lived." —*N. Y. Times Saturday Review.*

ILLUSTRATED, CLOTH, \$1.50 NET

Tan
and
Teckle

By CHARLES LEE BRYSON

Illustrated by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.
12mo, cloth, \$1.25

"'Tan and Teckle' is but a live wire of interest which connects all human children, big and little, with those millions of other children of the soil whose rights on earth are far better than ours, for each citizen does his duty well." —*Denver Post*

Tolstoy

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

A Biographical Interpretation. Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net \$1.50

By EDWARD A. STEINER

Author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant"

"Perhaps the most conspicuous effort to throw absolutely correct light upon Russia's great thinker and writer, and the truest, fairest and most sane study that has yet been made." —*Philadelphia Record.*

THE JUNGLE FOLK OF AFRICA

BY ROBERT H. MILLIGAN

ASK ANY DEALER FOR A REVELL BOOK

Fleming H. Revell CompanyNEW YORK, 158 Fifth Ave.
CHICAGO, 80 Wabash Ave.

To be Published June 19

A Timely Novel Entitled

A WOMAN FOR MAYOR

By HELEN M. WINSLOW

Former Editor of "The Club Woman." Author
of "Literary Boston of Today," "The Presi-
dent of Quex," "Concerning Polly," etc.

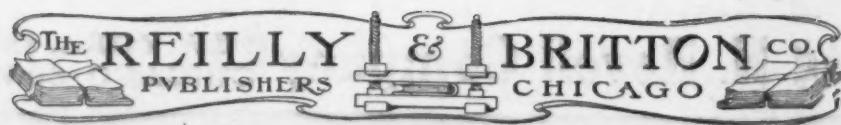
Illustrated by WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

¶ The present world-wide "SUFFRAGE" agitation—and the much discussed question as to women holding political office as a natural sequence of their power to wield the ballot—makes this a most opportune story.

¶ "A WOMAN FOR MAYOR" is first of all a genuine love story of splendid merit. The fact that it is laid in an atmosphere of politics—red-hot politics—serves only to strengthen the general plot.

¶ Nothing will please us better than to have dealers inform themselves of the character and strength of this novel; therefore, upon request, we will send an advance copy (sewed sheets) free of charge.

¶ Our advertising campaign will be both extensive and unique.



MOFFAT, YARD
& COMPANY**MAKE CAREFUL NOTE OF THIS**MOFFAT, YARD
& COMPANY

Early in June we shall publish one of the most remarkable books of this Century. Note it well. It is

TUBERCULOSIS

A PREVENTABLE AND CURABLE DISEASE

By S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF, M.D.

 This book is written for the PEOPLE, by one of the greatest authorities in the world, to announce to them that consumption is now positively known to be curable, and to bring them together into a world campaign for its subjugation.

 It is a book which every Doctor will want to read, must read and will read. Every thinking man and woman should read it, and many thousands of them will.

 It is a book to stock up with and to talk about and to push. Its sale will surprise you.

CONTENTS

- | | |
|---|---|
| I.—What a Tuberculous Patient Should Know Concerning his Disease. | VII.—The Duties of the City Fathers, Legislators and Statesmen in the Combat of Tuberculosis. |
| II.—What those Living with Patients Should Know Concerning the Disease. | VIII.—What Employers, Factory Owners, Storekeepers and People Having Servants can do to Diminish Tuberculosis Among the Men and Women Working for them. |
| III.—The Duties of the Physician Towards His Patient, Towards the Family of the Patient and the Community he Lives in. | IX.—The Duties of Educators, Professors of Colleges and Teachers in Public and Private Schools in the Combat of Tuberculosis. |
| IV.—How the Sanitorium Treatment, may if Necessary, be Adapted to and Imitated in the Home of the Consumptive Well-to-do or Poor. | X.—The Duties of Philanthropists, Charitable Individuals and Charity Organizations. |
| V.—What Hygienists and Sanitarians may do toward the Prevention of Tuberculosis. | XI.—The Duty of the People at Large in the Combat Against Tuberculosis as a Disease of the Masses. |
| VI.—The Duties of the Modern Municipal—City or Town—Health Authorities. | XII.—Prospect of Ultimate Eradication of Tuberculosis. |

With 115 illustrations. 8vo, \$2.00 net. By mail, \$2.20

MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

**Send this page
to any Bookseller as
an Order for your
Summer Reading**

**AMONG THE NEW BOOKS FROM
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

TO BE THE LEADING NOVELS AMONG JUNE ISSUES

William Allen White's A Certain Rich Man

No one who has read the vigorous short stories contributed by this author to the *American Magazine*, of which he is one of the editors, can doubt that his forthcoming novel will be one of the keenest interest.

Mabel Osgood Wright's Poppear of the Post Office

A new novel by "Barbara," author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," "The Open Window," etc.
Ready about June 23

NOW READY

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel The White Sister

It is a new "Saracinesca" story, which means that it belongs to the group of novels which are Mr. Crawford's best work. He has always a story to tell and tells it well; indeed his was always the distinctive power to "tell a perfect story in a perfect way," as one critic put it.
Cloth, \$1.50

Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel, The Romance of a Plain Man

It is an absorbing novel, a love story of the new-old South in which Ben's pluck and Sally's beauty are divided by all the width between the charming strength of long established poise and the crudeness of energy, undisciplined by tradition.
Cloth, \$1.50

Frank Danby's new novel, Sebastian

Is the story of a boy's development, by the author of that extraordinary story of the progress of a girl from being Sally Snape to becoming Sarita Mainwaring, and later Lady Kidderminster. Her sketches of London types are, according to the London critics, astonishingly keen and brilliant.
Cloth, \$1.50

Rina Ramsay's hunting story, The Straw

The novel of the year for those who love a good run with the hounds, the jolly chaff of a morning meet and the subtle pleasures of feeling the wind in the face, or of watching the sweet unfolding of the trees in a gentle spring rain, while jogging home tired and satisfied.
Cloth, \$1.50

FOR THOSE OF SPECIAL INTERESTS

Dr. Edward T. Devine's new book, Misery and Its Causes

A clear analysis based on long experience in interpreting the results of experienced investigation; a consideration of preventive measures, as well as of relief of community standards, as well as of the welfare of the individual.
Cloth, \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.35

Prof. Channing and Marion Lansing in Stories of the Great Lakes

have produced for the general reader a rapid, vivid sketch of the varied, picturesque, and after adventurous life which has for three centuries centered around the Great Lakes.
In the Stories from American History Series. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. By mail, \$1.62

Kate V. St. Maur's new book, The Earth's Bounty

By the author of "A Self-Supporting Home," written in the same practical and exceedingly interesting way, but dealing with some of the larger farm industries.
Illustrated. \$1.75 net. By mail, \$1.88

Prof. George R. Carpenter's Life of Walt Whitman

A new volume in the American Extension of the well-known series of English Men of Letters, which is enthusiastically praised by Horace Traubel, one of Whitman's most intimate friends, as "an honest book . . . all the big things are in this little book."
Cloth, 75 cents net. By mail, 85 cents

President Henry C. King's The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine

There is something refreshing and delightful in this manly treatment of a theme which in weaker hands lends itself to sentimentality. The book is suggestive and helpful.
Cloth, \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.35

Mr. Percy MacKaye's new book, The Playhouse and the Play

A forcible presentation of the fact, which few realize, of the educational influence (not "possible" but "actual") of the theatre, and its nature at present, with a strong plea for an endowed theatre.
Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.35

The Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the author of Confessio Medicorum

Those who recall the attractive personality, the sound common sense, and uncommon wit, of one of the most notable writers of essays of recent years will welcome this account of some of the things which physicians and surgeons know of this subject.
Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.36

**Send for the new
Holiday List of**

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Ave.
New York



From "The Biography of a Silver Fox."

Copyright, 1909, by Ernest Thompson Seton. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE EPILOGUE.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

OF the making of books upon gardening there seems to be no end. The story of several former years is duplicated in the new Nature books, the majority being devoted to the making of various kinds of gar-

in graceful groupings of the floral kingdom down to the modest efforts of the family, that aim only at the exquisite pleasure of raising a few homely plants, or furnishing the table with fresh and seasonable vegetables.

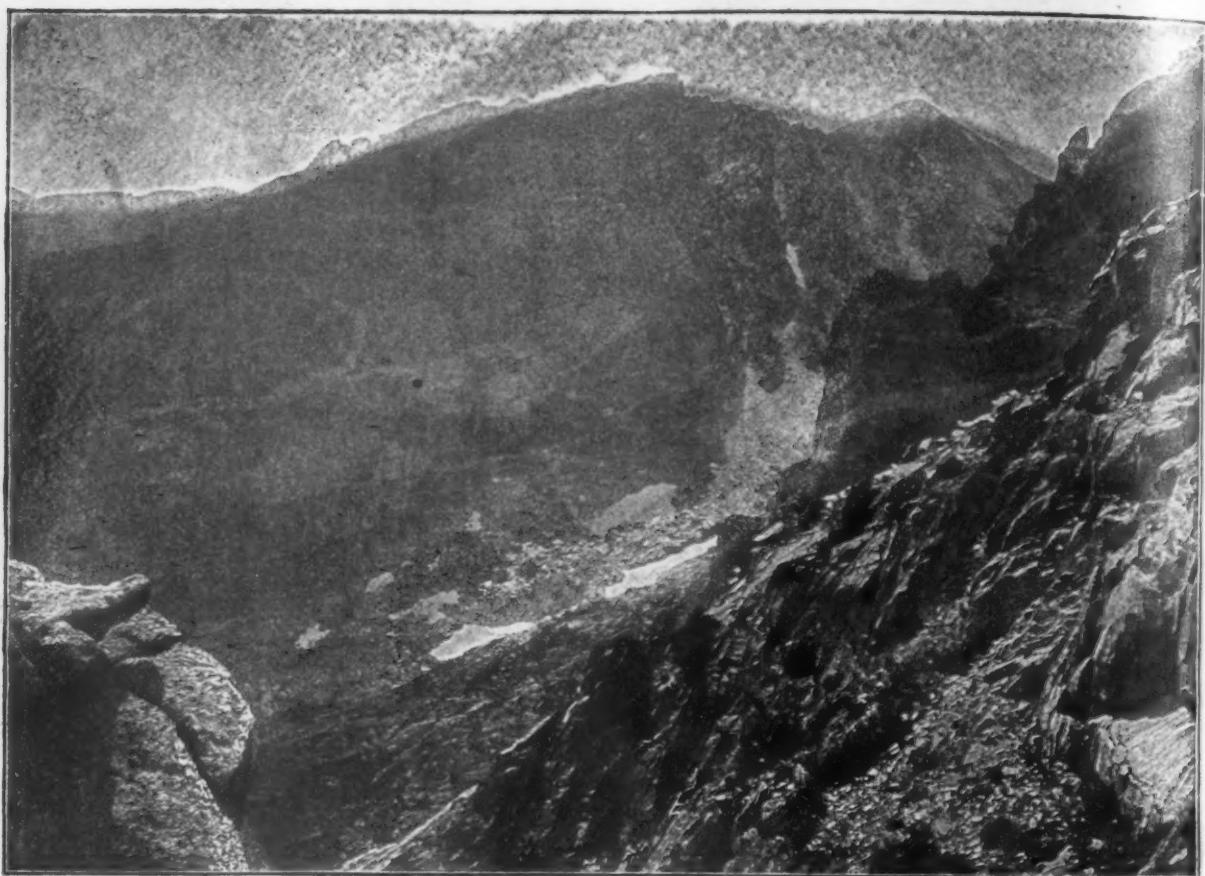
The size and beauty of "The Summer Garden of Pleasure," by Mrs. Stephen Batoon, favorably known through "A Handbook of Garden Flowers," give it a leading place. It deals with the summer garden in general, and particularly with the matter of succession—the maintenance of the garden's beauties without break or loss of interest from early to late summer. The flowers mentioned are at the command of any one, the directions for their planting and culture being quite simple. The thirty-six full-page illustrations by Osmund Pillman, richly printed in colors, are pictures of actual groups and borders, reproductions of charming garden scenes. Likewise of varied interest and embracing novel information is "Gardens Past and Present," by Mrs. K. L. Davidson, illustrated from photographs by F. Mason Good. The reader is carried to the gardens of the Far East and back to rural England in the past; is introduced to physic gardens, modern botanic gardens, formal and wild gardens, water gardens and rock gardens, and other phases of this interesting subject often overlooked. "A Little Maryland Garden" appeals strongly to the owner of a few acres. Helen Ashe Hays has under this title told her own experience in bringing



From "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know," Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

WILD HONEY-SUCKLE.

dens—great and small, ornamental and useful—from the artistic but rather stiff Italian garden, or our own extremely ornate home gardens, showing rare and brilliant specimens



From "Wild Life on the Rockies."

Copyright, 1909, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

SUMMER IN THE ROCKIES AT AN ALTITUDE OF 12,000 FEET.

to perfection her, at first, desolate little piece of ground in Maryland. She tells the history of a year with its appropriate flowers, and inspires one with the same intense love for her roses and daffodils and tulips, and the same warm interest in their care that she displays. Much of the text appeared in the *New York Evening Post* as "Garden Letters." Zulma De L. Steele's beautiful illustrations in color must not be overlooked, as they add largely to the book's attractions. In *Handbooks of Practical Gardening* the latest issue is Charles Thcnger's "The Book of the Cottage Garden," which is for the use of the man or woman of limited means, whose ambition is only to grow flowers in good and natural ways, and deals mostly with hardy plants. A book on vegetables and small-fruit growing for the use of the amateur gardener, entitled "The Home Garden," by Eben Eugene Rexford, is most practical, and is recommended to those who have only a little piece of land and but small experience. In line with the above are Ida D. Bennett's "The Flower Garden" and "The Vegetable Garden," E. P. Powell's "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," all new volumes in the *Garden Library*, which series offers many interesting books on the growing of special plants, etc.

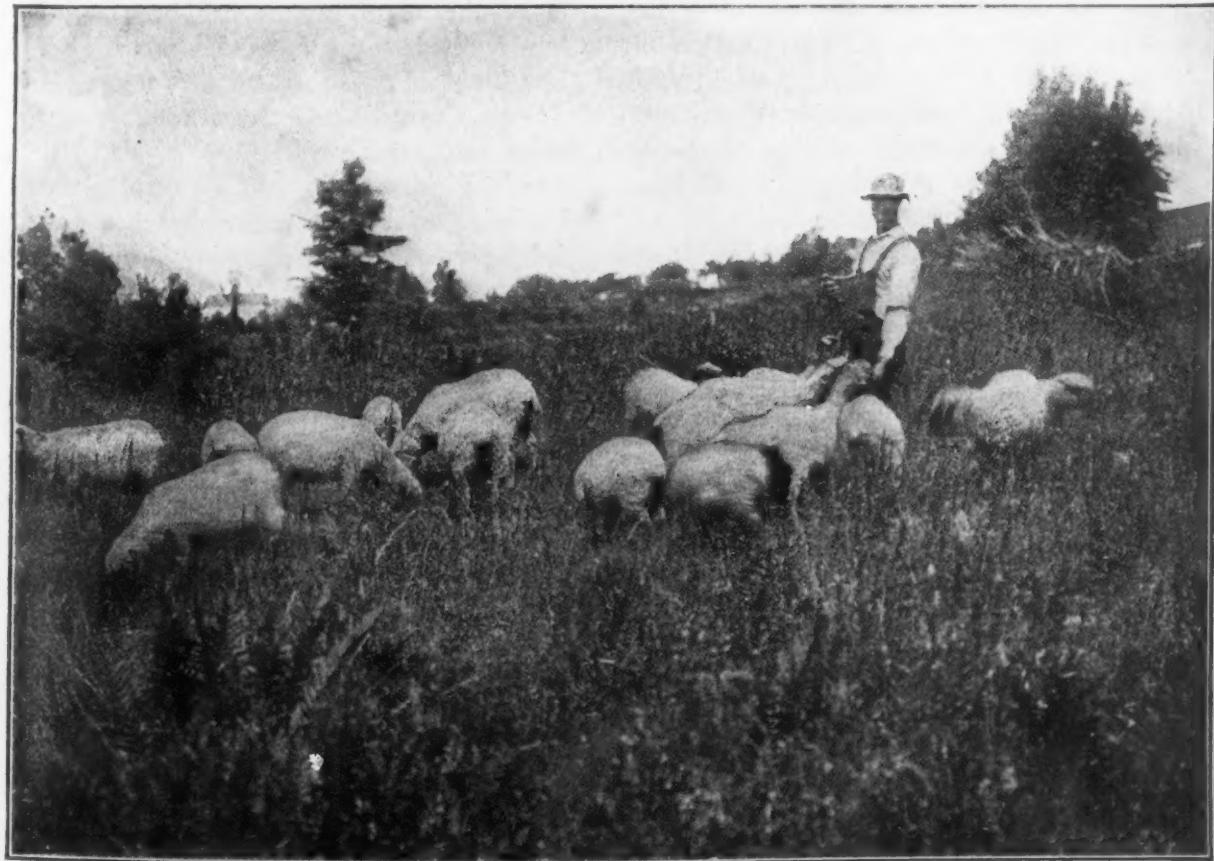
The little ones must rejoice, as there is a delightful book just for them by the author of "Mary's Garden"—Miss Frances Duncan—entitled "When Mother Lets Us Garden." Those who want to make gardens and don't know how will find it invaluable and entertaining likewise. Their seniors in years but youthful in knowledge may consult it with advantage. "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know," by Frederic William Stack, also offers a fund of information for amateur botanists. Dr. Walton's "Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits" claims the distinctive feature of establishing complete identification of many wild flowers and fruits common to this country, without requiring previous knowledge of botanical analysis. "Sweet Peas and How to Grow Them," by Harry H. Thomas, explains itself. "Wild Flower Families," by Clarence M. Weed, teacher of nature study in the Lowell, Massachusetts, State Normal School, though intended for the use of the school, is of very general interest, as it gives the haunts, characters and family relationships of the herbaceous wild flowers, with suggestions for their identification. "Nature-Study," now a recognized study in the normal and training schools, is the title of a work prepared as a manual for

teachers and students by Professor Leopold Holtz, head of the department of nature-study in the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers. Lovers of the out-door life should not omit to read "In American Fields and Forests." It is full of poetry and beautiful thoughts and embraces representative essays by American writers on nature, selected with a view to presenting a wide range of subject and divergent points of view. Thoreau, Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Dallas Lore Sharp and Olive Thorne Miller are authors whose works have been laid under contribution. Winthrop Packard's little book, "Wild Pastures," is a collection of papers on nature such as "Waylaying the Dawn," "A Butterfly Chase," "The Resting Time of the Birds," etc. "A Self-Supporting Home," received with so much pleasure, has a successor in "The Earth's Bounty," in which Kate V. Saint Maur continues her story of the efforts of herself and her friend, "true metropolitan tramps, who had chased fame and fortune half over the world" to make a permanent home in the country. They find not only "summer recreations," but winter employment in their many labors in raising lambs and winter violets, building and operating a silo, in their barnyard and orchard, dairy and stable, etc. Both informing

and enjoyable will be, we believe, the general verdict.

One of the most beautiful works of any class of the many published this season, and one revelling in full-page colored plates and pictures in black and white of the birds not only of the United States, but of every other nation, comes under the name of "Birds of the World," and is the work of Frank H. Knowlton, connected with many scientific societies. The account is a popular one, in non-technical language, setting forth the salient facts regarding the birds of the whole world. Nothing so comprehensive as this volume, nor of such permanent value and so adapted to the unscientific reader can be named. Not only of local interest is "Birds of the Boston Public Garden," by Horace Winslow Wright, being a study in migration. It was a labor of love with Mr. Wright to observe, during the springs and summers of a number of years the migratory birds that filled the Public Garden—the number and variety covered by his account are extraordinary. Bradford Torrey's introduction is in his happiest vein, adding, with the views of the Public Garden, greatly to the book's desirability.

Several writers have made fascinating books out of their motor runs abroad. They are rich in suggestions and enthusiastic over



From "The Earth's Bounty."

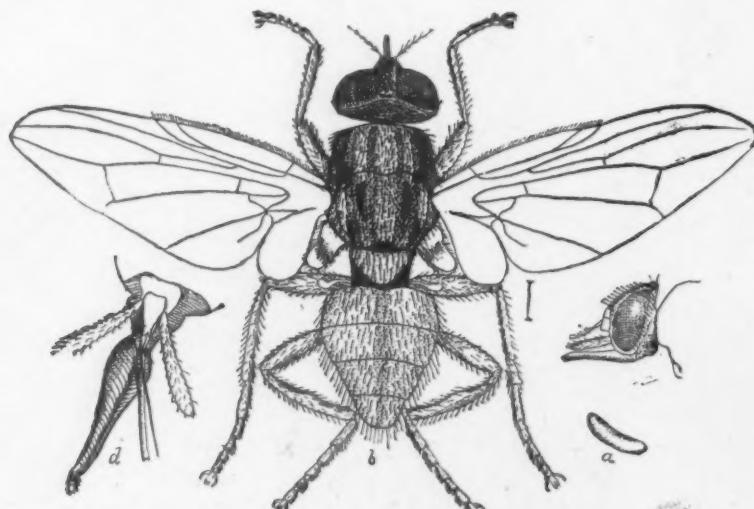
Copyright, 1909, by The Macmillan Company.

IN PASTURE TIME.

the pleasures and benefits obtained from unusual experiences. Mrs. Edith Wharton, our much admired novelist, tells of "A Motor-Flight Through France;" Francis Miltoun, of "Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor Car;" J. M. Dillon of "Motor Days in England;" Mrs. Rodolph Stawell of "Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties;" and Claude Anet of his journey "Through Persia in a Motor-Car, by Russia and the Caucasus," a charming novel called "Set in Silver," by the Williamsonsons, the authors of "The Lightning Conductor" and other motor books, describes an eight weeks' motor tour through the highways and byways of old England. If one would spend a delightful summer in one's own country, "Glimpses of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Wash., with its numerous photographic gems, points out a way that is novel and might prove instructive.

The studies of animal and insect life have multiplied greatly. The lovers of nature now spend some of their happiest moments, in the open, in patient observation. Their discoveries are wonderful. Ernest Thompson Seton in "The Biography of a Silver-Fox" tells the story from his cubhood to his splendid prime of that aristocrat of foxes, Domino Reynard, and of his wild, free, happy life among the Goldur hills. "Stickeen," by J. Muir, illustrates the devotion and affection of a dog, and Clarence Hawke's "Black Bruin" is the biography of a bear. "Animal Life in Malaysia," by J. Frank Daniel, depicts with pen and pencil the many varieties of animals found in Malaysia. Vernon Lyman Kellogg, professor in Stanford University, in a "rambling, talky little book," as he calls his "Insect Stories," has put together a number of

strange, true stories, descriptive of the habits of certain insects. A delightful narrative of a summer spent in the country by a mother and her two children is comprised in "Little Busybodies," describing the interesting details they gathered of the lives and habits of crickets, ants, bees, beetles and other "busy-bodies." The authors, who know how to please young readers, are Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody, of Mount Holyoke College. "Our Insect Friends and Enemies," by J. Bernhardt Smith, considers these small beings in their relation to man and to other animals. "Fish Stories, Alleged and Experienced," by C. F. Holder and D. Starr Jordan, although announced for last season, was only published this year. It holds material of a humorous nature as well as many facts, as the title indicates, from men who know what they are talking about. "Wild Life in the Rockies" has for its subjects wonderful bear stories and adventures with other wild beasts. Enos Abijah Mills, United States Forest Agent, is the author, with a wonderful experience to draw from. A most interesting autobiography, full of adventures, and representing a life of self-sacrifice worthy of record and recognition by all lovers of nature, is "The Life of a Fossil Hunter," by Charles H. Sternberg, one of the volumes of the *American Nature Series*, and is the first time the life of the fossil hunter has been written. Closely allied to the foregoing are Hudson's "The Land's End," a naturalist's impressions in West Cornwall; Chapman's "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist; and Adventures in Field and Forest," an out-door book of stirring adventures encountered in facing wild beasts and reptiles and hunting in the wilderness.



From "Our Insect Friends and Enemies."

Copyright, 1909, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

HORN FLY.

a, egg; b, adult; c, d, head and mouth parts.



From "Elusive Isabel"

Copyright, 1909, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE HANDWRITING WAS UNMISTAKABLY THAT OF A WOMAN.

SUMMER NOVELS.

NO preparations for a summer holiday, of however brief duration, are complete without the inclusion of some good reading matter. To protect one from the enforced companionship of the piazza gossip, there is no better shield than a book, or as a medium for whiling away the long hours on the train, or to dream over under umbrageous trees, or by the "sad sea waves," or to mitigate the dullness of rainy days, which so invariably come, in spite of the optimistic predictions of the weather prophet, in our too, too short vacation.

When we say "some good reading matter," we are not limiting the selection to a novel, as our title seems to indicate. Each must be the judge of his own intellectual needs, and if it is not to be a novel, we suggest that our lists be consulted for all the latest publications in the way of books on nature and its various manifestations, volumes of travel, and noted books in many other classifications. In addition a complete list of the novels issued during the period since last year's "Summer Reading" extends the field of choice to our novel readers far beyond the limits of this article.

The novel is apparently more suited to the happy summer time, as the tired brain then seeks rest, and finds it more readily in literature that is simply entertaining, of which

there is an abundance. To be, in a small measure, "guide, philosopher, and friend" to our many readers, through this wilderness of fiction, is the most at which we aim.

To two of the most recent novels—Mrs. Elinor Macarthy Lane's "Katrine" and Francis Marion Crawford's "The White Sister"—a melancholy interest attaches from the fact that both authors died almost coincidentally with the publication of their respective books. "Katrine" is a love story, with a well thought out plot. We are introduced to the heroine in North Carolina and leave her in the Old World a famous singer. A wealth of witty dialogue and the author's sympathy with her heroine's woes are the novel's chief charm. In "The White Sister" Crawford still holds his own as one of the greatest of story-tellers. He returns to his old field—Rome—for his background, and offers a fascinating picture of a young Italian girl and her faithful lover. Frank Danby, (pseud. for Mrs. Julia Frankau,) studies modern London life in "Sebastian," a character novel carefully written, showing an unnatural wife and mother, selfishly wrapped up in the creations of her pen, (she is a writer of novels,) utterly ignoring her evident duties. "Araminta" reads almost like a burlesque of the mid-Victorian novel, although it is not so intended. Mr. Snaith, the author of "Broke of

Covenden," offers here a most amusing comedy of high life with a most original heroine. It is generally admitted to be his best novel. "Septimus," by W. J. Locke, has found many readers and admirers. A dreamy, unworldly inventor, a sort of modern Palsifar, is the hero, who does the most remarkably unselfish things. The Baroness von Hutten's

good work. Quebec is its scene, the building of the great steel cantilever bridge over the St. Lawrence and its collapse its theme. The daughter of a wealthy mine owner of Arizona is the heroine. "The Story of Thyrza," by Alice Brown, tells of a New England girl, who is wronged by a man she has known all her life, who deserts her and her child and



From "Set in Silver."

Copyright, 1909 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

AUDRIE.

many admirers will be glad to know she has brought back to life dear "Pam," and made her a factor in her new book—"Kingsmead." Other characters we have learned to love through her charming books are found in "Kingsmead," all as ardently in search of romance as the most devoted novel-reader may desire. The author of "The Country House," John Galsworthy, wrote a novel entitled "Fraternity." It is rather an ironical picture of the English reformers of the better class and their lack of sympathy with the very poor. "The Bridge Builders" comes from Anna Chapin Ray, who has done so much

marries her sister. The life of servanthood is epitomized in Jean Webster's "Much Ado About Peter"—Peter being a big-hearted Irish groom, cheerful and witty and in love. Every page holds a laugh, as does Arthur Train's "The Butler's Story," in which Peter Ridges, an English butler, shows up a newly-rich family, that he knows is not "the real thing," as he has lived in England in an aristocratic family. Seeking for further amusement, the searcher should not omit John Joy Bell's "Oh! Christina!"—Christina is an older edition of "Wee Macgregor" and equally as aggravating. "The Climbing Courvateels," by

T. W. Townsend, is also quite funny, showing an unusual side of life and unusual characters. "Mr. Opp," Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's latest work, paints a man of two natures, one vain and weak, the other wholly unselfish. His adventures evoke both smiles and tears, even his love story being pathetic. All who read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will want to meet "Mr. Opp." "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis" ran through *The Century*, the separate parts being now gathered together in a consecutive story. Maurice Francis Egan, the author, offers a clever delineation of Celtic character and of Irish-American life and adventure, rich in humor of the truest quality.

Mr. Chambers carries his heroine into the real firing line of battle in the "Special Messenger," his successor to "The Fighting Chance," etc. His heroine is a young gentlewoman of southern lineage and northern training, who enters the Union service during the Civil War as a scout and messenger. Like all Mr. Chambers's stories, there is no dearth of action, danger, love and humor. Robert Grant in "The Chippendales" makes a study of the new and old in society and in business methods in Boston. Mrs. Flora Anne Steel, who wrote "On the Face of the Waters," has produced another novel of India in "A Prince of Dreamers," who was Akbar, Emperor of India in the time of Queen Elizabeth; much of the story is historical, and is full of Oriental color and movement.

Detective stories and stories of mystery and crime are not so numerous as last year. "The Brass Bowl" and "The Black Bag," among the "best sellers" of past seasons, had a third companion added by Louis J. Vance with "The Bronze Bell," a mystery of great profundity that is chiefly worked out in India. "The Delafield Affair" follows up the career of a Boston defaulter to New Mexico, and holds many thrilling episodes. It is written by Florence Finch Kelly. "The Perfume of the Lady in Black" is a sequel to "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," bringing in the picturesque characters of the latter story, the hero being again the young reporter and the author Gaston Leroux. A mystery romance by William H. Osborne, based on a murder in a fashionable New York gambling house, is "The Red Mouse." Edward Phillips Oppenheim's "The Missioner" revels in crime and mystery and love. "The Man in Lower Ten" is another detective story by the author of "The Circular Staircase"—Mary Roberts Rinehart, told in the first person by a lawyer.



From "Hearts are Trumps." Copyright 1909, by The John McBride Co.

BEATRICE.

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in an exciting story, "The Ring and the Man," makes it very evident that he knows something about New York politics. The ring is the political organization that governs the city; the man



From "The Further Adventures of Quincey Adams Sawyer." Copyright, 1909, by L. C. Page & Co.

"I S'POSE ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL BE
WEIGHIN' SUGAR AND DRAWIN' 'LASSES.'"

is a candidate for the mayoralty, whom the ring attempts unsuccessfully to crush. A search for the hidden money of a vindictive old man, who in revenge hides it from his grandson before dying, is the motive of Gordon Holmes's "By Force of Circumstances."

"Dragon's Blood," by Henry Milner Rideout, is a tale of adventure, danger and love in China, during a native uprising, by the author of "The Siamese Cat." "Ridgway of Montana" deals with the turbid life and politics of a Montana mining town. The author is W. Macleod Raine. Rudyard Kipling is to be credited with a remarkable story, "With the Night Mail," which chronicles a trip in the postal packet "162" on her aerial run from London one night to Quebec the next morning in the year 2000 A.D. W. Somerset Maugham, who achieved considerable success with his two comedies, "Lady Frederick" and "Jack Straw," is also known as a writer of novels, his two latest being "The Explorer," having its scene in East Africa, and "The Magician," who claims he can produce human life by artificial means.

A pretty romance of the Clyde, showing both the pathos and humor of J. Joy Bell's

best style, is offered in "Whither Thou Goest." The author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus'"—Mary Ella Waller—tells an every-day story in "A Year Out of Life," the heroine being a young American girl who goes to Germany for several years to study the German language and has a romantic love experience. "Lanier of the Cavalry" is in line with Charles King's former stories of army life. "The Chrysalis," by Harold Morton Kramer, traces the development of an indifferent character to a man of high aims and fine achievements, through the influence of a girl of fine character. A tale of mistaken identity told with great cleverness comes under the name of "A Gentleman of Quality," by Frederic v. R. Dey. "The Hawk" is a narrative of aerial war, carried on in the air over the English coast by a flotilla of air ships, the author being Ronald Legge. "Infatuation," by Lloyd Osbourne, tells of a rich girl who loses her heart to a mantinée idol. Three volumes of good short stories are embraced in "Through Welsh Doorways," by Jeannette Marks; "Merely Players," by Virginia Tracy; and "The Lodger Overhead," by C. Belmont Davis.



From "The Climbing Courvatea."

Copyright, 1909, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"BETTY FELT HERSELF STIFFENING WITH INCREASED EXCITEMENT."



From "The White Mice."

Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I HEAR THE CALL OF THE WHITE MICE," SAID PETER DE PEYSTER.

THEY ARRIVE AT THE RENDEZVOUS.

From Richard H. Davis's "*The White Mice.*"
(Scribner.)

RODDY gave his guide a start of fifty feet, and followed. With the idea of a possible ambush still in his mind, he held the pony well in hand, and in front of him, in his belt, stuck one of the revolvers. He now was fully awake. No longer in the darkness was he stumbling on foot over the stones and ruts of the road. Instead, the day was breaking and he had under him a good horse, on which, if necessary, he could run away. The thought was comforting, and the sense of possible danger excited him delightfully. When he remembered Peter, sleeping stolidly and missing what was to come, he felt a touch of remorse. But he had been warned to bring no one with him, and of the letter to speak to no one. He would tell Peter later. But, he considered, what if there should be nothing to tell, or, if there were, what if he should not be alive to tell it? If the men who had planned to assassinate Colonel Vega intended to punish him for his interference, they could not have selected a place or hour better suited to their purpose. In all the world, apparently, he was the only soul awake. On either side of him were high hedges of the Spanish bayonet, and back of them acres of orange groves. The homes of the planters lay far from the highway, and along the sides of the road there were no houses, no lodge gates, not even a peon's thatched hut.

Roddy was approaching a sharp turn in the road, a turn to the left at almost right angles.

It was marked by an impenetrable hedge. Up to now, although the hedges would have concealed a regiment, the white road itself had stretched before him, straight and open. But now the turn shut it from his sight. The guide had reached the corner. Instead of taking it, he turned in his saddle and pulled his pony to a walk.

To Roddy the act seemed significant. It was apparent that they had arrived at their rendezvous. Sharply, Roddy also brought his pony to a walk, and with a heavy pull on the reins moved slowly forward. The guide drew to the right and halted. To Roddy's excited imagination this manoeuvre could have but one explanation. The man was withdrawing himself from a possible line of fire. Shifting the reins to his left hand, Roddy let the other fall upon his revolver. Holding in the pony and bending forward, Roddy peered cautiously around the corner.

What he saw was so astonishing, so unlike what he expected, so utterly out of place, that, still leaning forward, still with his hand on his revolver, he stared stupidly.

THE WIRELESS AND THE BATTLESHIP.

From Stringer's "*The Gun-Runner.*" (B. W. Dodge & Co.)

"BUT what do we gain by getting the *Princeton* now?" Alicia Boynton demanded.

He was at the key by this time, and the "crash—rash—rrrrash" of the great spark as it leaped and exploded from the discharging-rods filled the cabin with a peremptory



From "The Gun Runner" Copyright, 1909, by
B. W. Dodge & Co.

THE AUTHOR—ARTHUR STRINGER.

and authoritative tumult of sound. The woman stood watching him, spellbound. A moment later McKinnon's left hand was fidgeting above his tuner, while his right pressed a 'phone-receiver close to his ear.

"What we've got to do is to get that cruiser to Puerto Loconbia," he hurriedly went on, as he waited there, without looking up. "She will be needed; she is needed; and she may as well be told of it now. I mean we'll do what we've got to do while the way's still clear."

"But how can you order about an American warship as though it were a street cab you'd hired?"

"It won't be me—it's the wireless that does the ordering."

"But who are you?"

"That's just it—I'm nobody! I'm like those canaries you spoke of; I wouldn't be worth cannonading."

"But you have no power to do this!" demurred the still puzzled woman. "You are not the President of the United States! You have no authority to order about a battleship!"

"I'll make the authority!" he cried as he sprang to his key and once more called through the night. "You've said just enough to give me my chance to make my course plain. American interests are threatened in Guariqui at this very moment: American property has already been destroyed in Puerto Loconbia. It's only been forestalling the inevitable. I mean I'm going to send an official call for that cruiser myself!"

The woman looked at him in amazement

as he swung about and clapped the 'phones once more to his ears.

"If we can only get her!" he half groaned as he stood with bent head and fixed eyes, listening, while the seconds dragged slowly by. "If we can only get her!" he repeated less hopefully.

He turned to his switch again, and still again the great blue spark erupted and crashed and volleyed from the discharging-rods. Then again he waited and listened, the lines on his face deepening in the hard light from the electrics above him.

"The night's against us!" he exclaimed almost despairingly as the switch came purringly down on the contact-pins and his hand once more went out to his key-lever. His fingers closed on the handle, but the intended call was not sent. No nervous flash of blue flame bridged the waiting spark-gap. For even before he turned, McKinnon knew that his cabin door had been suddenly opened and that a squat and thick-set figure stood there peering in at him.

FORGOTTEN BY THE AUTO-PARTY.

From the Williamson's "Set in Silver." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THERE was not so much as the smell of a motor-car, so I asked the handsome landlady whether she had seen the Tyndal automobile or its owners.

"Why," said she, "they went off about ten minutes ago."

"Went off—where?" I asked blankly.

"To Bideford, I think they were going," she replied.

"That can't be, for I was to have gone with them," said I.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the landlady, polite but puzzled. "I didn't know. I thought you had gone with your own party."

She looked at me pityingly, and I felt exactly like Robinson Crusoe before he knew there was going to be a Friday; but, like him, I kept a stiff upper lip. I am happy to say I even laughed. "Well, that's very funny," said I, as if being pigeon-holed by Sir Lionel and marooned by the Tyndals was the most amusing experience in the world, and I simply delighted in it. "Of course, somebody or other will count noses and miss me after a while."

"You could go on to Bideford by rail, if you liked," the landlady informed me gratuitously.

"Oh, I think I'd better wait here," I said.

She agreed; but she little guessed how much more complicated it would be to take a train for anywhere without any pennies.

There is my scrape, dearest of women, and mamma whom I would select if I were able to choose among all eligible mothers since Eve, up to date. The situation hasn't changed in the least, to the time of writing, except that it has lasted longer, and got frayed round the edges.

I was paid for, including food and lodging, until after breakfast. It is now half-past five o'clock P.M., pouring with rain, howling with wind, and not only has nobody come to collect me, but nobody has telephoned or tele-

graphed. I have eaten, or pretended to eat, a luncheon, for which I have no money to pay. I refused tea, but was so kindly urged that I had to reconsider; and the buttered toast of servitude is at this moment sticking in my throat, lodged on the sharp edge of an unuttered sob. Your poor, forlorn little daughter! What is to become of her? Will she have to go to the place of unclaimed parcels? Or will she be sold as bankrupt stock? Or will she become a kitchen-maid or "tweeny" in King Arthur's Castle? But don't worry, darling. I won't be such a beast as to post this letter till something is settled, somehow, even if I have to rob the hotel till.

There is nothing to do except write, for I can't compose my mind to read; so I will continue recording my emotions, as French criminals do when condemned to death, or lovesick ladies when they have swallowed slow poison.

5.50.—Rain worse. Wind yelling imprecations. I sit in the hall, as I can't call my room my own. New people are arriving. They look Cook-ey, but are probably Countesses. I gaze at them haughtily, and try to appear prosperous. I hope they think my mother, the Duchess, is taking a nap in our magnificent suite upstairs, while I write a letter to my godfather, the Prince, to thank him for his birthday gift of a rope of pearls which reaches to my knees.

6.15.—The landlady has just been sympathizing with me. She says there is a night train to Bideford. I have poured cold water upon the night train to Bideford, and came near pouring hot tears on the time-table she kindly brought me.

6.25.—People are going up to dress for dinner. They are God's creatures, but I do not love them.

6.40.—The head-waiter has just fluttered up to ask if I would like a smaller table for dinner. No table would be too small for my appetite. I said—

7.10.—Darling, Sir Lionel has come back for me, alone, dripping wet, and it was all a mistake, and he did want me, and he's furious with everybody in the world except me, to whom he is perfectly adorable. And I'm afraid I adore him. And we're starting at once, when we've had a sandwich and coffee—can't wait for dinner. Everything is *too* nice. I'll explain as soon as I've time to write.

Your Radiant Transformation Scene, A. B.

"LET'S HAVE A CLAM-BAKE."

From J. C. Lincoln's "Our Village." (Appleton.)

THE clambake I mean comes into being somewhat after this fashion: You are summing, let us say, at a village "down on the Cape," a lazy old village where the houses and roads and sails are white, and the trees and grass and shutters and city boarders green, and the sea and sky and the natives—most of them—true blue. And you have bathed and fished and sailed and smoked and loafed—have done almost everything, in fact, except work. There are people on Cape Cod who work, but the average "summerer"—no matter what grim resolutions he may have subscribed to before leaving home—is not one of them.

So, one morning, as you are industriously filling your pipe—I am now supposing you to be a member of the tobacco blessed sex—on the porch, your wife emerges from the cottage with a wistful, unsatisfied look in her eye, and observes: "Oh, dear! I do wish we might have a real, old-fashioned clambake."

Whereupon you sit up in the hammock,



From "The Alternative."

Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

HE OPENED THE DOOR AND ASSISTED HER TO ALIGHT.

choke down your excitement, and reply in an uninterested tone: "Clambake, my dear? Why, we had clams for dinner only yesterday."

"Yes, I know but they taste so different baked out of doors. I mean a real clambake on the beach. One with corn and potatoes and all the 'fixin's,' such as we used to have when father was alive."

Now, your wife is like yourself, a Cape Codder born. She used to live in the old Baker house on the "lower road"—the one occupied at present by that Portuguese family—and her father was Cap'n Ezra Baker, and he was the greatest "cut up" for a grown man that ever—why, he just *had* to be a Universalist. No Methodist, in those days, could go on picnics and get up hay rides and "times" as he did every week day of his "shore leaves," and retain a regular standing in the church. No, sir! One couldn't enjoy life like that and be godly.

Just here your wife interrupts your meditations. She says:

"The children would enjoy it so."

Bless the children! They are the most convenient excuses in creation. Probably, if it were not for them, you wouldn't get to the zoological gardens or the aquarium or the fairy play oftener than once a year or so. And as for the circus—but that's an old story.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

From Sarah L. Day's "Fresh Fields and Pastures New." (Putnam.)

A HUSH and a scurry of wind,—then the rush
Of the rain in battalions fleet;
And athwart the swirl of its hurrying files,
And the tread of its myriad feet,
Springs the flash and the jar of an answering war
Where the cloud-spirits challenge and meet.

Closer the press of the turbulent ranks,
Fiercer the shock of the fray;
Then the whole has swept by, and anon, a clear sky,
And a drenched, fragrant earth, and the play
Of quick, sparkling laughter from leaf to gay leat
Each twinkling its teardrops away.

DR. DIMAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

From Juliet W. Tompkins' "Open House." (Baker & Taylor Co.)

MISS MYRTLE'S housekeeping expression was ever that of one who has just heard a distant crash of china, or who smells something burning. She moved as hurriedly as her weight permitted, but it could be seen that her soul went ahead, and was already at the kitchen door with some life and death message for the ice man or the grocer.

"Oh, Myrtle! we are not using the big southeast bed-room, are we?"

She stopped as though struck, and the dropping of her stout arms at her sides showed that no casual tone could hoodwink her.

"Caspar! Is it another nervous prostrate?" she cried.

"No." He was obviously a little sorry, but not at all afraid of her.

"An inebriate or a morphine fiend?"

"Neither."

"Not St. Vitus's dance again?"

"No: this time it is a handsome and entirely healthy young woman."

She knew him too well to accept comfort. "It is another case, just the same—you needn't tell me! Why you have to bring home every stray cat and lame dog you come across—! What is she, anyway?"

"She will act as my office assistant and take charge of the telephone—that will be a relief to you, won't it?" His tone encouraged a glimmer of cheer, but she only sighed. "She will be here late this afternoon, and her name is Cassandra Joyce," he added as he went out.

Cassandra Joyce! Miss Myrtle needed no more telling. That was, of course, the cousin who had come from Paris to live with Miss Emily Joyce, a week before her sudden death. Caspar, who had been called in consultation, had spoken pityingly of the girl at the time—his sister might have foreseen what was coming! Cassandra Joyce, daughter of a multi-millionaire whose fortunes had fallen with a reverberating crash three years ago, and who had taken a short cut out of difficulty and disgrace with a bullet; a girl brought up to every luxury and, no doubt, straight from the home of some rich friend, coming here to go through the farce of earning her living—this was a little too much. Her important errand to the kitchen forgotten, Miss Myrtle still sat where she had dropped, gloomily facing the situation.

It was never a simple situation for the housekeeper in the spreading, old-fashioned mansion which Dr. Diman called his home, but which in his sister's opinion might more fittingly be called a combination of Rescue League, Snug Harbour, Sanitorium, and Sheltering Arms. She had kept house for him eleven years, and every year, in her phraseology, "he got worse." She could not accept him as incurable, and the average man must have grown propitiatory or irritable after eleven years of her poignant dismay; but Caspar smiled at her protests, offered up no argument, and went his chosen way without so much as an extra crease in his forehead on her account. At this moment a superannuated French chef, who had kept his pathetically charming manners, but lost large tracts of his memory, was presiding in the kitchen with the exquisite humility of a fallen monarch; and what comfort was it to know that the purée might be perfect, when one knew also that it might come in with its main ingredient forgotten? Though a teacher has had remarkable success with children, it does not necessarily follow that, after a physical breakdown, she is entirely successful in light housework; even now the trail of Ann Blossom's willing but vague duster could be seen in a broad sweep across the grey film on the centre table—a wealthy forlornity who thought she paid for what she was getting, and the prospect of a helpless spoiled girl to be looked after—

"Well, if it wasn't for Hattie, I'd give up," concluded Miss Myrtle heavily. Hattie was belligerently able-bodied and she came for wages, nothing else. "Deliver me from gratitude service!" was the final sum of the housekeeper's experience.

THE OLD DOCTOR PREACHES.

From H. B. Wright's "*The Calling of Dan McMathews.*" (Book Supply Co.)

"I have always known this would come," said the old doctor.

"You have always known this would come?" repeated Dan questioningly.

"Yes, I have always known, because for

church are the salt of the earth. If it were not for their goodness the system would have rotted long ago. The church, for all its talk, doesn't save the people; the people save the church. And let me tell you, Dan, the very ones in the church who have done the things you have seen and felt, at heart respect and believe in you."

Dan broke forth in such a laugh as the



From "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight."

Copyright, 1909, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"WAIT!" SHE MURMURED. "THERE IS TO BE A MEETING."

half a century, boy, I have observed the spirit of this institution. Mind, I do not say the spirit of the people in the institution. Strong people, Dan, sometimes manage to live in mighty sickly climates. The best people in the world are sometimes held by evil circumstances which their own best intentions have created. The people in the

Doctor had never heard from his lips. "Then why?"

"Because," said the old man, "it is their religion to worship an institution, not a God; to serve a system, not the race. It is history, my boy. Every reformation begins with the persecution of the reformer and ends with the followers of that reformer



From "A Child's Guide to American History."

Copyright, 909 by Baker & Taylor Co.

THE DEATH OF LAWRENCE.

persecuting those who would lead them another step toward freedom. Misguided religious people have always crucified their saviors and always will!"

Dan was silent, awed by the revelation of his old friend's mind. Presently the Doctor continued, "There is no hatred, lad, so bitter as that hatred born of a religious love; no falsehood so vile as the lie spoken in defense of truth; no wrong so harmful as the wrong committed in the name of righteousness; no injustice so terrible as in the injustice of those who condemn in the name of the Savior of the world!"

"What then, as you see it—what can I do?" demanded Dan.

The Doctor changed his tone. His reply was more a question than an answer. "There are other churches."

Dan laughed bitterly. "They have taken care of that, too." He began to tell of the call to Chicago and the Elders' refusal to give him a letter, but again the Doctor interrupted him. "Yes, I know about that, too."

"Well?" demanded Dan almost angrily.

"Well," answered the other easily, "there are still other churches."

"You mean—"

"I mean that you are not the only preacher who has been talked about by his church, and branded by his official board with the mark of the devil in the name of the Lord. It's easy enough! Go farther, get a little obscure congregation somewhere, stay long enough to get a letter, not long enough to

make another name; try another in the same fashion. Lay low, keep quiet, stay away from conventions, watch your chance, and—when the time is ripe—make a hit with the state workers in some other state. You know how! It's all easy enough!"

Dan leaped to his feet. "Good God, Doctor! I have done nothing wrong. Why should I skulk, and hide, and scheme to conceal something I never did, for the privilege of saving a church that doesn't want me? Is this the ministry?"

"It seems to be a large part of it," answered the other deliberately. "My boy, it's the things that preachers have not done that they try hardest to hide. As to why, I must confess that I am a little near-sighted myself sometimes."

"I can't, I can't do it, Doctor!"

"Humph! I didn't suppose you could," came dryly from the old man.

THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE SYSTEM.

From Foxcroft Davis's "The Whirl." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE occasion to worry his womankind, however, was too good for the English Ambassador, and he began again to his nephew:

"I hope, my dear boy, you will meet a friend of mine to-night—Mrs. Chantrey—a widow, very handsome, fine old Boston family, with something like a billion of money."

Mrs. Vereker sighed. Mrs. Chantrey was

her rod of scourging, which Lord Baudesert freely applied. Then, taking his nephew's arm, the Ambassador walked into the next room, and out of Mrs. Vereker's hearing expressed his true sentiments.

"You will see American women in full force to-night," he said. "They are strange creatures, full of *esprit*, and they have brought the art of dress to the level of a fine art. Be sure to look at their shoes and their handkerchiefs. I am told that their stockings are works of art. Don't mind their screeching at you, you will get used to it. There is great talk of their wonderful adaptability, nevertheless I never saw one of them whom I really thought was fitted to be the wife of a diplomat. You needn't pay any attention to the way I talk about Mrs. Chantrey; I wouldn't marry that woman if she were made of radium at two million dollars the pound, but it amuses me to worry Susan on the subject."

"That's nice for Aunt Susan," answered Sir Percy—"but on one point my mind is made up: I shall never marry an American."

"I can tell you one thing," continued Lord Baudesert: "marrying an American heiress is about the poorest investment any man can make, if he has an eye to business. In this singular country money is never mentioned by the bridegroom. That one word 'settlement' would be enough to make an American father kick any man out of the house. The father, however, is certain to mention money to his prospective son-in-law. He demands that everything his daughter's husband has should be settled on the wife, and generally requires that his future son-in-law's life be insured for the wife's benefit. Then, whatever the American father has to give his daughter he ties up as tight as a drum, so that the son-in-law can't touch it, and everything else the son-in-law may get depends on his good behaviour. The American girl, having been accustomed to regard herself as a pearl beyond price, expects her husband to be a sort of coolie at her command. If he isn't she flies back to her father, and the father proceeds to cut off supplies from the son-in-law. Oh, it is a great game, the American marriage, when it is for high stakes. I take it that it is impossible for any European, even an Englishman, to get at the point of view of an American father concerning his daughter."

AN EDITOR IN THE MAKING.

From G. R. Chester's "The Making of Bobby Burnit." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

BOBBY BURNIT was in no more jeopardy from hired thugs, and for a solid year he kept up his fight, with plenty of material to last him for still another twelvemonth. It was a year which improved him in many ways, but Aunt Constance Elliston objected to the improvement.

"Bobby, they *are* spoiling you," she complained. "They're taking your suavity away from you, and you're acquiring grim, hard lines around your mouth."

"They're making him," declared Agnes looking fondly across at the firm face and into the clear, unwavering eyes.

Bobby answered the look of Agnes with one that needed no words to interpret, and laughed at Aunt Constance.

"I suppose they are spoiling me," he confessed, "and I'm glad of it. I'm glad, above



From "The Whirl."

Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

HER GLANCE, QUICK YET SOFT, WAS MUCH THE PRETTIEST THING OF THE SORT SIR PERCY HAD EVER SEEN.

all, that I'm losing the sort of suavity which led me to smile and tell a man politely to take it, when he reached his hand into my pocket for my money."

"You'll do," agreed Uncle Dan. "When you took hold of the *Bulletin*, your best friends only gave you two months."

The telephone bell rang in the study adjoining the dining-room, and Bobby, who had been more or less distract all evening, half rose from his chair. In a moment more the maid informed them that the call was for Mr. Burnit. In the study they could hear his voice, excited and exultant. He returned as delighted as a school-boy.

"Now I can tell you something," he announced. "Within five minutes the *Bulletin* will have exclusive extras on the street, announcing that the legislature has just appointed a committee to investigate municipal affairs throughout the state. That means this town. I have spent ten thousand dollars in lobbying that measure through, and charged it all to 'improvements' on the *Bulletin*."

As Bobby announced this he rose mechanically, and, still absorbed in the details of his big fight, walked out into the hall. It was not until he had his coat on and his hat in his hand that he came to himself; and with the deepest confusion found that he had been about to walk out without making any adieu whatever.



From "The Other Side of the Door."

Copyright, 1909, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHILD," FATHER SAID."

"Why, where are you going?" inquired Agnes, as he came back into the drawing-room.

He laughed sheepishly.

"Why," he explained, "ever since I received that telephone message I have been seeing before me the *Bulletin* extra that they are throwing on the street right now, and I forgot everything else. I'll simply have to go down and hold a copy of it in my hands."

"You're just a big boy," laughed Aunt Constance. "Will you ever grow up?"

"I hope not," declared Agnes, and taking his arm she strolled with him to the door in perfect peace and confidence.

OVERCOMING THE BUCCANEERS.

From "Humphrey Bold." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

FINDING my ascent blocked by the crowd, I slipped over the balustrade, and, taking advantage of my great height, leapt at the rail of the veranda and began to haul myself up. At that desperate moment I saw one of the buccaneers with his musket uplifted, preparing to bring it down with crushing force upon me, and caught sight of Vetch behind him sword in hand. I thought my end was come, for I had not yet secured my footing, and was powerless to protect myself. But suddenly there was a deafening report from the room

beyond; the buccaneer pitched forward onto the rail, his musket falling from his hand. My life was saved by the man's body lurching against me, for being between Vetch and me, he prevented my old enemy from using his sword arm. With a desperate heave I threw the buccaneer against Vetch, and in a trice was over the rail and on the veranda. Vetch's face was fixed with terror, as, drawing my sword, I rushed at him. There was no escape for him now; his slipperiness could not serve him; and I will do him this justice, that, finding himself driven into a corner, he stood against me and fought with a courage of frenzy. But he was no swordsman; with a few simple passes I disarmed him, and flinging his sword over the rail I caught him by the neck and arm and held him fast.

Meanwhile the resistance of his hirelings had been broken. My sturdy men had forced their way up the steps or climbed up the pillars, not without loss, and the defenders in the room behind firing a succession of shots, the buccaneers had scattered to right and left to escape being taken in front and rear at once. Their ranks being thus weakened my men pressed upon them with re-

doubled vehemence. I caught sight of Joe Punchard in the mêlée, his red head a flaming battle signal, wielding an iron belaying pin, every swing of it leaving the enemy one man the less. The buccaneer captain, with the furious courage for which the West Indian freebooters have ever been notable, threw himself wherever the fight was thickest, striving to stay the rout, with cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other. He hurled his pistol at Joe, but he saw the movement and nimbly ducked, to the discomfiture of the man behind him, who received the weapon full in his chest (Joe being short) and staggered back in a heap against the rail. Joe was erect again in time to catch the captain's cutlass on his belaying pin, which it struck with such force as to be shivered to splinters. Ere the captain had time to spring back, a half-swing from Joe's formidable weapon caught him on the neck, and he fell like a bullock under the pole-ax.

THE FACE WAS ABSOLUTELY STRANGE!

From O. Cabot's "Man Without a Shadow." (Appleton's.)

THE train was whistling for a stop, and was going to stop not more than a mile or two away.

Instinctively I felt for my watch, but there was nothing of the sort in my pocket. I was disappointed, for though only half conscious of the reason why, I wanted to know what time the train came in. Suddenly an expedient occurred to me. The sun was slanting through my window at an acute angle with the casement. With my thumb nail I scratched on the sill the outline of the shadow.

Some one was standing outside my door, watching me, no doubt, through the keyhole. An involuntary movement of his feet betrayed so much to me, and a moment later, restless of espionage, I crossed over to the farther corner of the room.

In doing so I caught a glimpse of another movement, and looking up I saw what I wonder I had not thought of looking for earlier—a mirror. The sight of it made my heart beat quickly.

"Of course," I thought, "that is all it needs. A glance at myself will bring my memory back to me."

I walked around and stood before the glass. But the face I saw was absolutely strange to me, as strange as the doctor's face or the guard's had been. It was bewildering, uncanny, almost enough indeed to drive a man mad, to see the haggard look of pain and disappointment and something not far from



From "A Special Messenger."

Copyright, 1909, by D. Appleton & Co.

WHITE-FACED, DESPERATE, SHE CLUNG TO HIM.

terror in that stranger's face; and to realize that it was only the irrepressible emotion of my own soul that I saw reflected there.

Then, like a touch of the spur, rallying all my courage anew, there came the faint sound of a chuckling laugh from the other side of the door. In standing before the mirror I had again come under the observation of the man at the keyhole. The same bewildered, disappointed face which I had seen, he had seen, too.

I dropped down on the edge of my bed and buried my face in my hands. I heard footsteps tiptoeing away from my door, and then in a moment, as I half expected, returning noisily.

"Come in," said I, in answer to the knock.

It was the doctor, but this time the doctor with his manner all prepared. It was at once good-humored and patronizing.

"Well, my good man," said he, "I hope you feel no further ill effects from that warm June sun."

"No," said I, "I guess I'm right enough."

Then, by way of experiment, I shot a quick question at him.

"Is this my room, the room I have lived in right along?"

His face seemed to stiffen a little in its false mask of kindly humor.

"Of course," he said; "but you must not



From "Mr. Opp."

Copyright, 1909, by The Century Co

"WHY, MR. OPP, I'M NOT OLD ENOUGH."

expect to remember anything about that. You have been, as I said before, only half conscious since you came here. It would be altogether extraordinary if you were to recognize the room or the building or any of our faces. But does nothing come back from beyond that time; nothing that happened before your accident?"

I shook my head dully.

"What did you tell me I was?" I asked.

THE OPP EAGLE FORMS ITS STAFF.

From Alice H. Rice's "Mr. Opp." (Century.)

MR. OPP'S mental gymnastics were interrupted by the appearance at the door of Miss Jim Fenton and her brother Nick.

Miss Jim was an anomaly in the community, being by theory a spinster, and by practice a double grass-widow. Capable and self-supporting, she attracted the ne'er-do-wells as a magnet attracts needles, but having been twice induced to forego her freedom and accept the bonds of wedlock, she had twice escaped and reverted to her original type and name. Miss Jim was evidently a victim of one of Nature's most economical moods; she was spare and angular, with a long, wrinkled face surmounted by a scant fluff of pale, frizzled hair.

But it was her clothes that brought misunderstanding, misfortune, and even matri-

mony upon Miss Jim. They were sent her by the boxful by a cousin in the city, and the fact was unmistakable that they were clothes with a past. The dresses held an atmosphere of evaporated frivolity; flirtations lingered in every frill, and memories of old larks lurked in every furbelow. The hats had a jaunty list to port, and the colored slippers still held a dance within their soles. One old bird of paradise on Miss Jim's favorite bonnet had a chronic wink for the wickedness he had witnessed.

It was this wink that attracted Mr. Opp as he looked up from his arduous labors.

"Howdy, Mr. Opp," said the lady in brisk, businesslike tones. "I was taking a crayon portrait home to Mrs. Gusty, and I just stopped in to see if I couldn't persuade you to take my brother to help you on the newspaper. You remember Nick, don't you?"

Mr. Opp glanced up. A skeleton of a boy was peering eagerly past him into the office.

"He knows the business. He's been in it over a year at Coreyville. He wants to go back; but I ain't willing till he gets stronger."

Mr. Opp turned impressively in his revolving chair.

"Well, you see," he said, with thumbs together and his lips pursed, after the manner of the various employers before whom he had stood in the past, "we are just making a preliminary start, and we haven't engaged our staff yet. I don't feel justified in going to no extra expense until 'The Opp Eagle' is, in a way, on its feet."

"Oh, that's all right," said the boy; "I'll work a month for nothing. Lots of fellows do that on the big papers."

Miss Jim plucked warningly at his sleeve.

"Not at all," he said hastily; "that ain't my policy. I think I might contrive to pay you a small, reasonable sum down, and increase it in ratio as the paper become more prosperous. Don't you think you better sit down?"

"No, sir; I'm all right," said the boy, impatiently. "I can do 'most anything about a paper, setting type, printing, reporting, collecting, 'most anything you put me at."

Such timely knowledge, in whatever guise it came, seemed Heaven-sent. Mr. Opp gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"If you feel that you can't do any better than accepting the small sum that just at present I'll have to offer you, why, I think we can come to some arrangement."

"That's mighty nice in you," said Miss Jim, jerking her head forward in order to correct an undue backward gravitation of her bonnet. "If ever you want a crayon portrait, made from life or enlarged from a photograph, I'll make you a special price on it."

"I'm just taking this here one home to Mrs. Gusty; she had it done for Guin-never's birthday."

Miss Jim removed the wrappings and showed the portrait.

"Notice the eyelashes; you can actually count them! She had four buttons on her dress, but I didn't get in but three, but I ain't going to mention it to Mrs. Gusty. Don't you think it's pretty?"

**THE IRON SANK—CHOCK TO THE
HITCHES.**

From J. C. Wheeler's "*There She Blows.*"
(Dutton.)

UNCLE ZENE had brought up half-way between the British captain's boat and the spot where we had last seen the whale. He reasoned that the bull was not alarmed, and had no motive for running away. His keen eye had noted the slight indication of the flukes, and this gave him the clue to direction. Our boat lay—recollect this—stern on to the Sydney captain's.

The vertical sun scorched and roasted. The oily blue water threw back the heat at the brassy heavens, and the atmosphere quivered as if on the point of ignition. Ten minutes, fifteen passed. Each sailor watched along the line of his oar. The eyes of Morrison and the Old Man devoured all space. Of a sudden a long, sobbing respiration quavered at Captain Bourne's back, and I, facing that way, saw the square, black mass of the bull's head emerge midway between the boats. Uncle Zene sprang a foot in the air and half whirled, laying back on his steering oar to bring his boat around. Tugwell's crew had caught the water.

Joe Wing has an inspiration and surged on his oar to assist the captain overcome the inertia of the boat. She shot around, more swiftly than the Old Man had counted on. He overreached, failed to recover, and went overboard with a great splash!

I caught the flash of the Briton's oar blades as the captain's heels passed out of sight. Then I arose to the occasion and made myself famous. I sprang to my feet, tossing my oar to the skipper with the same motion. My hand gripped the handle of the steering oar, and I yelled:

"Give way!"

Jonas, Joe Wing, Manuel and Tom Morrison heard my command, which was half appeal, and answered. It was the last chance for the bull whale, and the bet! They strained on the ash blades until their former efforts were as nothing.

"Steady, steady there! Stand up, Tom," I cried.

Morrison peaked his oar, and the next instant braced his knee in the clumsy cleat, his harpoon above his head. The British boatsteerer, on the other side of the whale, was rising.

"Give it to him!" I yelled.

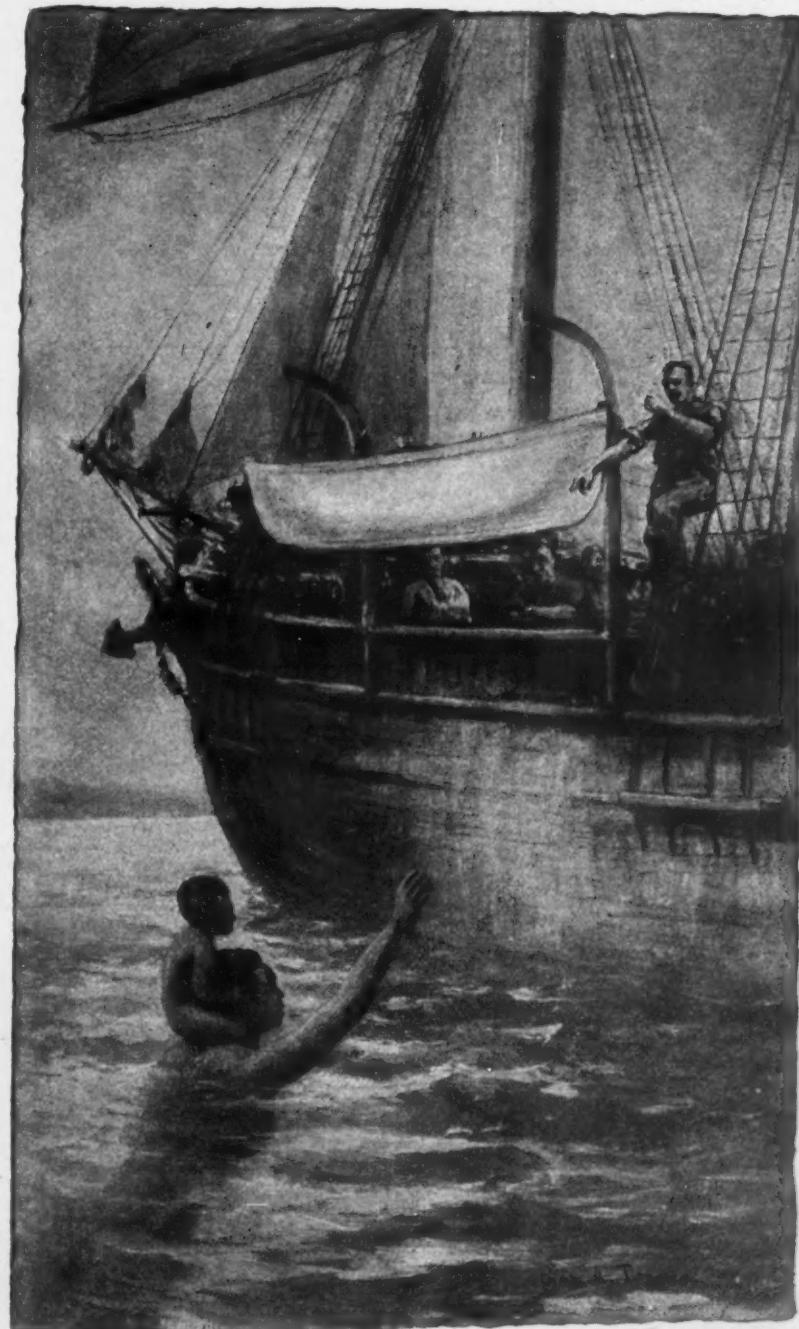
It was a long dart, but the fourth mate obeyed his after oarsman. The iron gleamed in the air and sank—chock to the hitches—in the blubber.

"Starn all! We're fast!" he shouted.

We picked up the Old Man as we backed out of the way of the whale's flukes.

"Blast you," he said to me, "you're all right!"

I will not deny I was inclined to rejoice over my exploit, but I did not have much leisure to receive congratulations or plume myself. That whale started to sound, and we had to attend to business. Besides it appeared this bull had his herd of cows in the immediate vicinity, and they ranged up when they found their leader was in trouble. The captain told me that ordinarily a bull is looked upon—by the cows—as able to take



From "*There She Blows.*"

Copyright, 1909, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE TINY IMP SAT ASTRIDE HER PARENT'S NECK.

care of himself. At any rate, he is usually left to fight his battles alone. Our victim's harem must have been near by, although undiscovered by us until the starboard boat had got fast.

LEARNED AT THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

From Curtis Yorke's "Mollie Deverill." (Estes.)

"WELL, then, I have discovered, without doubt, that the person whom I thought was in love with me *is* in love with me."

"I suppose," said Dorian after a pause, "that you don't, by any chance, mean—me?"

She laughed derisively.

"Oh, no, my Dorian; I am not so wanting in sense. I do not think you could ever be in love with me, nor do I think I should care for it to be so."

"Why?" he asked, with pardonable resentment.

"There is not time to discuss it now," she answered, rolling the ends of her sash round her fingers. "What I am about to tell you is this. And, see you, though it is sad, it is, in a way, interesting. This poor young man, this Wedderburn, has been so foolish, it appears, as to allow himself to love me."

"What!" thundered Dorian, standing suddenly erect, and becoming rather white round the mouth. Then he pulled himself together, and said with a short laugh: "Oh, nonsense, Mollie! Your imagination, my dear, is far too vivid for so young a person."

"But it is no imagination," she answered, shaking her head mournfully; "for the poor unhappy one has told me so—absolutely."

"He *told* you so!" said Dorian, in a low, tense voice. "Do you mean to say he dared to say anything of the kind to you—to my wife?"

"But he had to confess, you see, because I asked him," she answered, meeting his stormy eyes fearlessly.

"You asked him?" Dorian repeated, in an indescribable tone. "You asked him—if he was in love with you? I don't believe it."

"But you advised me to do so," she murmured, her eyes growing cloudy with tears. "You yourself advised me. You cannot have forgotten?"

He laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Is this some silly joke?" he asked sternly. "Because, if it is, let me tell you I think it is in confoundedly bad taste."

"It is no joke," she answered, looking aggrieved. "And you will please not look as if you wanted to shake me. You have said to me to go boldly to the head of the fountain and at once ask what I wished to know; and now I have done so, and hasten to tell you, and, behold! you make me die of fright."

"Yes, you look like it," he muttered. Then he added slowly: "And you actually mean to say that that was what you meant last night—to ask the fellow if he was—oh, nonsense! it's inconceivable. No woman could do it."

"I did it," she said, with a certain pride.

"Well—I'm hanged!" he ejaculated slowly.

Then, after a brief silence, he continued:

"And may I ask what else he said, poor devil!"

"Well, he did not say much—not so much as they say in books. And just as you came



From "Our Plymouth Forefathers."

Copyright, 1909, by Dana Estes & Co.

OUR FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

he said he wished he had never seen me. Will you figure it? But, as I have told him, it was better to speak of it, so that for his comfort I could tell him that even if I had been a demoiselle I never would have married him. He is not what you call—my style."

"Do you know that you are a heartless little wretch, Mollie?" he said, after looking at her dispassionately for perhaps half a minute.

THE DISCOURTEOUS CUSTOM HOUSE.

*From Alan Dale's "The Great Wet Way."
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*

THE gay young man who has worn two different suits of clothes every day, and who has been very confiding on the subject of the durability of English cloth, suddenly appears garbed in unmistakable New York. His



From "The Great Wet Way."

Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

HE HAS CROSSED THE ATLANTIC FORTY-FIVE TIMES.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I have a heart—somewhere. But for the moment, you see, I do not know where it is."

Dorian shrugged his shoulders.

"I give you up," he said.

He felt that he ought to have been furious with her. But somehow he wasn't. Nor was he furious with the luckless Wedderburn, as he might well have been.

naughty, unpatriotic sentiments have vanished—melted into thin air. He says that New York tailors are good enough for him. He has been all over the world, and has never discovered any sartorial artists who can cut clothes as they cut them in New York. Many people imagine that he buys his clothes abroad. It is ridiculous. They simply do not understand how to build clothes in



From "Are the Dead Alive?" Copyright, 1909, by B. W. Dodge & Co.

CHAINE MÉDANIMIQUE.

Europe. Perhaps London cloth lasts longer. Just perhaps. But New York is the greatest city in the universe for clothes that are elegant and personal. Abroad, clothes are impersonal. The gay young man seems nervous and "not himself."

The pretty girl who attracted so much attention at the concert by the exquisite evening gown that she wore—a gown that had "Paris" marked all over it—and who told all enquirers that she had several others even nicer in the hold of the ship, wears the look of the hunted antelope as the steamer nears her destination. She is clad in a simple shirt-waist and skirt, and she appears at dinner in one of those pleasant little American blouses that one sees in New York marked "four ninety-eight, reduced from six-fifty." She is from Scranton, Pa., and she tells everybody what splendid dressmakers they have in Scranton, Pa. Honestly, it would have been ludicrous for her to buy anything in Paris and Vienna. She saw nothing there to compare with the "creations" she could always find in Scranton, Pa.

The trusting and loquacious individual in the smokeroom who, on cold days, has worn a fur overcoat that nobody but European royalty or American bad actors would dare to wear, and who has thoughtlessly displayed the label inside, under your very eyes, becomes very pensive as the trip nears its end. He asks you pathetically if you think he ought to "declare"—a pair of shoes he bought in Europe.

"You see, I was there for four months," he says diffidently, "and shoes *do* wear out. I tramped about a good deal, and finally bought some new shoes. Nothing else whatsoever. Now, is it necessary to declare them? Of course, I am perfectly willing to pay duty on them."

He has a hunted look in his eyes. The fur overcoat is lying across the seat, and the label, from force of habit, is ostentatiously displayed. You solemnly advise him to declare his new shoes. After all, it is the best policy to live up to rules and regulations. He thanks you dejectedly, and agrees with you. He will declare the shoes at a sovereign. They really cost a trifle less than a sovereign.

The "good fellow" who has been the "life and soul" of the trip, and whose exuberant moods have made him immensely popular, appears to be one of those uncanny people freighted with a guilty secret. He has been joviality personified all the way over; his ringing laughter was infectious; his humorous sallies were side-splitting. But as the hustle and bustle that precede arrival are noted, he sits and mopes. He button-holes passengers, and asks them leading questions about their purchases abroad. He is exceedingly interested in what they bought. There is a sinister look in his eyes as he awaits their answers. His manner suggests that he has "skipped" his hotel bill, or something worse. He is morose, and occasionally cynical. He gives vent to utterances that are distressingly unpatriotic.

Says he: "What I don't like about this business of getting back is the Custom House treatment. They force you to declare your purchases abroad, and then go through your trunks just the same. You make an oath and they don't believe it. In no other country are you treated so discourteously."

WHEN AMERICA WAS COMPLETING ITSELF.

From Curwood's "The Great Lakes." (Putnam.)

UNNUMBERED thousands of years ago, before the glaciers of the Ice Age crept over the continent; when prehistoric monsters, still living in a tropical world, roamed throughout what is now the lake region, and when man, if he existed at all, was in his crudest form, the Great Lakes were still unborn. Where their ninety-five thousand square miles of surface now afford the world's greatest highways of water commerce there were then vast areas of plain, of highland and plateau, rising at times to the eminence of mountains. Those were the days when the North American continent was completing itself, when the last handiwork in the creation of a world was in progress. In place of the lakes there were then a number of great rivers in these regions—rivers, which despite the passing of ages, have left their channels and their marks to this day. These rivers were all of one system and were all tributary to one great stream, the Laurentian River, whose channel to the sea was that of the St. Lawrence of to-day. Were it pos-

sible for one to conceive himself back in those primitive times a journey over this first great system of the continent would have carried him, first of all, from the still unfinished ocean along the south shore of what is now Lake Ontario. He would have travelled within ten miles of where scores of towns and cities now flourish, and almost directly opposite what is now the Niagara River he would have encountered another great stream pouring into the Laurentian from the south and west. This river continued almost through the middle of what is now Lake Erie, and opposite where Sandusky is now situated divided itself into two branches which still exist in the Maumee and the Detroit. The Laurentian continued northward close along the southern shore of Georgian Bay, turned southward to the centre of the Lake Huron basin, where the Huronian River, sweeping across central Michigan, joined it from Saginaw Bay. The Laurentian itself passed northward through the Straits of Mackinaw and terminated in what is now Lake Michigan. The story of this vast water system has been left in clearly defined outlines; its indelible marks are ancient valleys, sand-filled channels of the great streams, and worn escarpments. Seldom has science had an easier story to read of ages that are gone.

HOW FRANK NORRIS WAS DISCOVERED.

From Will Irwin's Introduction to "The Third Circle." (Lane.)

IN the heavy intervals of waiting "to put the paper to bed" I killed time and gained instruction by reading the back files of the *Wave*, and especially that part of the files which preserved the early, prentice work of Frank Norris.

He was a hero to us all in those days, as he will ever remain a heroic memory—that unique product of our Western soil, killed, for some hidden purpose of the gods, before the time of full blossom. He had gone East but a year since to publish the earliest in his succession of rugged, virile novels—"Moran of the Lady Letty," "McTeague," "Blix," "A Man's Woman," "The Octopus," and "The Pit." The East was just beginning to learn that he was great; we had known it long before. With a special interest, then, did I, his humble cub successor as sub-editor and sole staff writer, follow that prentice work of his from the period of his first brief sketches, through the period of rough, brilliant short stories hewed out of our life in the Port of Adventures, to the period of that first serial which brought him into his own.



From "The Great Lakes."

Copyright, 1909, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND. ONE OF THE NATURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

It was a surpassing study of the novelist in the making. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, owner, editor and burden-bearer of the *Wave*, was in his editing more an artist than a man of business. He loved "good stuff"; he could not bear to delete a distinctive piece of work just because the populace would not understand. Norris, then, had a free hand. Whatever his thought of that day, whatever he had seen with the eye of his flash or the eye of his imagination, he might write and print. You began to feel him in the files of the year 1895, by certain distinctive sketches and fragments. You traced his writing week by week until the sketches became "Little Stories of the Pavements." Then longer stories, one every week, even such stories as "The Third Circle," "Miracle Joyeaux," and "The House with the Blinds"; then, finally, a novel, written *feuilleton* fashion week by week—"Moran of the Lady Letty." A curious circumstance attended the publication of "Moran" in the *Wave*. I discovered it myself during those Tuesday night sessions over the files; and it illustrates how this work was done. He began it in the last weeks of 1897, turning it out and sending it straight to the printer as part of his daily stint. The *Maine* was blown up February 14, 1898. In the later chapters of "Moran," he introduced the destruction of the *Maine* as an incident! It was this serial, brought to the attention of *McClure's Magazine*, which finally drew Frank Norris East.

"The studio sketches of a great novelist," Gellett Burgess has called these ventures and

fragments. Burgess and I, when the *Wave* finally died of too much merit, stole into the building by night and took away one set of old files. A harmless theft for sentiment, we told ourselves; for by moral right they belonged to us, the sole survivors in San Francisco of those who had helped make the *Wave*. And, indeed, by this theft we saved them from the great fire of 1906. When we had them safe at home, we spent a night running over them, marvelling again at those rough creations of blood and nerve which Norris had made out of that city which was the first love of his wakened intelligence.

ONLY DIAMONDS TO QUENCH HIS THIRST.

From Bartlett's "Web of the Golden Spider."
(Small, Maynard & Co.)

WILSON'S thoughts now centered on nothing else but this. Water stood for everything in the world—for the world itself, because it meant life. Water—water—nothing else could quench the fever which tore at his throat like a thing with a million sharp claws—nothing else could clear his brain—nothing else put the strength back into his legs.

Back into the cave he pressed—back into the unknown dark. The flinty sides were cool. He stopped to press his cheeks against them, then licked them with his dry tongue. Back—back away from the temptation to jump, he staggered. Another step, for all he



From "The Book of the Cottage Garden."

Copyright, 1909, by John Lane Co.

ROUGH PAVING WITH PLANTS IN CREVICES.

knew, might plunge him into some dark well; but even so, it wouldn't matter much. There might be water at the bottom. Now and then he paused to listen, for it seemed to him he caught the musical tinkling of dripping water. He pictured a crystal stream such as that in which when a boy he used to fish for trout, tinkling over the clean rock surfaces—a sparkling, fairy waterfall where at the bottom he might scoop up icy handfuls.

He tried to pierce the dark to where this sound seemed to be. He struck one of his precious matches. The flame which he held before him was repeated a thousand times, in a shining pool to the left. With a throaty, animal-like cry, he threw himself forward and plunged his hands into the pool. They met a cutting surface of a hundred little stones. He groped all around; nothing but these little stones. He grabbed a handful of them and struck another match. This was no pool of water—this was not a crystal spring—it was nothing but a little pile of diamonds. In a rage he flung them from him.

Jewels—jewels when he wanted water! Baubles of stone when he thirsted! Surely the gods here who guarded these vanities must be laughing. If each of these crystals had only been a drop of that crystal which gives life and surcease to burning throats—if only these bits could resolve themselves into that precious thing which they mocked with their clearness!

Maddened by the visions these things had summoned, he staggered back to the opening. At least he must have air—big, cooling draughts of air. It was the one thing which was left to him. He would bathe in it and drink it into his hot lungs. He moved on his hands and knees with his head dropped low between them like a wounded animal. It was almost as though he had become a child once more—life had become now so elemental. Of all the things this big world furnished, he wanted now but that one thing which it furnishes in such abundance. Just water—nothing else. Water of which there were lakes full and rivers full; water which thundered by the ton over crags; water which flooded down over all the earth. And this, the freest of all things, was taken from him while that for which men cut one another's throats was



From "The Rule of Three."

Copyright, 1909, by Small, Maynard & Co.

"IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE, WHY DID YOU COME UP HERE?"

flung in his face. Yes, he had become just a child once more—a child mouthing for the breast of Nature. —

DICK'S MISER GRANDFATHER AND DICK'S GIRL.From H. Townley's "*A Scarlet Feather.*" (Watt.)

HER heart beat wildly until she was actually in the room, and the little huddled-up figure on the bed came into view. Then, she lost all her terror, and felt only pity for the shriveled, ape-like creature.

"Sit down, Miss Dundas. It is kind of you to visit an old man."

"You wished me to come to you?" murmured Dora.

"Yes, Miss Dundas, I sent for you. I made your acquaintance two years ago. I was only in a bath-chair then; now, you see what I have come to."

"I am deeply sorry."

"When you came before," said Herresford, bluntly, "I liked the look of you, Miss Dora; and I said to myself that, if Dick was not a



From "The Scarlet Feather." Copyright, 1909, by W. J. Watt & Co.

"NOW YOU ARE MINE . . . AND WE'RE ENGAGED."

fool and blind, he would choose you for his wife."

"Don't! Don't!" cried Dora. "I'm engaged to marry Mr. Ormsby."

"An excellent match—a match that does credit to your head, my girl. But Ormsby is not a man—he's only a machine. He thinks too much of his money. With him, it's money, money—all money. A bad thing! A bad thing!"

Dora opened her eyes wide in surprise, wondering if she heard aright. Was this the miser?

"Now, Dick was a man—and he died like a gentleman—with his back to the wall—hurling defiance at the muzzles of the enemy's rifles."

Dora nodded.

"Now, if he had married a wife like you, a girl with a level head and a stiff upper lip, a girl with not sufficient sentiment to make her a fool, nor enough brains to be a prig, but just clever enough to supply her husband's deficiencies, he would have been my heir, and this place and all my money would have been his—and yours."

"Why do you tell me these things now?"

"Because I don't want you to marry Ormsby."

"Why not? It is to please my father. I shall never love anybody as I loved Dick, and I might as well recognize the fact."

"Then, take the advice of an old man who

married a woman who loved someone else. My wife married to please her father—married me. As my wife, she hated me. I hated her. She brought up my daughter to look upon me as a monster. Everything I did was unreasonable, eccentric, wicked; everything I said, absurd; every admonition, harshness; every economy, meanness. Well; I'm the sort of man that, when people pull me one way, I go the other. She spoiled my life, and I consoled myself with money—money—money!"

The old man dragged himself nearer to the edge of the bed, and, reaching over, tapped his bony fingers on Dora's knee. "Come, now—come—tell me that you'll think it over, and not marry Ormsby."

"O don't!—don't!" cried the girl.

"You can't—you sha'n't marry Ormsby. Dick'll haunt you—and sooner than you know."

"I've thought of that," sobbed the girl, "and I've tried to conquer it."

"Besides, no man is dead in a war till his body is buried. Get one lover under ground before you lead the other over his grave."

"You don't mean—you don't mean to suggest that you think there's any doubt?" cried Dora.

"There's no doubt on one point," chuckled the old man, relapsing into his usual sardonic manner. "You're not going to marry Ormsby—ha! ha! He thought he'd do me out of seven thousand dollars—and I've robbed him of his wife. Good business!"

AN ARTISTIC TWO-ROOMED BUNGALOW.

From "Low-Cost Suburban Homes." (Winston.)

No more obtrusive than the lichens on the pasture lot is the summer home of Mr. C. W. Parker, who has succeeded admirably in placing an artistic two-roomed bungalow on a prominent and slightly spot in a most inconspicuous and harmonious way—an architectural feat of no small merit. This bungalow is situated at Marblehead Neck, on a rocky ledge not far from the Causeway, in what was formerly a bit of pasture land which has been transformed into a delightful garden with all its natural beauties preserved. The house is of wood, painted white, of a plain but effective style, with shingled roof and chimney of pasture stone. Inside there is no sheathing, the frame timbers being exposed; the woodwork is of cypress, shellacked, and the one large room is open to the ridge-pole. The floor of hardwood is polished and partly covered by a large rug, on which stands the table piled with books and magazines. Comfortable chairs and couches, with an open fireplace, complete a very attractive interior. Shelves fitted between the timbers of the framing make handy places for books and odds and ends, while over the doors and window frames are choice pieces of china. A bowl of bright nasturtiums, on a canton wicker seat near the window, adds a finishing touch to a cosy home-like interior. Opening off the main room at the rear is a small but complete kitchen, where the culinary part of the household is attended to, while between this and the living-room on the northeast side is a bath.

THE FRENCH LADY CHAUFFEUR.

From Edith Macvane's "The Black Flier." (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

DESPERATELY, like the lame duck of the proverb, Dick hopped toward the side of the road. But his right leg, weakened by the shock which had crippled its mate, crumpled under the double stress thus put upon it. Swaying to and fro, Dick supported himself upright. He waved his arms frantically. "Hi!" he shouted. "Help, there! Help! Hi!"

The car swerved so violently as barely to escape a skid. Its roar was in his ears, the hot breath of its gasoline fumes scorched his face in their terrifying nearness. Then the dry, reassuring puff of dust. Again Dick shouted with fierce insistence:

"Hi! hello there! Help, I say, help!"

The motor's speed had already slackened. Dick stared in delighted amazement. Then wheeling in a half-circle, it came smoothly back to the spot where he sat.

With a click of levers, the car came to a full stop beside him. Dick, kneeling in the dust, gazed upward. Not till this moment had he observed the fact that the driver of this reckless but obliging car was a woman.

Veils, goggles, and a Parisian motor-coat of raw silk, served to obscure from the beholder all facts save this central one of her sex. "I'm sorry to bother you, but you see I've had an accident—" Dick began. His remarks were, however, cut short by the lady who, leaning down over her steering-wheel, addressed him in a voluble flood of French.

Dick was non-plussed. The fact of the chauffeur's sex had been a blow sufficiently hard to bear—now when, for the first time in his conscious existence, he so emphatically needed the aid of a man's efficient arm—but a Frenchwoman!

Dick's French—a survival of a happy fortnight which, just previous to his engagement to Daphne, he had spent in Paris with little Tom Codrington—was now badly attenuated by ten years of American disuse.

"J'ai fait une injure—" he began. Then, remembering that "injure" meant insult, and might lead him into fresh troubles, he stopped short. His gesture toward his wounded leg, however, was more eloquent. The lady understood at once.

"Eh, bien, monsieur, montez!"

Her voice rang and thrilled with a curious excitement, which fell pleasantly on Dick's ear. After his

month's experience of respectable British immobility it was something, even for a moment, to come in contact with a woman to whom an adventure, ever so small, was still an adventure. And through the mica screen which covered them, her eyes looked out large and bright. Dick smiled at her cheerfully as he hoisted himself to an upright position. The injured limb dangled limply, as he stood for one painful moment, gripping the side of the machine. Even in that breathless instant, his eye took in the details of a beautiful six-cylinder car of French manufacture—a seven passenger car of the most modern design, shining, powerful, and exquisite. Certainly a very desirable equipage to enter, but—

The lady burst into a little nervous laugh.

"Ca se voit bien, vous avez besoin de mon aide!" In the twinkling of an eye she had whisked from the car and stood beside him in the dust.

She was a little thing. Even in her bulky, veil-wrapped Paris hat, she stood hardly higher than his ear. Nevertheless, she offered him her shoulder with an indomitable courage. He hesitated. The shoulder was so slender, and the bulk which it offered to support was so ridiculously huge! She stamped her foot.



From "The Black Flier."

Copyright, 1909, by Moffat, Yard & Co

THERE WAS A VISION OF A PLUNGING HORSE, A PERSPECTIVE
OF FRANTIC MOTHERS.

"Si vous vous figurez que je n'ai point de muscle, monsieur!" she protested scornfully. She seized his elbow in a hand which, though small, was surprisingly firm. "Montez, monsieur, montez!"

Her actual words, as spoken, left a confused impression in the mind of the unfortunate Dick. There was no mistaking, however, the urgent benevolence of the hand which gripped his elbow, or the shoulder which raised and stiffened itself in the offer of support. He acceded gratefully.

"It's disgusting to put weight like this on a woman," he answered swiftly, in the ready if uncomprehended efficiency of his native tongue. "But there's no one else in sight, and since you're so good—here goes, madame!"

The tortured sinews wrenched themselves all together in a sickening pang. The next instant his battered form was deposited comfortably in the deep leather cushions of the car. His benefactress, whipping back to her place beside him, paused for one breathless instant to lean over into the tonneau and pro-

duce a tweed motor-cap with goggles attached. Even in his present painful confusion of body and mind, Dick was conscious of the absurd figure which his silk hat and bandaged eye cut in an automobile. So while his companion, with a practiced hand, threw the starting-lever, he gratefully assumed the offered head-dress. The mechanism beneath them quivered into life, and the car resumed its flying journey toward Wick.

SPLENDID PRESENCE OF MIND.

From Crawford's "The White Sister." (Macmillan.)

GIOVANNI was moving to leave the place when an unfamiliar sound caught his ears, a noise muffled yet sharp, like that of the discharge of musketry heard through a thick wall. The junior officers and the corporal who were with him heard it, too, but did not understand its meaning. Giovanni, however, instantly remembered the story told by one of the survivors from a terrible explosion of ammunition near Naples many years previously. That muffled sound of quick firing came from metallic cartridges exploding within the cases that held them; each case would burst and set fire to others beside it; like the spark that runs along a fuse, the train of boxes would blow up in quick succession till the large stores of gunpowder were fired and then a mass of dynamite beyond. There were divisions in the vaults, there were doors, there were walls, but Giovanni well knew that no such barriers would avail for more than a few minutes.

Without raising his voice, he led his companions to the open door, speaking as he went.

"The magazine will blow up in two or three minutes at the outside," he said. "Send the men running in all directions, and go yourselves, to warn the people in the cottages near by to get out of doors at once. It will be like an earthquake; every house within five hundred yards will be shaken down. Now run! Run for your lives and to save the lives of others! Call out the men as you pass the gates."

The three darted away across the open space that lay between the central building and the guard-house. Giovanni ran, too, but not away from the danger. There were sentries stationed at intervals all round the outer wall, as round the walls of a prison, and they would have little chance of life if they remained at their posts. Giovanni ran like a deer, but even so he lost many seconds in giving his orders to each sentinel, to run straight for the open fields to the nearest cottages and to give warning. The astonished sentries obeyed instantly, and Giovanni ran on. He reached the very last just too late; at that moment the thunder of the explosion rent the air. He felt the earth rock and was thrown violently to the ground; then something struck his right arm and shoulder, pinning him down; he closed his eyes and was beyond hearing or feeling.

Within three-quarters of an hour the road to Monteverde was thronged with vehicles of all sorts and with crowds of people on foot.



From "The White Sister."

The Macmillan Company.

Copyright, 1909, by

THE WHITE SISTER.



From "The Spell of Italy."

Copyright, 1909, by L. C. Page & Co.

SORRENTO.

The nature of the disaster had been understood at once by the soldiery, and the explanation had spread among the people, rousing that strange mixture of curiosity and horror that draws the common throng to the scene of every accident or crime. But amongst the very first the King was on the spot with half-a-dozen superior officers, and in the briefest possible time the search for dead and wounded began. The story of Giovanni's splendid presence of mind and heroic courage ran from mouth to mouth. The junior officers and the men whom he had sent in all directions came in and reported themselves to the officer who had taken charge of everything for the time being. Only one man was missing—only one man and Giovanni himself. A few casualties amongst the peasants were reported, but not a life had been lost and hardly a bone was broken. Yet Giovanni was missing.

It was late when a squad of four artillery-men heard a low moan that came from under a heap of stone close by them. In an instant they were at work with the pickaxes and spades they had borrowed from the peasants' houses, foreseeing what their work would be. From time to time they paused a moment and listened. Before long they recognized their comrade's voice.

"Easy, brothers! Don't crack my skull with your pickaxes, for Heaven's sake!"

They cleared away the rubbish and looked at him as he lay on his back pale and motionless under the light of their lanterns. They knew what he had done now; they understood that of all he was the hero. One of the men took off his cap reverently, and immediately the others followed his example, and so they all stood for a few moments looking at him

in silence and in deference to his brave deeds. Then they set to work in silence to move the heavy block of broken masonry that had felled him, and their comrade helped them too, though he was stiff and bruised and dazed from the terrific shock. As the mass yielded at last before their strength and rolled away, one of the men uttered a cry.

"He is alive!" he exclaimed. "He moved his head!"

"We must take him to the White Sisters," said the eldest of them. "That is where his brother was so long."

THE GREAT SPHINX.

From B. M. Carson's "From Cairo to the Cataract."
(Page.)

WITH many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and some misgivings the party now climbed into the gay saddles on the backs of the kneeling camels, and holding tightly to the pommels, were jerked up into space and carried rocking over the sandy way three hundred and fifty yards to the southeast to interview the Sphinx which looms grandly up before one even from that high vantage-point.

The Sphinx faces the east; it is hewn out of a ridge of solid rock, to which slabs of limestone have been added to round out its form. The body extends along this ridge a hundred and fifty feet; the head is thirty feet high, the paws fifty feet long, and the monument altogether seventy feet in height. The body is buried in sand, but a pit has been dug about the front of it, round the edge of which we rode and looked across at the monster image lying there huge and imperturbable—the riddle of the ages. The head originally bore



From "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Copyright, 1909, by John Lane Co.

JANE WELSH.

the royal serpent. The eyebrows, nose and rays of the head-dress were painted red. The nose and beard have been broken off and their fragments strew the ground. Between the paws was discovered an open temple, in the middle of which lies a small recumbent lion facing the Sphinx. Close to the breast is an altar and the memorial stone of Thutmose IV, on which he is seen sacrificing to the Sungod Harmakhis, who is represented as a sphinx. The inscription relates that the god appeared one day to the sleeping prince, promising the youth the crown of Egypt if the latter would "free him from the dust of the desert sand that encumbered him." This Thutmose did, B.C. 1533—about the time that Moses was rescued from the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter. The record further indicates that Thutmose IV regarded Khafre as the builder of the Sphinx.

In the Gizeh Museum at Cairo is a stela or slab which was found at one of the Pyramids near the Sphinx and which bears an engraving of the great image there mentioned as being in existence in the days of Khufu and Khafre, B.C. 2900. This inscription proves the origin of the Sphinx to be undoubtedly prehistoric. Archaeologists are yet undecided as to whether or not Khafre was the architect. The many sphinxes in Egypt were usually portraits of the Pharaohs—the lion's body symbolizing imperial power.

The Great Sphinx is the only isolated one known in Egypt; they are usually in pairs or in long avenues leading to temples. Those of the Pharaonic period are almost invariably masculine, with either a man's or a ram's head.

CHECKING JANE WELSH'S INORDINATE LOVE OF FAME.

From "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." (John Lane Company.)

WHY will you vex and torment yourself so for a precocious fruit, which Time itself would bring to a much happier and more glorious maturity? You must absolutely acquire far more knowledge before your faculties can have anything like fair-play: in your actual condition, I confess they often amaze me. When I was of your age, I had not half the skill. And what haste is there? Rousseau was above thirty before he suspected himself to be anything but a thievish apprentice, and a vagabond little-worth; Cowper became a poet at fifty, and found he was still in time enough. Will you also let me say that I continue to lament this inordinate *love of Fame* which agitates you so; and which, as I believe, lies at the root of all this mischief. I think this feeling unworthy of you; it is far too shallow a principle for a mind like yours. Do not imagine that I make no account of a glorious name; I think it the best of *external rewards*, but never to be set in competition with those that lie *within*. To depend for our highest happiness on the popular breath, to lie at the mercy of every scribbler, for our daily need of enjoyment, does seem to me a very helpless state. It is the means of fame not the end that chiefly delights me; if I believed that I had done the very uttermost that I could for myself, had cultivated my soul to the very highest pitch that Nature meant it to reach, I think I could be happy tho' no suffrages at all were given me; my conscience would be at rest, I should actually be a worthy man, whatever I might *seem*. You may also take it as an indubitable truth that there is nothing lasting or satisfying in these applauses of others: the only gratification, worth calling by that name, arises from the approval of the *man within*. I may also state my firm conviction, that no man ever became *famous*, entirely, or even chiefly from the *love of fame*. It is the interior fire, the solitary delight which our own hearts experience in these things, and the misery we feel in vacancy, that must urge us, or we shall never reach the goal. The love of Fame will make a Fercival Stockdale, but not a Milton or a Schiller. Do you believe in this doctrine? Then study to keep down this strong desire of notoriety; give scope rather to your feeling of the Beautiful and the Great within yourself, conceive that every new idea you get does actually exalt you as a thinking being, every new branch of knowledge your master, does in very truth make you richer and more enviable tho' there were no other being but yourself in the universe to judge you. There is an independence, a grandeur of solitary power, and strong self-help in this, which attracts one greatly. It makes us the arbiters of our own destiny: it is the surest method of getting glory, and the best means of setting us above the want of it. I do beg of you with all my heart to consider these things well; my own opinion seems to me true as the truest sentence in the Gospel!

**"NEVER CALLED ME 'FOREIGN DOG'
BEFORE."**

From Rideout's "Dragon's Blood." (Houghton Mifflin.)

WU, their lantern-bearer, had turned back, and they had begun to pass a few quiet, expectant shops, when a screaming voice, ahead, outraged the evening stillness.

At the first words, Heywood doubled his pace.

"Come along. Here's a lark—or a tragedy."

Jostling through a malodorous crowd that blockaded the quarrel, they gained the threshold of a lighted shop. Against a rank of orderly shelves, a fat merchant stood at bay, silent, quick-eyed, apprehensive. Before him, like an actor in a mad scene, a sobbing ruffian, naked to the waist, convulsed with passion, brandished wild fists and ranted with incredible sounds. When breath failed, he staggered, gasping, and swept his audience with the glazed unmeaning stare of drink or lunacy. The merchant spoke up, timid and deprecating. As though the words were vitriol, the other started, whirled face to face, and was seized with a new raving.

Something protruded at his waistband, like a rudimentary, Darwinian stump. To this, all at once, his hand flung back. With a wrench and a glitter, he flourished a blade above his head. Heywood sprang to intervene, in the same instant that the disturber of trade swept his arm down in frenzy. Against his own body, hilt and fist thumped home, with the sound as of a football lightly punted. He turned, with a freezing look of surprise, plucked at the haft, made one step calmly and tentatively toward the door, stumbled, and lay retching and coughing.

The fat shop-keeper wailed like a man beside himself. He gabbed, imploring Heywood. The young man nodded. "Yes, yes," he repeated irritably, staring down at the body, but listening to the stream of words.

Murmurs had risen among the goblin faces blinking in the doorway. Behind them, a sudden voice called out

two words which were caught up and echoed harshly in the street. Heywood whipped about.

"Never called me that before," he said quickly. "Come outside."

He flung back a hurried sentence to the merchant, caught Rudolph's arm, and plunged into the crowd. The yellow men gave passage mechanically, but with lowering faces. Once free in the muddy path, he halted quickly, and looked about.

"Might have known," he grumbled. "Never called me 'Foreign Dog' before, or 'Jesus man.' He set 'em on."

Rudolph followed his look. In the dim light, at the outskirts of the rabble, a man was turning away, with an air of contempt or unconcern. The long, pale, oval face, the hard eyes gleaming with thought, had vanished at a glance. A tall, slight figure, stooping in his long robe, he glided into the darkness. For all his haste, the gait was not the gait of a coolie.

"That," said Heywood, turning into their



From "Dragon's Blood."

Copyright, 1909, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"GOODBY! A PLEASANT VOYAGE."

former path, "that was Fang, the Sword-Pen, so-called. Very clever chap. Of the two most dangerous men in the district, he's one." They had swung along briskly for several minutes, before he added: "The other most dangerous man—you've met him already. If I'm not mistaken, he's no less a person than the Reverend James Earle."

THE VOICE OF A REPUBLICAN CROWN PRINCE.

From A. Partridge's "The Kingdom of Earth."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

THERE was some one upon the platform. They could see nothing, but they were sure of it. Many half rose in their places. Some one tried a little feeble applause, but it died away at once. And then a voice came from where the darkness was deepest, on the left hand side of the platform.

"My fellow countrymen," it said, "I have come at last to talk to you myself. Forgive me if I have chosen a strange way of doing so. Believe me when I assure you honestly that it is best for all of us that you should know me at present only by a name."

"I have come to you myself," the voice continued, "because we of Bergeland are fast approaching the greatest crisis which this

country has ever known. I have given many of the best hours of my life to the framing of a constitution which should contain all that was possible of the best, as little as might be of the purposeless and futile. That constitution your committee has accepted in its entirety. By organized and carefully arranged classes, by lectures, and by strict selection of teachers in all the schools, we have taught the people of this country the beauty of self-development, their higher duties toward the state, the magnificent and all-conquering creed of a militant and practical republicanism. You sowed the seed, and now, in the result of the elections, you have reaped the harvest. In fourteen days' time you can give to this country legally, and in proper form, what I believe to be the most perfect and truly republican government possessed by any state in the world."

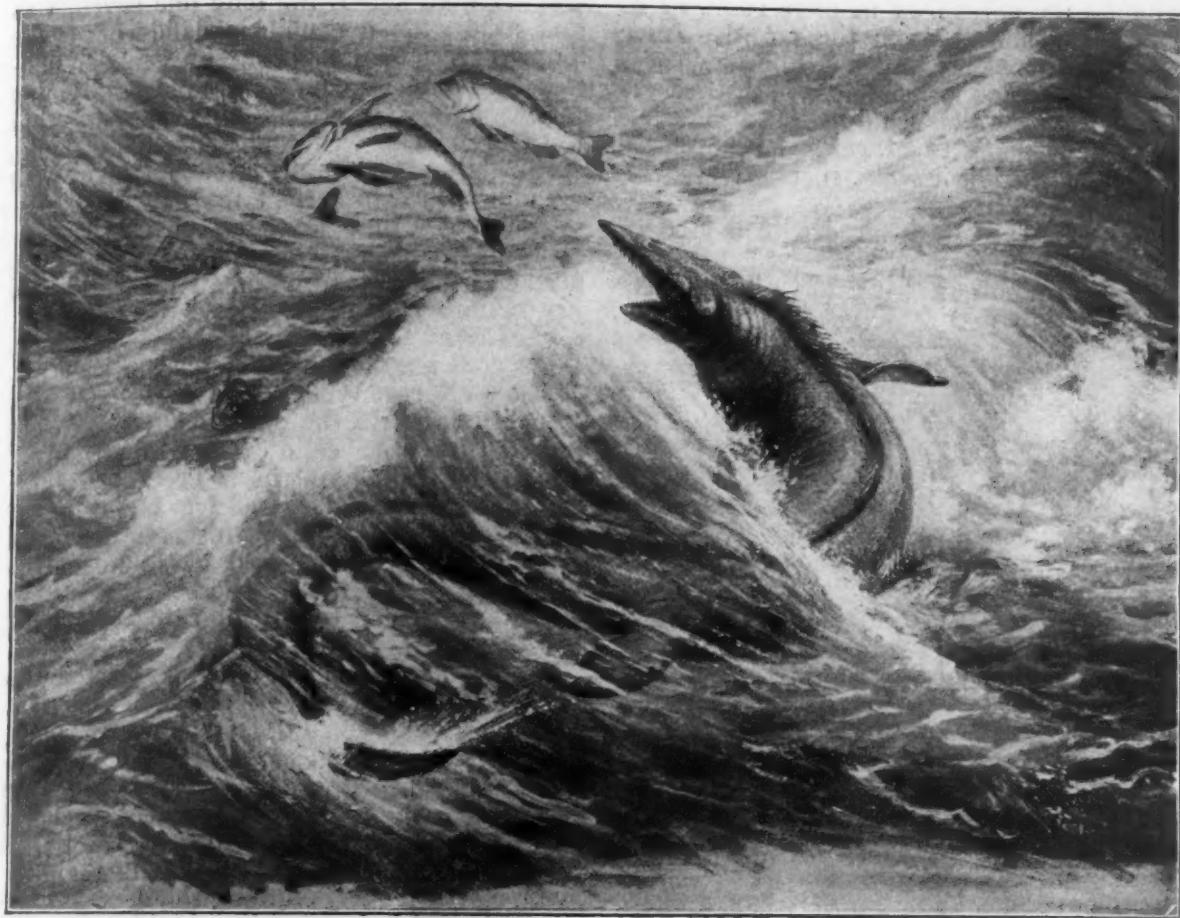
"Now I come," the voice said, "to the reason why I felt it imperative that I should speak to you to-night. We are on the eve of the greatest change through which a nation can pass, and we have an opportunity of making our country famous to-day, and famous throughout the world's history. There is no need for our streets to run red with blood, there is no need for our prisons to be full and our scaffold a shambles. We can follow out our destiny, and we can obey at the same time the greatest of all human laws. I know very well that such mad scenes as those of last night, when some maniac strove to wreck the palace, are not to your liking, are not in your programme. Say to yourselves that they shall not be. If one among you talks of assassination and all the time-worn impediments of anarchy, convert him, or let go. For yourselves, remember that a greater power than brute force is yours. Make your splendid revolution the envy of the world—make it as bloodless as it will be historic. I have come to tell you this, that if my advice, my leadership, the years I have given to your cause, have merited any consideration whatever at your hands, let it come to me in this way, that my request to you to-night is granted; that, one and all you discourage force, avoid bloodshed, forgive where it is necessary, and forget where you can. So shall you build up the great new republic of our dear country upon the finest foundation ever conceived in the hearts of men." The voice ceased. A man arose and turned toward the platform. "What about the King?"



From "The Kingdom of Earth."

Copyright, 1909, by Little, Brown & Co.

"I AM GLAD THAT THERE IS GOING TO BE ONE MORE EVENING."



From "The Life of a Fossil Hunter."

Copyright, 1909, by Henry Holt & Co.

RAM-NOSED TYLOSAUR.

RODIN'S "THE HAND OF GOD."

From Eaton and Underhill's "The Runaway Place."
(Holt.)

THEY found the Rodin by the crowd about it. It stood, a lump of white marble, within a railing in the centre of one of the picture galleries. Over the railing hung a circle of curious faces, and Marie pressed in among them. He followed, and they stood side by side looking down at the lump of white rock called "The Hand of God," ringed by the peering, puzzled faces.

Out of the rough marble is thrust up a huge, strong hand, and this hand, in turn, is grasping a smaller mass of the rough stone in its palm. Out of that smaller mass two nude figures, a male and a female, are emerging. These figures are not clasped in embrace; rather are they coming to a twin birth. Their bodies are doubled, the one around the other, in the birth posture. Their eyes are closed. Yet they are of adult stature—Adam and Eve, perhaps, the eternal male, the eternal female, twin born.

The marble plainly puzzled the crowd. "It ain't finished is it? Probably the sculptor began it and then died," shrilled a woman's voice.

"But God's got six fingers!" someone else exclaimed, viewing the composition from a rear angle that showed only Adam's foot.

"It's a hand holding a baby," a father was explaining to his children, as they passed with a casual glance.

But Marie and Philip moved slowly around the rail, paying scant attention to the comments over their shoulders. This lump of half carved marble, set in its circle of peering human faces, was speaking to them new and subtle things.

"He holds us in the hollow of His hand," whispered Marie.

"There is something strangely poignant," Philip answered, "in the way that man's head rests against the woman's bosom. His eyes are not yet opened, yet he knows where to lay his head. *'Das Ewig-weibliche zieht uns hinan!'* It was ordained from the beginning. It is the law back of the universe, back in the cosmic lump God held in his hand!"

Marie's hands grasped the rail tightly. She made no answer. But presently she said, "How white and soft the marble is where Rodin has brought his flesh to a finish!"

"He is the greatest living master of texture," Philip answered.

He tried to speak calmly, but he could not. He was battling with an impulse to lay his hand down hard on the rail over hers, to embody all critical comment in a long, hungry look into her eyes. Her body suddenly thrilled him, her close presence at his side was beyond words sweet. Perhaps, by some intuition, she knew this, for she turned abruptly to depart, and they were suddenly conscious of the press of people about them, ringing the marble lump.

Instinctively they hastened through the galleries, tingling with their own sensations,

avoiding the anticlimax of mere paint, or of senseless comment from the crowd. Alive when he entered the museum, Philip was now in that condition of emotional sensitiveness when the soul waits on tip-toe for a miracle.

"What is going to happen?" he whispered excitedly into Marie's ear, though there was no need for whispers.

Her own eyes were large with a kind of wonder and joy and fear.

"I don't know, I don't know," she said, half breathlessly.

RIVAL SUITORS FOR THE CANNIBAL QUEEN.

From C. F. Pidgin's "Further Adventures of Quincy Adams Sawyer." (L. C. Page & Co.)

MR. RICKER turned to the company and said: "Gentlemen, shall I intrude upon your time if I relate just one of my adventures?"

"Oh, go ahead," said Strout. "It's our rule to let a man talk until we get enough, and then—"

He raised his right foot, suddenly.

"I understand," said Mr. Ricker. "When I was about twenty-two years old our vessel

was wrecked and I, the only one saved, was cast ashore on a cannibal island—or, to be more correct ethnologically, an island inhabited by cannibals. I was a handsome young fellow, and it is not at all surprising that the Queen, who was young, unmarried, and, fortunately, very pretty, fell in love with me and wished to become my wife.

"But the Prime Minister, or Great Panjandrum, as he was called, wished his son to marry the Queen and become King, so he and his minions planned to get rid of me.

"Lola-Akwa, that was the Queen's name, discovered the plot, and resolved to save me.

"You all read your Bibles, and you will remember that in the olden days there were places that were called 'Cities of Refuge.' On that island there was a Tree of Refuge. It was at least one hundred feet high and for two hundred feet from it, in every direction, not a tree or shrub could be found. This open space gave the pursuers a fine chance for an arrow shot before the refugee reached the tree.

"Lola-Akwa told me to climb to the top of that tree and stay there until she sent word for me to come down.

"But the Great Panjandrum discovered my hiding place. The Queen declared that I was protected by all that was sacred in their religion, but the Great Panjandrum proved by the cannibal Bible that only cannibals were entitled to its protection. He said they would roast a man, and if I would eat him and pick his bones I might go free. I declined, for I am rather particular about my diet.

"Then the Great Panjandrum seized an axe and struck at the foot of the tree. Others followed his wicked example and it soon began to totter. They next tied a rope about the trunk of the tree. The plotters were sixteen in number—I counted them. They stood in line, tugging at the rope.

"Lola-Akwa stood far back awaiting the terrible moment of my death. I could see that her eyes were filled with tears. The tree fell, and I went flying through the air—to certain death!

"When I came to, I found myself clasped in Lola-Akwa's arms. 'Where am I?' I asked. 'Look,' she said. I did, and learned the wonderful truth.

"The Great Tree had fallen upon the Great Panjandrum and his fifteen conspirators and killed them all."



From "A Gentleman of Quality."

Copyright, 1909, by L. C. Page & Co.

WITH A QUICK MOTION LADY MERCY STEPPED
BETWEEN ASHTON AND THE DOOR.

For a moment there was silence, then a chorus of voices exclaimed: "Did you marry the Queen?"

The stranger pressed his hand upon his forehead.

"No. If I remember correctly some one held an ace and took my Queen."

He arose from the nail-keg.

"I'm hungry. I would like some supper and a bed for the night. To-morrow I will embrace my only living relative. Is there a boarding house in town?"

"Somethin' better'n that," said Abner. "We've got a Hotel—the Hawkins House. Mrs. Hawkins keeps it. I'm going along that way and I'll interduce you. She's a pretty good talker herself," and Abner winked with both eyes as they went out.

"Well," said Benoni, as the door closed after them, "The Bible says Ananias was a pretty good story teller, but that gentleman seems to have added some modern improvements."

"He's a cussed liar," said Bob Weed.

"And if Mrs. Hawkins is smart she'll make him pay in advance."

The door was thrown open full width and two men rushed in.

"Have you seen him?" cried one.

"Seen who?" asked Strout.

"He's tall—black clothes—had on a straw hat—"

"Who in thunder is he?" cried Strout.

"He's a lunatic—just escaped from the asylum. We tracked him to this town—"

"He's gone to the hotel," said Bob Wood. "You can nab him easy there. I'll show you the way."

The men started on the run, led by Bob Wood, and followed by all who had been enjoying the hospitality afforded by the soap-boxes, nail-kegs, and the red-hot stove.

"What beats me," said Hiram, "is how he knew all about the Ricker family."

"Simple enough," said Strout with a sneer. "That ass Abner told him the whole business. He never could keep his mouth shut. That's the reason I wouldn't give him a job in this store."

Mr. Strout extinguished some of the lights, locked the door, and resumed his seat by the stove.

"Ain't you going home?" asked Hiram.

"Not jest yet; I've some thinkin' to do. I don't take much stock in fightin', but I'd like to punch Abner Stiles' head."

BREAKING A BRONCHO.

From Kramer's "The Chrysalis." (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.)

"LOOK out, Mister, he's headed this way!" shouted one youth, and as he spoke he scrambled up onto a pile of lumber near at hand.

Seb paused in surprise and uncertainty, but his mystification was only fleeting. There was a clatter on the board walk, half a dozen men were seen darting across the street in



From "The Chrysalis."

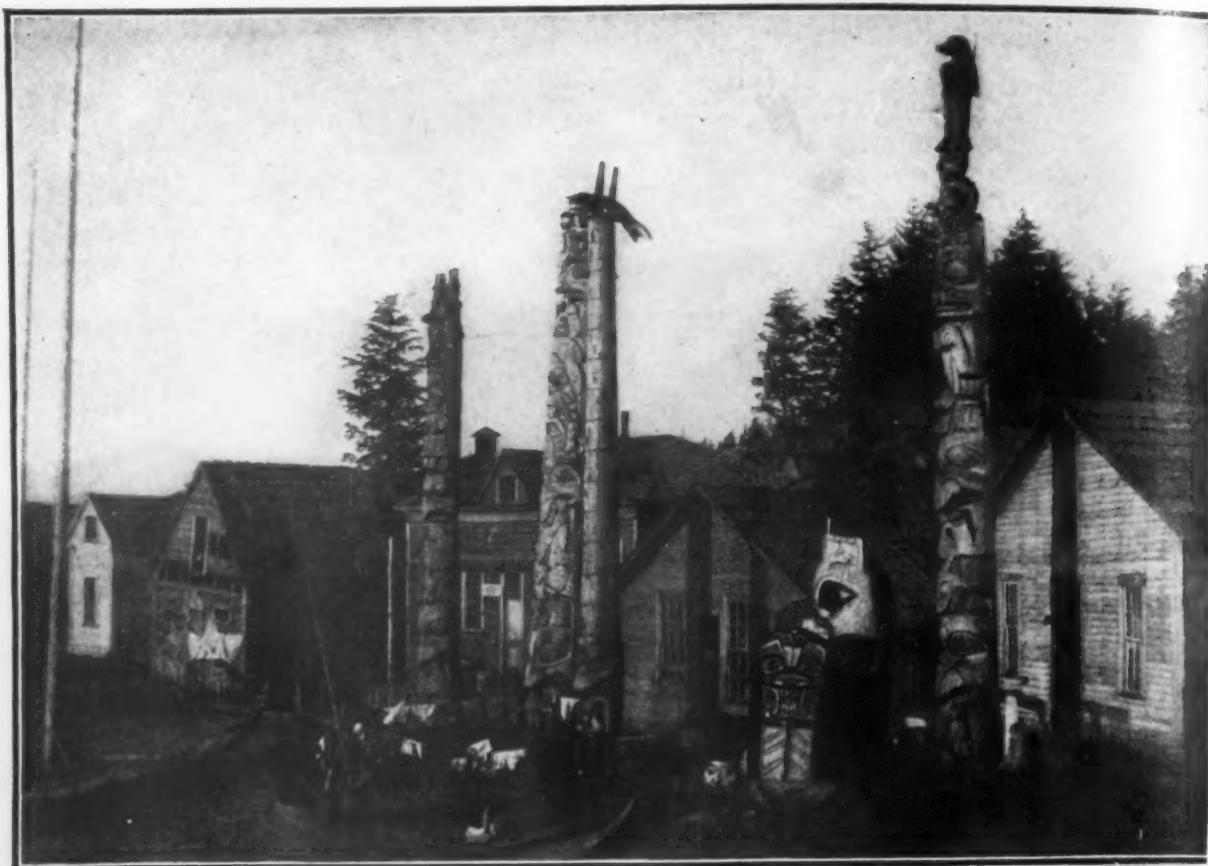
Copyright, 1909, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE NEW COMERS CARRIED THEMSELVES WITH AN EASY GRACE.

another direction, and then there came a wild cry:

"E-e-e-e-yoo-o-p! Ye-e-e-o-ho-o-oh! Jump, ye milk-eyed devil, jump!"

Simultaneously with the shout, a broncho sprang into view, bucking with all of the devilish vigor known to the breed. It had cleared the sidewalk of spectators by bucking from the street onto the walk, and now it cleared the corner and, springing high and bawling like a calf, it lunged straight toward a hay wagon standing beside the road. In its blind fury the broncho would have plunged



From "The Apostle of Alaska."

Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

TOTEM POLES AT HOWKAN, ALASKA.

into the wagon, for bridle reins are as useless as cotton threads in guiding a bunch-grass cayuse on a bucking spree, but the yelling rider snatched off his sombrero, and leaning forward in the saddle, began beating the animal on the side of its head. The heroic treatment was effective, for the brute turned its head to escape punishment, and the next leap carried it away from the danger. Then the rider straightened in the saddle, and again the time-honored slogan of the broncho "buster" rang out: "E-e-e-e-yoo-o-p! Ye-e-e-o-ho-o-oh!"

The heavy spurs flashed from withers to flanks, and the cayuse's bawl of rage was changed to a shrill scream of pain as it again sprang high and "sunfished," that is, turned while in mid-air and came down facing in an entirely different direction, and with its head close to the ground. Layton knew that a bucking broncho saw nothing and heeded nothing in its awful plunges to unseat a rider, so he quickly sought a point of safety, from where he watched the battle between man and beast. Finally the broncho threw itself on its side and tried to crush its rider, but the man was too wary; before it had touched the ground he was out of the saddle, and before it had fully regained its feet again he had sprung to the saddle, and quirt and spur were scourging the animal mercilessly. The broncho yielded. Its bawling ceased, there were one or two "sheep bucks," and then it stood stock still, sweat dripping from its flanks, and where the spurs had bitten blood mingled with the foam.

"Git up, ye devil!"

The triple-lashed quirt stung its haunches and the rowels again prodded the bleeding flanks. The cayuse trembled in every muscle, and then slowly trotted forward to the cheers of the crowd. To show his confidence in his mastery, the rider withdrew one foot from the stirrup, threw his leg over the saddle horn, and fanned himself with his sombrero. After riding up the street a short distance, he turned and trotted the animal back to the corner. And now Layton got a good look at him. It was Dan Johns.

Dan drew rein and sprang from the saddle, dropping the long reins to the ground as he did so. The pony stood panting and blowing. Seb stepped forward.

"That was a good job of riding, Dan," he said, extending his hand.

Johns looked at him in surprise.

THE SNUFF-BOX WAS THERE.

From J. R. Scott's "The Woman in Question."
(Lippincott.)

"MRS. GASCOYNE is at home," he said, presenting the silver tray when he saw that the visitor would use a card—and bowing him into the drawing-room.

Landor was so surprised, that, for a moment he actually had stared at Brown, and fumbled in the wrong pocket for his card-case. He would have been surprised, even more, had he known that to only himself

and Harwood was she at home—himself, if he came before five o'clock; Harwood, any time.

He went straight to the crystal cabinet—the snuff-box was there, down on the lowest shelf, half hidden by the little fan, and lying exactly as when he saw it yesterday.

The trail of a gown, in the hall, brought him quickly around and toward the door.

Mildred greeted him as though he were a welcome guest.

"It's very nice of you to come again, so soon," she said, giving him her hand, and motioning him to a chair, near the one she chose with the light behind her.

"I am delighted to come!" he smiled, meeting what he took to be sarcasm in her words, with the double meaning of his own.

"To see the snuff-box," she laughed. "Oh, I've not forgot!"—holding up the key—"there, go and look at it."

Had he not seen the box at the watchmaker's that morning, he might very well have been deceived by this ingenious willingness. As it was, however, it simply recoiled upon her—it was so palpably a play.

"You mustn't think it was that, only, which brought me," he replied lightly, as he went over to the cabinet.

She followed him with a frown.

"I'm vain enough to fancy you may have come to see me, too," she answered, but with no reflex of the frown showing in her tones.

"It isn't vanity to fancy the truth," he replied, taking out the box, and carrying it to the rear window.

She watched him curiously, as he examined it, turning it slowly, and flashing the light along the polished cone.

"May I open it?" he asked, looking up suddenly at her.

"Why, surely!" with the inflection of surprise. "There isn't anything in it."

"I didn't imagine there would be," smiling blandly.

He turned back the lid and held it up to the window. It was as he thought—free of scratch or mark. And the job was well done; even a cloud of tarnish had been spread over the silver, so that, to all appearances, it had not been touched for weeks, with so much as a cleaning cloth.

He came back and sat down, bringing the snuff-box with him.

"It is not a mate of the one I had in mind," he remarked.

"Yes?" she said, with mild interest.

"In fact,"—leaning back and

looking at her through half-closed eyes, "it is the very one itself."

"Yes?" again, and with the same perfunctorily polite inflection.

"Pardon me! do I bore you?"

"Not at all," she smiled. "I should be glad to know something about the old trinket. I have often wondered where the Judsons got it, and whether it hasn't a history."

"Then the box is not yours?"

"Mine!" she inflected—"Oh! you don't understand, Mr. Landor. This is not my house; I rent it, furnished, from the Judsons, who are now in Europe. Do I look of those who buy gilt and glass cabinets?"

"No, you don't; but then, as some profound thinker remarked several years back—and a few others since—'looks are deceptive.' For instance: to look at the underside of this lid, one should never imagine, that a few hours ago it not only showed scarcely a trace of tarnish, but also had cut into it a date and a word in Greek."



From "The Woman in Question."

Copyright, 1909, by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"CLEVER," HE SAID, "CLEVER! WILL YOU SAY IT AGAIN?"

THE ARTIST AND THE LAW.

From E. P. Matour's "In the Wake of the Green Banner." (Scribner.)

"WHY should I not show my face to thee?" she went on. "Am I not pretty? Sidi-Malik told me that thou couldst picture all things that are in heaven and earth, except those we do not see,—Allah the Most Great and the djinns. I want thee to make me a picture of my father."

"Is not thy father dead?" he gasped.

"He is dead," she answered gravely.

"Then how can I make a picture of him? I never saw his face."

The thought of what the old ruffian must have been like made him laugh. But it all entered into Djeilma's calculations. She added very quietly, without looking at him:

"Then if thou canst do no more than paint pictures of living things, I would fain have thee make a likeness of myself. Sidi-Malik told me that he saw thee paint a caravan. Surely I must be more sightly than a camel?"

"Of a truth thou art beautiful," he admitted—and she looked pleased; she had been trying to force the acknowledgment for quite a while—"but does not the Koran forbid

the making of pictures of living men, women and animals?"

"Even so," she retorted. "The Persians are Moslem, too, are they not? In Syria, I saw Persian *soffars* make pictures of men, devils and lions on brass trays with a chisel."

"Then they were breaking the commands."

"Perhaps they were. Still, Allah will forgive our sins in the future as he forgave in the past. Couldst thou not make a picture of me if I were dead? Then where is the difference? Why should a man, who can gaze on a woman when she is dead, refuse to look at her when she is young and fair? I do not know all that is written in the Book, but this I know well; the Nazarenes make pictures, and the Persians make pictures, and they do not die. Then why should I not do as I please? Thou shalt be guilty of breaking the commands, not I. And why shouldst thou care? As a painter of pictures, thou breakest the commands every day of thy life, Sidi Leitoun."

"Thou art not afraid that the evil eye will gaze on this likeness of thine and thereby cause thy death?"

"Why should I?" she retorted with a smile. "I have talismans. Look!" She drew from her bosom, not without some secret intent, he thought, a handful of strange-looking amulets. "And besides I will keep the picture with my jewels," she went on. "The evil look cannot reach through the sides of a coffer, can it?"

"Perhaps not. I am not learned in these things. Be that as it may, I cannot make thee a picture now; I came away from Marakesh without the tools of my craft. But when we reach Figuig I shall be able to obtain paints. I shall then ask Sidi-Malik whether he deems it proper to let thee sit."

At once she looked radiant.

"Why ask Sidi-Malik, sun of my heart?" she exclaimed. "He knows that picture-making is not proper. Did he not tell me himself that Nazarene picture-makers draw the body and not the garments."

At this moment a shot rang in the stillness. Djeilma got up abruptly. A glance told her that the attention of her companion was engaged. With a swift movement, she folded her arms around his neck and kissed him several times.



From "A Pair of Madcaps."

Copyright, 1909, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"SUTHIN' SLUMPED INSIDE."



From "Siena."

Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

VIEW OF SIENA FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

S. Domenico at the left, the Cathedral at the right.

HE WILL UNDERMINE SOCIAL BOSTON.

From Robert Grant's "The Chippendales."
(Scribner.)

"WHEN the issue is one which concerns the landmarks of the city, the men and women of our blood are not accustomed to hesitate or listen to specious argument. Your father would have been the first—"

Mr. Chippendale knew that this shibboleh would serve as a veritable trumpet-call. Before he could finish, his nephew was shaking his hand and saying, so emotionally that he felt embarrassed, for he abhorred scenes anywhere, and most of all in the street:

"He would have been the first; he would have been the first. I agree with you, I agree with you, Uncle Harrison. I simply wished to be absolutely sure that I was not carried away by my feelings. After I get a few more names I'm going straight to the Sphinx Club to stir up Morgan Drake and the other fellows. We'll educate public sentiment."

Henry's face was aglow, and, in spite of his own embarrassment, Mr. Chippendale's heart warmed toward him. He might be in love, but was he not a true Chippendale when it came to the scratch? As he thus reflected, he suddenly saw a queer change come over his nephew's expression as the result of bowing to some one who was passing. In another moment he heard him whisper:

"Talk of the devil! Did you notice who that was?"

Mr. Chippendale gazed at the back of the

receding figure, which was that of a man of sturdy build and energetic tread, and shook his head.

"Hugh McD. Blaisdeil—the villain in our piece—the man we were just speaking of."

Mr. Chippendale instinctively stiffened; nevertheless, he strained his eyes.

"I do not know him by sight," he said indifferently, though secretly he regretted that the opportunity to satisfy his curiosity was lost.

"People say he's the most enterprising man of his years in Boston."

"So I have been given to understand." Mr. Chippendale frowned. Had even the uncompromising Henry fallen a victim to the spell?

"His very bow is contagious. I might have been his nearest friend. That's an art in itself. My destiny seems to be to tread on people's feet, often the feet of those I like best," and again Henry laughed wistfully.

"As I have just told you, Henry, I do not know the individual who has just passed, by sight. I admit he is highly progressive—which, within proper limits, is a virtue—but from what I have heard and read of him, he is not the sort of man I admire—the sort of man whose standards I would have you and Chauncey imitate. Some people might call that a prejudice"—Mr. Chippendale could always be his own critic. "It may be I am old-fashioned. But that is my opinion." He augustly blew his nose with his silk pocket-handkerchief. "Mark my words, a man of this stamp, if not watched, is liable

in time to undermine the whole social structure of Boston."

There was a sympathetic gleam in Henry's eyes as he listened to this anathema. "Then we will watch him; watch him and fight him, if necessary, just as we are going to fight him on this subway business." He put out his hand again. "I agree with you entirely, Uncle Harrison. That's exactly the idea I have of him—and I scarcely know him. We seem to agree on everything to-day, don't we?"

THE PRETTY CHATEAU DES CARMES.

From F. Lee's "A Summer in Touraine." (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

IT was inevitable that, having come so far as Le Lude, we should proceed a little further towards Jarze, which held forth the



Reduced illustration from "A Summer in Touraine." Copyright, 1909, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE CHATEAU DES CARMES.

prospect of an interesting chateau, since we were informed it had been built by Jean Bourre, the builder of Langeais. On our way there we came first to La Flèche and then to Bauge, both famous places. The former is celebrated for its military school, which, founded by Napoleon in 1808, in ecclesiastical buildings dating from about the middle of the seventeenth century, has produced many of France's finest soldiers. But this Prytanee interested us less than the

pretty Chateau des Carmes, a former convent near the bridge that crosses the Loir. There is also a chateau at Bauge,—a picturesque, weather-beaten building of the fifteenth century which is attributed to King René, who, according to legend, was very fond of this town and district. The former residence of the good King of Naples (he was surnamed "Le Bon" on account of his paternal character, his pacific government, his constant serenity under ill fortune, and his love for art and literature) is now the Bairie and Gendarmerie. Its best preserved portions are the sculptured doorway to the tower facing the Place du Chateau and the winding staircase within, a staircase surmounted by a fan-vaulting on which are armorial bearings supposed to be those of King René. Whilst on the road from Bauge to Jarze you get a view, on the left, of the towers of the Chateau de Landifer, which should be visited if you wish to be able to say that you have explored the Sarthe thoroughly. Not professing to have set out to do that, we did not find the time to see this partly Renaissance, partly modern castle.

AT THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

From M. R. Rinehart's "The Man in Lower Ten." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

THE Cinematograph was finishing the program. The house was dark and the music had stopped, as it does in the circus just before somebody risks his neck at so much a neck in the Dip of Death, or the hundred-foot dive. Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE

IS THE DOOMED WASHINGTON FLIER, TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH. TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone, and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a porter in a white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the last car, one foot hanging free, was a man. His black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his coat was flying open in the wind. He was swung well out from the car, his free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose: in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was my bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No. His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two miles, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Alison West had gone. In front of us Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.

"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage beside us, back of the boxed. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

From Mrs. Panton's "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures." (Brentano's.)

In all the years I had known our town before I was married I never realized how near we were to the sea until I had come to live in the place. No railway existed between us and the coast; and I most devoutly wish that none had ever been brought there to desecrate the silence and old-world peace of that delightful district. Even before I knew it, Mrs. Craik, better known to the reading world as the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," had penetrated into the island and written more than one of her stories about it. "The Little Lychetts," a story long since forgotten, I am afraid, told all about the quarries and the stone-workers, while he of whom I speak as the Master, figured in that and also in "Agatha's Husband," a book which even in these days of ours is still, I believe, occasionally read. I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Craik in the country, but truly I never personally could get on with her. She was a "sweet" woman, with all the early Victorian virtues strongly developed. Nothing beyond the sanctity of the hearth appealed to her in the least, and she was a perfect survival of the days when a woman stayed at home and found in that home the one end and aim of her existence. I am not saying that she was wrong; I am only saying that she did not appeal to me; neither, at the same time, did I appeal to her. She was sentimental to her finger-tips, and I never could understand how she had forced herself to come out into the light of publicity and publish her many stories at all. I believe she did so from the noblest of motives; her mother and she were penniless, and her father's debts had to be paid; but she must have suffered tortures from the lionizing she had to endure. Though naturally she lived in the days when a celebrity's steps were not dogged by the ubiquitous photographer, and

when personal paragraphs did not make the life of any one in the least known to the public unendurable—or delightful, according to the manner in which one looks upon the matter! Even when I knew her she was very nice-looking, and I should think she had been a very pretty, round-faced, English-looking girl. She always dressed very quietly and soberly, and wore on her head a square of beautiful lace, brought together under the chin, where it was fastened by a pearl brooch. I never can understand even now why I did not like her, for so many people were her absolute slaves. She came to our town to visit the children of one of her old school-fellows. The children had early been left orphans, and were under the care of the same governess who had taught their mother and Mrs. Craik, and the children and the authoress were mutually attached. "Aunt Mary," as the governess was termed, shared my feelings towards Mrs. Craik, but at the same time very much admired her, and helped her in every way she could to bring up the small foundling who took the place of the children she never had in the authoress's most capacious heart. Indeed, I never knew any one so capable of loving as was Mrs. Craik; and though she certainly did not like me, she put up with me because she liked those belonging to me, and because she had made long expeditions among the cliffs with my father-in-law, to learn all about the quarries and to pick up some of the many superstitions indulged in by the women-folk in those parts.

LITTLE GRAINS OF WISDOM.

From "Pippins and Peaches." (Reilly & Britton Co.)

CONSIDERING the tone of the modern novel one dare not say that one's life is an open book.

The most tiresome man in the world is the one who has read everything and remembered it all.

Unhappiness is in not knowing what we want and killing ourselves to get it.

To the woman who dismantles a fashionable coiffure every night the fall of the Roman empire doesn't seem so much.

Woman's crowning glory is her hair. With so many falsified locks in vogue, there are many pretenders to the crown.

The difference between you and other people is that their money looks bigger and their troubles smaller.

Woman's smile is like a maxim; it often has a dozen meanings.

Two classes of individuals people the earth: those who make the best of everything and those who take it.

There are three things a woman can make out of nothing—a hat, a salad and an argument.

Certain popular books lead us to the belief that the unspeakable is not necessarily the unreadable.



From "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill"
Copyright, 1909, by Reilly & Britton Co.

"SAY, YOU'S A LOW-DOWN JEZEBEL SKUNK."

AN IDYLL OF CENTRAL PARK.

From Eaton and Underhill's "The Runaway Place."
(Holt.)

AROUND Saint Gaudens' golden group
A little child pursues his hoop,
Nor sees the twitching charger led
By Victory, above his head;
Of war and memories of war
He knows not; Life lies all before;
Just now sufficient for the day
It is to seize the moment's play;
And so around Saint Gaudens' group
The little child pursues his hoop.

Beyond the child we blithely mark
The long green garden of the Park,
And hear a call that will not down
For all the clamor of the town,
A Piper's call to run away
Until the weary feet can play,
Until the soul forgets its pain
And dares to be a child again:
The summoning grows fainter? Hark—
The Piper's marching up the Park!

CONJUGAL CONVERSATION.

From Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage à la Mode."
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"ELSIE FRENCH is just the wife for old Herbert—and, by George, she's in love with him!"

"A great deal too much in love with him!" said Daphne, sharply. The day was chilly, with a strong east wind blowing, and Daphne's small figure and face were enveloped in a marvellous wrap, compounded in equal proportions of Russian sables and white cloth. It had not long arrived from Worth, and Roger had allowed himself some jibes as to its probable cost. Daphne's "simplicity," the pose of her girlhood, was in fact breaking down in all directions. The arrogant spending instinct had gained upon the moderating and self-restraining instinct. The results often made Barnes uncomfortable. But he was inarticulate, and easily intimidated—by Daphne. With regard to Mrs. French, however, he took up the cudgels at once. Why shouldn't Elsie adore her man, if it pleased her? Old Herbert was worth it.

Women, said Daphne, should never put themselves wholly in a man's power. Moreover, wifely adoration was particularly bad for clergymen, who were far too much inclined already to give themselves airs.

"I say! Herbert never gives himself airs!"

"They both did—to me. They have quite different ways from us, and they make one feel it. They have family prayers—we don't. They have ascetic ideas about bringing up children—I haven't. Elsie would think it self-indulgent and abominable to stay in bed to breakfast—I don't. The fact is, all her interests and ideals are quite different from mine, and I am rather tired of being made to feel inferior."

"Daphne! what rubbish! I'm certain Elsie French never had such an idea in her head. She's awfully soft and nice; I never saw a bit of conceit in her."

"She's soft outside and steel inside. Well, never mind! we don't get on. She's the old America, I'm the new," said Daphne, half frowning, half laughing; "and I'm as good as she."

"You're a very good-looking woman, anyway," said Roger, admiring the vision of her among the warm browns and shining whites of her wrap. "Much better-looking than when I married you." He slipped an arm under the cloak and gave her small waist a squeeze.

Daphne turned her eyes upon him. In their black depths his touch had roused a passion which was by no means all tenderness. There was in it something threatening, something intensely and inordinately possessive. "That means that you didn't think me good-looking at all, as compared with—Chloe?" she said insistently.

"Really, Daphne!"—Roger withdrew his arm with a rather angry laugh—"the way you twist what one says! I declare I won't make you any more pretty speeches for an age."

Daphne scarcely replied; but there dawned on her face the smile—melting, provocative, intent—which is the natural weapon of such a temperament. With a quick movement she nestled to her husband's side, and Roger was soon appeased.

PREPARING FOR A VIOLENT END.

From L. Forsslund's "Old Lady Number 31."
(Century.)

ANGY's secret hope that Abe would change his mind and abandon the projected trip to the Beach remained unfulfilled, in spite of the fact that cold weather suddenly descended on the South Side, and the bay became first "scummed" over with ice, and then frozen so solid that all its usual craft disappeared, and the "scooters" took possession of the field.

Abe and Samuel held stubbornly to their reckless intentions; and the sisters, sharing Angy's anxiety, grew solicitous almost to the point of active interference. They withheld nothing in the way of counsel, criticism, or admonition which could be offered.

"Naow," said Mrs. Homan in her most commanding tones at the end of a final discussion in the big hall, on the evening before the date set for departure, "ef yew're bound, bent, an' determined, Brother Abe, to run in the face of Providence, yew want tew mind cne thing, an' wear yer best set of flannels ter-morrer."

"Sho, thar hain't no danger of me ketchin' cold," decried Abe.

"I didn't say yer thickest set of flannels; I said yer best. When a man gits throwed out onto the ice ker flump, the thickness of his clo'es ain't goin' to help him much. The fust thing I allus taught my husbands was to have everything clean an' whole on, when thar was any likelihood of a sudden death."

"Yew 'spect me tew go an' prink up fer a sudden death?" thundered Abraham. "I hain't never heard tell on a scooter a-killin' nobody yit it's them plagued ice-boats up State what—"

"That's all very well," persisted Mrs.

Homan, not to be diverted from her subject; "but when old Dr. Billings got run over by the train at Mastic Crossin' on Fourth o' July eight year ago, his wife told me with her own lips that she never would git over it, cuz he had his hull big toe stickin' out o' the end of his stockin'. I tell yew, these days we've got tew prepare for a violent end."

The patient Angy somewhat tartly retorted, that during the last week she had spent even more time upon Father's wardrobe than she had upon her own; while Abe inwardly rejoiced to think that for seven days to come—seven whole days—he and Angy would be free from the surveillance of the sisters.

Mrs. Homan, in no way nonplussed, boomed on:

"Thar, I most fergot about his necktie. 'Course, they don't dress up much at the Station; but jest the same that air tie o' yourn, Brother Abe, is a disgrace. I told yew yew'd spile it a-wearin' it tew bed. Naow, I got a red an' green plaid what belonged to my second stepson, Henry O. He never would 'a' died o' pneumonia, either, ef he'd a-took my advice an' made himself a newspaper nightcap last time he substituted with the 'Savers. An' yew kin have that necktie jest as well as not. Naow, don't say a word; I'm better able to part with it 'n yew be not to take it."

THE CHOICE OF A BRIDAL COSTUME.

From Irene Osgood's "Servitude." (Estes.)

"THEY seem to have made up their mind that I am a bride," said Betty to Mrs. Jones, who had pushed herself right into the front of the crowd, "and as it pleases them to think so, why should I undecieve them?"

"And a bride you are, for our husband has sent word that he will visit the Grand Harem to-night, and it is so that you may receive him in a worthy manner that you are being dressed in this manner. Presently the jewels will be brought you. Oh, dear! you lucky young woman!"

And now the slave who acted as lady of the wardrobe laid before Betty the six dresses from which she was to choose the one that she would wear.

The first dress was of pale pink.

"This is the dress that women wear when they first feel the beginning of love. Shouldst thou choose this one, Omar will be pleased, when he sees thee dressed in it. He will say to himself, 'Love must have a beginning like all other things.'"

But Betty shook her head and motioned for the pale pink dress to be laid aside.

The second dress was of blue.

"This is the dress which those wear whose love glows with a steady flame. It is the dress of the mother of children. It is the colour that those wear who await each night the home-coming of Sidi, the husband."

"This dress of flaming red," continued the slave, laying before Betty the third of the costumes, "is perhaps the one that thou wilst select. Think, beautiful lady, how it will become thee if thou standest to greet thy lover

against a background of sombre ilexes in the Italian garden, in making which a great landscape gardener gave his life. Or again suppose that he find thee stooping over the tall lilies. But the great charm of this dress is that it will delight the heart of thy husband that is to be. It is the colour that women wear who are passionately expectant of their husband's love. At the contact of this flame, his heart shall leap into fire...."

"Oh, dear me, no," cried Betty. "Pack that dress away at once. Leap into fire! How very dreadful!"

Amidst the women the excitement grew greater and greater. When Betty refused the scarlet dress they all said "Oh!" and could not understand. For not one of them could believe that any woman should not love Omar, Omar, for whose favors each one of them would gladly have died.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" they said as the flaming dress was packed away, the dress that they would have worn gladly, though on the morrow it had proved itself a Nessus' tunic.

"Then there is a dress of gauze of silver, which wonderfully becomes a bride who is fair. And there is one that is of gold gauze which beautifully clothes women who are dark. But these dresses have no pleasing message to the bridegroom, who would say seeing thee either in silver or gold, 'She does not love me. She wishes wealth, not love. She is covetous'"

"If I choose any of these dresses," said Betty, "it would be one of these two...."

"Hear, hear," said Mrs. Jones. "Make the men pay for their caprices is what I am inclined to say."

"But," continued Betty, "I wish neither for the Dey's love nor for his possessions, and that sixth dress is the one which I will wear."

The woman of the wardrobe opened great round eyes. The dresses fell from the hands of the attendants, and all the women who were looking on and who heard Betty pronounce her choice, cried "Oh! Oh! Oh!" in tones of amazement and threw their hands up in the air and looked into each other's eyes.

For the dress which Betty had chosen was all black.

"But lady," said the slave, "black is the colour of disgrace. Black is the color of shame. Black is not a colour to wear for one who awaits the bridegroom. It is offence to him. It is blasphemy. It is sacrilege. It insults the name of love. No lady wears black. It is not to be done. That dress was not brought here for thee to select. It was just shown thee so that dreading its ugliness thou shouldst be careful not to offend thy husband lest for punishment he should command thee ever to wear this appalling costume. No, no, no, thou art not punished! Thou must not wear black. Black is shame. Black is dishonour. Black is the death of all that is good."

"And therefore," said Betty firmly, "if one of these dresses is to be the one in which I am to meet Omar, as my husband, it is the black one that I choose. Let me have no more words. I am Sultana here, and I have spoken."

THYRZA THIRSTY TO KNOW.

From Alice Brown's "Story of Thyrza."
(Houghton Mifflin.)

THYRZA was taking lessons of Barton every day now. They were reading Virgil, and she felt very learned. One afternoon she looked up from her sight reading with a flushed face, beseeching in every line to be commended. She was a glutton for praise; she never got enough, and however fat with it she was, a word of reproof reduced her to penury. Barton had not known many differing types of people, and it sometimes seemed to him that Thyrza was the very queerest child he had ever met, and the least fitted to be a woman. She was so bent upon distinction, upon things that, he believed, belonged to what they called the intellectual life, and so burningly anxious to be cognizant of emotions with large names. Yet after all she was only a thin child with big eyes and freckles on her nose, dressed, most of the time, in a brown calico pathetically serviceable. To-day he had something to break to her. They sat in the faded, sombre room known as the library at the Gorse house, though there were but few books, because Judge Gorse had kept his law library in the little office out in the grounds. But the books here were in old leather bindings that gave forth a pungent smell. The chairs were covered in worn leather with brass tacks, and everything looked dignified and old. The room was always in order and always clean, but it affected sharp young senses, fresh from outdoor challenges, with a deadening as of things left a long time to grow musty and decay.

Thyrza looked up suddenly from her book and Barton noted how bright her eyes were, like those of some inquisitive young animal.

"This room smells like poison," she said.

Barton sprang to his feet.

"Heavens! Do you mean the air's bad?" Then, as the door and all the windows were open, and he could do nothing, he sat down again.

Thyrza was shocked at her implication.

"Oh, no, sir," she hastened to say. "I guess what I mean is it smells like an old book we've got. It's about poisoners. It's an awful old book—a very old book—and this air's just like it. I guess it's only the smell of leather."

"Well, you needn't scare a chap to death, with your poisons."

Thyrza sat contentedly with her eyes fixed on the time-softened backs of Michelet's France, in a kind of worshipful muse. It seemed as if there were nothing on earth so wonderful as to live in a quiet room and read from one book and look up to see another waiting for her.

"Only to think," she said wonderingly, "there's just one book at home,—except the Bible,—and here there's more than I could read in a month."

"Help yourself, Dryasdust," said Barton recklessly. "Drink deep. If any young woman can drown dull care in Gibboneses without regard to ribboneses (I thought of that this minute, talking right along just as I am now! ain't I smart!), why, I'm not the man to curb her. Well!" He settled himself

again, and began beating an accompaniment to his words with the pencil on his palm. He was often shy before Thyrza's intellectual curiosities. The pencil was a pedagogical symbol that kept him in heart. "We can't have more than an hour a day for a while," he announced. "My uncle's coming."

Thyrza looked at him and blanched. In her strangely alternated nature she had as wild a belief in ill fortune as in good. Her fears served to balance her outrageous hopes. "It's all over," her heart said, while she continued to look at him respectfully. "The Virgil will stop, the French will never be begun, and I shan't be educated."

A MODERN DAUGHTER AND FATHER.

From "The Inner Shrine." (Harper.)

DEREK was thinking over the incident in the luxurious semi-darkness of the electric brougham as they were going homeward, when the clear voice of Dorothea broke in on his meditation.

"Are you going to be married, father?"

The question could not be a surprise to him after the occurrence at the table, but he was not prepared to give an affirmative answer on the spur of the moment.

"What makes you ask?" he inquired, after a second's reflection.

"I heard what Mrs. Bayford said."

"And how should you feel if I were?"

"It would depend."

"On what?"

"On whether or not it was any one I liked."

"That's fair. And if it was some one whom you did like?"

"Then it would depend on whether or not it was—Diane."

"And if it was Diane?"

"I should be very glad."

"Why?"

She slipped her arm through his and snuggled up to him.

"Oh, for a lot of reasons. First, because I've always supposed you'd be getting married one day; and I've been terribly afraid you'd pick some one I couldn't get along with."

"Have I ever shown any symptom to justify that alarm?"

"N—no; but you can never tell—with a man."

"Can you be any surer with a woman?"

"No; and that's one of my other reasons. I'm not very sure about myself."

"You don't mean that it's to be young Wap—?" he began, uneasily.

"I suppose it will have to be he—or some one else. They keep at me."

"And you don't know how long you may be able to hold out."

"I'm holding out as well as I can," she laughed, "but it can't go on forever. And then—if I do—"

"Well—what?"

"You'd be left all alone, and, of course, I should be worried about that—unless you—you—"

"Unless I married some one."

"No; not some one; no one—but Diane."

They were now at their own door, but before she sprang out she drew down his face to hers and kissed him.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

From S. M. During's "Love's Privilege."
(Lippincott.)

"Gwynne," she said quite clearly and steadily, "I have something to tell you. I am going to be married."

It took a few seconds for the sense of the words to strike home and then Nora stood aghast at her own cruelty. For his breath caught sharply on a sob, the kind of sob a man gives who receives a bayonet thrust, his arms dropped limply from about her, he fell back against the frame of the open window as though he were indeed not sober.

"Married!" he repeated slowly as though the word meant nothing, and again "Married!"

Nora laid her hand on his arm.

"Gwynne, sit down," she said. "Indeed, indeed I am sorry to see you take it like this."

It was not at all what she had intended to say, but in a crisis what we have intended to say very seldom occurs to us. Nora went on.

"I can't pretend that I never suspected—that I wasn't afraid—"

"No, you can't, not honestly." Gwynne's voice was a little grim, the dulness of the first shock was over and the first suggestion of what the pain of it would be—later—was making itself felt. "You had better—tell me."

And listening sombrely, still leaning heavily against the window frame, he heard Nora's story. And as he listened his face changed and his eyes took on iridescent lights of lavender and green, the lights that play across molten steel. Brown eyes can deepen and glow, but what is most terrible in wrath and most tragic in woe can only be expressed by the blue. Nora faltered, she had reason, but she took her courage in both hands and went on with her tale—how clever Kenneth was! and how much was expected of him! How simple he was—and how good!

"Spare me his many excellencies," interrupted Gwynne quietly. "I shall kill him, I know I shall!"

"Gwynne!" said Nora faintly, and again "Gwynne!"

"I have no right to say so," he went on presently, his voice quite even and expressionless and unemotional. "I know that, too. A woman has the right of choice and you have made yours. But this isn't quite a case that falls under the ordinary conditions—because you were mine first. You have always been mine, only you didn't know it. You are a proud woman—and you won't like to hear it, but I have made you—very largely—what you are. Look back over your life, Nora. What has been the dominating influence? Mine."

"Ever since you left school I have guided your reading and formed your likes and dislikes and added to your accomplishments those that especially rendered you acceptable as a companion to myself. We have ridden together and fished together and shot together. There is not a taste I possess with which you do not sympathize, nor a thought in my mind you cannot share. You are mine, as much mine as the statue a sculptor moulds from the clay. Shall I be likely to give you

quietly up, do you think, to the first stranger who feels your charm!—to a beggarly Scotchman who happens to have had the luck to get himself talked about in the papers? I am quite serious and quite in earnest and quite sober, and I tell you again and plainly that I will kill him first."

"Gwynne!" Nora was trembling all over, but she laughed a little as a woman will if she thinks it available, however sharp be the terror that shakes her. "How can you be so ridiculous, so medieval!"

POST-MISTRESS, SEAMSTRESS AND FRENCH LAUNDRESS.

From Anne Warner's "In a Mysterious Way."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

"I'm so glad you feel able to undertake it, Mrs. Ray. I don't know how I ever could have managed it, if you'd said no. Mr. Wiley will have a new pig-pen this year, and the pigs never can pay for it themselves. So you were my only way to a new winter coat. I'm so glad you didn't say no. Besides it's father's suit, and I shall love to wear it for that reason, too."

"I never do say no to any kind of work, do I?" said Mrs. Ray, looking at the clock, and then all over the room; "this would be a nice time of life for me to begin to sit around and say no to work. What with Mr. Wiley's second wife's children not all educated yet, and his first wife's children getting along to where they're beginning to be left widows with six apiece and no life insurance, I'm likely to want all the work I can get for some years, as far as I can see. Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Wiley sighed heavily.

"Mr. Wiley thinks we'd ought to insure our lives in favor of Lottie Ann," she said, feeling for her pocket-handkerchief at the thought; "she's so dreadful delicate—but I think it's foolish—she's so *dreadful* delicate."

"Why don't you insure Lottie Ann, then?" Mrs. Ray glanced at the clock again, frowned a little and puckered her lips. "If you don't mind taking that chair the cat's in, Mrs. Wiley, I believe I've got just about time enough to sprinkle the clothes before the mail comes in; it looks so to me."

Mrs. Wiley slowly and gravely exchanged seats with the cat. "Do you take much washing in now? I shouldn't think you had time."

"Time!" Mrs. Ray was dragging a clothes-basket from under the table and filling a dipper with water. "I never stop to think whether I have time or not, any more. 'He moves in a mysterious way—' there's where my motto comes in again. Yes, indeed. I move just the same way myself. I don't see how I get so much done, but I've no time to stop and study over it, or I'd be behind just that much. There's more than you wonder where I get time from, Mrs. Wiley. They asked me if I had time for the post-office. And I said I had. They asked me first if I could read and write, and I said I could; and then they asked me if I had time, and I said I had. And that settled it."

"Why, Mrs. Ray," said Mrs. Wiley, watch-

ing the clothes-sprinkling, which was now going forward, attentively, "that's one of the waists from that girl at Nellie O'Neil's, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. She asked Nellie for a French laundress, and Nellie put her shawl right over her head and run up and asked me if I had time for that, too. I said I was willing to try, so I'm French laundress too, now. 'He moves'—"

"What do you think of those two young people at Nellie's, anyway?" Mrs. Wiley dropped her voice confidentially. "I was meaning to ask you that, right at first."

"Well, if you ask *me*," said Mrs. Ray, "I can't make him out, and I think she's mooney. I'm a great judge of mooney people ever since I first knew Mr. Ray, and that girl looks very mooney to me. Look at her coming here and hiking right over and buying the Whittacker house next day—a house I wouldn't send a rat to buy—not if I had a real liking for the rat. And now the way she's pulling it to pieces and nailing on new improvements, with the trees all boxed up, as though trees weren't free as air—oh, she's mooney, very mooney—yes, indeed."

HOW THE MATCH WAS PLANNED.

From A. Otis's "Hearts are Trumps."
(McBride Co.)

"I was just going to explain things to you, about Beatrice, you know," said Fielding. "You must have remarked her rather peculiar treatment of me?"

"She has been somewhat cool to you, and it made me wonder what was in the wind," acknowledged Sam. "There is nothing wrong about this business?" he added seriously.

"Nothing wrong when you understand how deeply and devotedly I love her," returned the actor impressively. "I have been obliged to employ a little artifice to manage her and to bring her family to my way of thinking—all's fair in love, you know."

"Trite but true," commented the facetious Sears.

"She was a bit stage-struck, you see," explained Fielding, "and was quite willing to meet me for little dinners about town, and the like, but I could not bring her to the point of saying she would marry me; so I sent a letter to her father, unsigned, of course, saying that if he would go to a certain restaurant he would find his daughter dining privately with the actor, Fielding. The scene that followed was dramatic in the extreme—irate parent, tearful mother, vengeful brother-in-law, indignant protests from the young lady, and all the rest of it. I handled them all with kid gloves; and, as a result, the engagement was announced."

His own conduct didn't seem so black the way he told the story, suppressing the all-important feature of the comedy she had written. Sam was his friend, liked and admired him, was even prone to find excuses for him. Fielding led him by the nose, as he did every one who fell under the glamour of his influence.

"It's a bit rough on the girl, isn't it?" was Sam's only protest.

"Not when you consider that the whole story is kept in the family, and that she would have been glad to marry me anyway, had she considered me her social equal," asserted Fielding.

"Then she still really cares for you at heart?" asked Sears.

"I am confident I have her love," declared the actor. "It's her pride I have to conquer. She is a spirited creature, but I shall see to it that she is a submissive wife. That is one result I have hoped to accomplish by this unpleasant but necessary artifice."

"It's a clever one," chuckled the jovial but unscrupulous Sam. "Like a play, isn't it? Wonder if she has confided her troubles to that young minister?"

"You don't think that possible?" cried Fielding in evident alarm.

"You never can tell. Women take to the clergy like ducks to water," philosophized Mr. Sears.

TWO KINDS OF VIRGINIA PRIDE.

From Ellen Glasgow's "Romance of a Plain Man."
(Macmillan.)

ALL the pity went out of me, and I felt only a blind sense of irritation at the artificial values, the feminine lack of grasp, the ignorance of the true proportions of life. I grew suddenly hard, and something of this hardness passed into my voice when I spoke.

"I stand or fall by own worth and by that alone," I returned, "and your niece, if she marries me, will stand or fall as I do. I ask no favours, no allowances, even from her."

Withdrawing her hand from mine, Sally took a single step forward, and stood with her eyes on the faces that showed so starved and wan in the firelight.

"Don't you see—oh, can't you see," she asked, "that it is because of these very things that I love him? How can I separate his past from what he is to-day? How can I say that I would have this or that different—his birth, his childhood, his struggle—when all these have helped to make him the man I love? Who else have I ever known that could compare with him for a minute? You wanted me to marry George Bolingbroke, but what has he ever done to prove what he was worth?"

"Sally, Sally," said Miss Mitty, sternly, "he had no need to prove it. It was proved centuries before his birth. The Bolingbokes proved themselves to their king before this was a country—"

"Well, I'm not his king," rejoined Sally, scornfully, "so it wasn't proved to me. I ask something more."

"More, Sally?"

"Yes, more, Aunt Mitty, a thousand times and ten thousand times. What do I care for a dead arm that fought for a dead king? Both are dust to-day, and I am alive. No, no, give me, not honour and loyalty that have been dead five hundred years, but truth and courage that I can turn to to-day—not chivalric phrases that are mere empty sound, but honesty and a strong arm that I can lean on."

Miss Matoaca's head had dropped as if from weariness over her thin breast, which

palpitated under the piece of old lace, like the breast of a wounded bird. Then, as the girl stopped and caught her breath sharply from sheer stress of feeling, the little lady looked up again and straightened herself with a gesture of pride.

"Do not make the mistake, Sally," she said, "of thinking that a humble birth means necessarily greater honesty than a high one. Generations of refinement are the best material for character-building, and you might as easily find the qualities you esteem in a gentleman of your own social position."

"I might, Aunt Matoaca; but, as a matter of fact, have I? Until you have seen a man fight can you know him? Is family tradition, after all, as good a school as the hard world? A life like Ben's does not always make a man good, I know, but it has made him so. If this were not true—if any one could prove to me that he had been false or cruel to any living creature—man, woman, or animal—I'd give him up to-day and not break my heart—"

It was true, I knew it as she spoke, and I could have knelt to her.

"You are blind, Sally, blind and rash as your mother before you," returned Miss Mitty.

"No, Aunt Mitty, it is you who are blind—who see by the old values that the world has long since outgrown—who think you can assign a place to a man and say to him, 'You belong there and cannot come out of it.' But, oh, Aunt Matoaca, surely you, who have sacrificed so much for what you believe to be right—who have placed principle before any claims of blood, surely you will uphold me—"

"My child, my child," replied the poor lady, with a sob, "I placed principle first, but never emotion—never emotion."

"Poor Sarah was the only one of us who gave up everything for the sake of an emotion," added Miss Mitty, "and what did it bring her except misery?"

Our cause was lost—we saw it at the same instant—and again Sally gave me her hand and stood side by side with me in the fire-light.

"I am sorry, dear aunts," she said gently, and turning to me, she added slowly and clearly, "I will marry you a year from to-day, if you will wait, Ben."

GEOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

From J. J. Bell's "Oh! Christina." (Revell.)

WHAT for are ye greetin', auntie? Is it an awfu' sad story ye're at?"

Miss Purvis looked up from the novelette, and wiped her eyes hurriedly and in a somewhat shamefaced manner.

"I—I fear I've got a cold in my head, Christina," she said apologetically, unable to meet her niece's keen gaze. "A cold in my head always makes my eyes water, you know," she went on. "But don't trouble about me, Christina. Get on with your geography, like a good girl."

"A cauld in the heid should mak' ye sneeze. Yer nose is a wee thing rid, but that's wi' greetin', auntie. I've been watchin' the tears comin' oot yer e'en an' playin' pap on the paper. What's the story aboot?"

"I have already told you to get on with your lessons, Christina," said Miss Purvis, with sundry sniffs.

"Hooch, ay! But are ye no' gaun to tell us what ye was greetin' aboot?"

"Certainly not. You are much too young to understand anything about the tragedies of life, my dear." Miss Purvis's voice became soft.

"Och, I've read dizzens o' thae wee stories," said Christina. "An' I've been gey near greetin' masel' whiles. Are ye jist at the second last chapter, auntie? Ay, that'll be whaur ye are."

"How do you know that?" Miss Purvis regarded with surprise her niece, who was seated too far away to have read the small type of the novelette.

"I jist guessed. The second last chapter's aye a bit sad," said Christina. "But it a' comes oot in the wash in the last chapter," she added cheerfully. "It's a peety ye canna keep mind o' that at the sad bits. Eh, auntie?"

Miss Purvis smiled slightly. "I'm afraid the stories would not be so interesting if we always remembered that," she said.

Christina did not speak for fully a minute. Her expression was thoughtful.

"Auntie!"

"Yes, dear?"

"I suppose ye like the love-stories the best?"

"Oh, well—" Miss Purvis hesitated. "Most of the stories I read now are what one might call love-stories. But I used to read other books a great deal—Carlyle, and Ruskin, and—"

"Was they murder stories?"

"Dear me, no! What an idea! They weren't stories at all. They were—well, some day you must read them, too, or perhaps I shall read them to you. They are very inspiring."

"Are they? I think I like love-stories the best, tae," said Christina. "My! it's fine when ye come to a rale lovey-dovey bit whaur the young man proposes—"

"I think I had better hear you repeat some of your lessons now," said Miss Purvis. "What about your history and geography?"

"Aw, there's nae hurry for them. But d'ye no' get angry at the bad yins, auntie?"

"Of course," Miss Purvis replied, rather firmly, "but we should not allow the desire for cruel vengeance to animate our—"

"Och, I believe ye wud knock the stuffin' oot the bad yins, if ye got the chance, auntie!"

"Hush, Christina! You must not use such language. Try to remember that it is unmaidenly, and that it hurts me."

"I'll try," said Christina agreeably. "I say, auntie, did ye ever see onybody proposin'?"

"No, indeed! Give me your geography."

Christina unwillingly handed over the slim volume.

"Now, Christina, where is Liverpool situated, and for what is it noted?"

"We had that last week," said Christina. "Ye're at the wrang page. My! I wud like fine to see a proposal. Me an' Jessie Ann

M'Kirdy followed Miss Carvey an' a young gentleman for three mile on Sunday afternune, awa' through the woods, thinkin' he was gaun to propose, but—

"Christina!" Miss Purvis exclaimed in a horrified voice. "What a shocking thing to do!"

"But he didna propose."

"I mean that it was shocking of you to spy upon people. You must never do it again."

"But I bet Jessie Ann a farden's worth o' slim-jim he wud propose next Sunday. We've been keepin' an e'e on them for a while back."

"That will do, Christina," said Miss Purvis severely. "I am shocked and grieved at your want of delicacy. But I may tell you that the young gentleman has been betrothed to Miss Carvey since Christmas."

"D'y mean engaged?"

"I do."

"Weel, that's an' awfu' drap," said Christina sadly. "I suppose Jessie Ann'll ha'e to get the slim-jim."

"Are you in the habit of laying wagers with Jessie Ann M'Kirdy?" The voice of Miss Purvis was then nearer to being "awful" than it had ever been, to Christina's ears, at least.

"Layin' what?" the girl stammered.

"You spoke just now of a bet—"

"Oh, that's what ye mean." Christina hesitated.

"Answer me truthfully, Christina. Are you in the habit of betting with Jessie Ann?"

"Whiles," replied Christina, at last, with an effort. "But"—her face cleared a little—"I never lost till this time, auntie."

THE FIRST CAUSE OF ALL ROMANCE.

From J. C. Snaith's "Araminta." (Moffat, Yard.)

I LAY stress upon the time—twenty-seven minutes past four—for that is the hour at which this history really begins. Then it was that a four-wheeled vehicle of a rapidly disappearing type drew up before the imposing front door of the house in Hill Street. Upon the roof of the "growler" was a dilapidated wooden box, insecurely tied with a cord which had been pieced in three places. And seated modestly enough in its interior was—well, the First Cause of All Romance.

I cannot say more than that. There she was. The first thing appertaining to her that was projected from the dim recesses of the "growler" was her straw hat. Now, as I think I have already observed, there is a great deal in a hat. They are full of character—straw hats especially. And as it is the duty of a historian to extenuate nothing, it has to be said that this was a preposterous hat altogether. In the first place, its dimensions were certainly remarkable; it flopped absurdly; there was a sag of the brims which was irresistibly impossible; while as for the general condition and contour of the hat, the less said upon that subject the better.

In general shape, design, and texture, this primitive article was more like an inverted vegetable basket than anything else. Unmistakably rustic, even in its prime, it was now old, discolored, and misshapen; and the piece of black ribbon that had adorned it in its

youth was really not fit for the West End of London. Purchased of the general outfitter of Slocum Magna for the sum of one and elevenpence halfpenny in the spring of 1900, I am not concerned to deny that it was as rudimentary a form of headgear as was ever devised by the very remote district to which it owed its being. It had absolutely no business at all in that chaste thoroughfare which for many years past has been dedicated to the usage of fashion.

I am taking up a lot of time over the hat, although I am aware that my readers are saying, "Bother the hat! Tell us what is underneath it." Precisely. All in good time. But it is my duty to set down things in the exact order they emerged from the dim recesses of the "growler." The inverted vegetable basket was the first to emerge undoubtedly. And then came the tip of a chin. It was inclined at a furtive angle of feminine curiosity. Although only the extreme tip of it was visible, the preposterous headgear which overshadowed it really ought not to be mentioned on the same page with it. For there can be no question that the chin was the work of a very great Artist indeed.

HE'S GOT THAT NEW LOOK.

From Galsworthy's "Fraternity." (Putnam.)

A BUZZ of conversation fell on Cecilia's ears.

"Have you seen the 'Aftermath?' It's really quite wonderful!"

"Poor old chap! he's so rococo. . . ."

"There's a new man. . . ."

"She's very sympathetic. . . ."

"But the condition of the poor. . . ."

"Is that Mr. Balladyce? Oh, really. . . ."

"It gives you such a feeling of life. . . ."

"Bourgeois! . . ."

The voice of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace broke through: "But do please tell me who is that young girl with the young man looking at the picture over there. She's quite charming!"

Cecilia's cheeks went a very pretty pink.

"Oh, that's my little daughter."

"Really! Have you a daughter as big as that? Why, she must be seventeen!"

"Nearly eighteen!"

"What is her name?"

"Thyme," said Cecilia, with a little smile. She felt that Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace was about to say: "How charming!"

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace saw her smile and paused. "Who is the young man with her?"

"My nephew, Martin Stone."

"The son of your brother who was killed with his wife in that dreadful Alpine accident? He looks a very decided sort of young man. He's got that new look. What is he?"

"He's very nearly a doctor. I never know whether he's quite finished or not."

"I thought perhaps he might have something to do with Art."

"Oh, no, he despises Art."

"And does your daughter despise it, too?"

"No; she's studying it."

"Oh, really! How interesting! I do think

the rising generation amusing, don't you? They're so independent."

Cecilia looked uneasily at the rising generation. They were standing side by side before the picture, curiously observant and detached, exchanging short remarks and glances. They seemed to watch all these circling, chatting, bending, smiling people with a sort of youthful, matter-of-fact, half-hostile curiosity. The young man had a pale face, clean-shaven, with a strong jaw, a long, straight nose, a rather bumpy forehead which did not recede, and clear grey eyes. His sarcastic lips were firm and quick, and he looked at people with disconcerting直率。The young girl wore a blue-green frock. Her face was charming, with eager, hazel-grey eyes, a bright colour, and fluffy hair the colour of ripe nuts.

"That's your sister's picture, *The Shadow*, they're looking at, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Talents Smallpeace.

BIBLE THOUGHTS IN TRAVELLERS TO-DAY.

From Frank T. Lee's "Sidelights on the Bible." (Winston.)

BEFORE reaching Palestine, the traveler will have already had a taste of the satisfaction to be experienced from beholding places and lands outside of it which are referred to in the Scriptures. It is a memorable experience, for instance, when, for the first time, he comes into the region of Paul's journeys, whose track he will afterward frequently cross; at Rome where he was imprisoned, wrote several of his most spiritual epistles, was tried, perhaps finally executed; at the Puteoli mole, now mostly, though not altogether, in ruins, where he landed after the voyage from Malta on his way to Rome. He looked upon the same natural scenes which the traveler now beholds, the same beautiful bay of Naples, the same smoking Vesuvius, the same Pompeii, whose remains, after being long buried in volcanic ashes, are now quite largely uncovered. How vivid and interesting the 27th chapter of Acts, describing Paul's voyage and shipwreck becomes, as one sails over nearly the same course! During those terrible days of darkness and danger, the apostle was the most calm and hopeful of all on board, cheering them all, because of his sense of the presence of his unseen Lord. In sailing along the southern coast of Crete, the incidents connected with the earlier part of that voyage are brought vividly to mind. A day spent among the ruins of the once famous Ephesus, in which marble predominates, will prove to be of profoundest interest. The location of the open theater, which was scooped out of a hillside, and whose rising tiers of seats were capable of accommodating as many people as, or more than, our modern coloseums, is still plainly visible. The uproar set in motion by the silversmiths because Paul's teachings had begun seriously to effect their trade, is made very real as one reads the account in Acts xix afresh. Here, too, in Ephesus, no doubt John the beloved disciple once lived, perhaps died. The island of Patmos to which he was banished is not far away.

MERCIE'S "GLORIA VICTIS."

From Glaspell's "The Glory of the Conquered." (Stokess.)

"How do you like it?" asked Ernestine, following Dr. Parkman's eyes to her favourite bronze, a copy of Mercie's Gloria Victis, which she had unpacked just that day and given a place of honour on the mantel.

"It's so Christian," he objected laughingly.

"A defeated man being borne aloft? I call it the very essence of Christianity. I can see submission and renunciation and other objectionable virtues in every line of it."

"Go after it, Parkman," laughed Karl. "Ernestine and I all but came to blows over it. I wanted her to buy a Napoleon instead. I tell her there is no glory in defeat."

"I don't think of it as the glory of defeat," said Ernestine. "I think of it as the glory of the conquered."

They were all looking at the bronze and Ernestine looked from one face to another, trying to understand why it moved none of them as it had her. Karl's face was very purposeful to-night, reflecting the stimulus of his talk with his friend. Filled with enthusiasm for this fight he was making, he had no eye in this hour for the triumph of the vanquished.

"Why I don't want to submit," he laughed just then. "I want to win!"

"An idea which has done a great deal of harm," observed Dr. Parkman. "That 'you'll-get-your-reward-somewhere-else' doctrine is the worst possible armour for life. The poets, of course, have always coddled the weak, but I see more poetry in the to-hell-with-defeat spirit myself."

She too turned to the statue. Were they right, and she wrong? Was it just the art of it, the effectiveness, which moved her, and was the thought back of it indeed weakening sentimentality?

"Defend it, Ernestine," laughed Karl; and then, affectionately, seeing her seriousness, "Tell us what you see in it."

Dr. Parkman turned from the statue to her. He never forgot her face as it was then.

"But don't you see? The keynote of it is that stubborn grip on the broken sword. I should think every fighter would love it for that. And it is more than the glory of the good fight. It is the glory of the unconquerable will. Look at the woman's face! The world calls him beaten. She knows that he has won. I see behind it the world's battlefields—way back from the first I see them all, and I see that the thing which has shaped the world is not the success or failure of individual battles one-half so much as it is this wresting of victory from defeat by simply breathing victory even after the sword has been broken in the hand. What we call victory and defeat are incidents—things individual and temporal. The thing universal and eternal is this immortality of the spirit of victory. Why, every time I look at that grip on the broken sword,"—laughing now, but eyes shining—"I can feel the world take a bound ahead!"

**WILLIAM CHURNS BUTTER FOR
MINERVA.**

From F. B. Calhoun's "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill." (Reilly & Britton Co.)

"I RECKON the butter's done come," he announced, resting from his labors.

"It hasn't begun to come yet," replied the exasperated woman. "Don't waste so much time, William."

The child churned in silence for the space of two minutes, and suggested: "It's time to put hot water in it; Aunt Cindy always puts hot water in it. Lemme git some fer you."

"I never put hot water in my milk," said she, "it makes the butter puffy. Work more and talk less, William."

Again there was a brief silence, broken only by the sound of the dasher thumping against the bottom of the churn, and the rattle of the dishes.

"I sho' is tired," he presently remarked, leaving a deep sigh. "My arms is 'bout give out, Aunt Minerva. Ole Aunt Blue-Gum Tempy's Peruny Pearline see a man churn with his toes; lemme git a chair an' see if I can't churn with my toes."

"Indeed you shall not," responded his annoyed relative positively.

"Sanctified Sophy knowed a colored 'oman what had a little dog went roun' an' roun' an' churn fer her," remarked Billy after a short pause. "If you had a billy goat or a little nanny I could hitch him to the churn fer you ev'ry day."

"William," commanded his aunt, "don't say another word until you have finished your work."

"Can't I sing?" he asked.

She nodded permission as she went through the open door into the dining-room.

Returning a few minutes later she found him sitting astride the churn, using the dasher so vigorously that the buttermilk was splashing in every direction, and singing in a clear, sweet voice:

"He'll feed you when you's naked,
The orphan stear he'll dry,
He'll clothe you when you's hongry
An' take you when you die."

Miss Minerva finished the churning herself.

READ THE OLD BOOKS AGAIN.

AMONG the puzzling mysteries is that a people that has waked up to the real meaning of art in painting, sculpture and music, and that wanders through the world looking for the old and unique, seems to limit its demands in literature to new books. And what they miss! Find out this summer how well you can spare the newest books. Take with you some volumes of *The Oxford Thackeray*, arranged and edited by George Saintsbury, and some volumes of the *Oxford India Paper edition* of Charles Dickens; re-read "*Les Misérables*" in the beautiful edition Thomas Nelson & Sons have prepared; or, learn what the world owes Meredith, also in the *New Century Library* published by the same house. All the old works of power are included in the reprints of the Lamb Publishing Co., in the *Everyman's Library*, and the *Oxford English Classics*. One edition is prettier than the other. Read the old books again!



From "Diary of a Show Girl."

Copyright, 1909, by Moffat, Yard & Co.

"YOU IMPUDENT, HORRID, IMPUDENT, DISGUSTING,
IMPUDENT—"



From "Oh! Christina!"

Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

"WHAT DID YE SAY WAS THE NAME O' THE PAIRTY?"

Any book or article mentioned in this paper supplied at the shortest notice

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading.

The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements,
frequently containing descriptive notes.

For other books of a more general character, suitable for summer reading, see the publishers' advertisements.

BOOKS OF OUTDOOR LIFE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ADVENTURES in field and forest, 60 c..... <i>Harper</i> | Eggeling (Otto), and Ehrenberg (F.), The freshwater aquarium and its inhabitants, net, \$2... <i>Holt</i> |
| ANET (Claude), Through Persia in a motor-car, by Russia and the Caucasus, <i>special net</i> , \$4.50.
<i>Appleton</i> | Green (F. E.), The small holding, net, \$1.... <i>Lane</i> |
| BATSON (Mrs. Stephen), The summer garden of pleasure, \$3.50..... <i>McClurg</i> | Hawkes (Clarence), Black bruin (biog. of a bear),
†\$1.50..... <i>Jacobs</i> |
| BENNETT (Ida D.), The flower garden, \$1.10.
<i>Doubleday, P.</i> | Hays (Helen Ashe), A little Maryland garden, net, \$1.75..... <i>Putnam</i> |
| — The vegetable garden, \$1.10..... <i>Doubleday, P.</i> | Holder (C. F.), and Jordan (D. Starr), Fish stories, alleged and experienced, net, \$1.75..... <i>Holt</i> |
| BENSON (Ramsay), A lord of lands, \$1.50.... <i>Holt</i> | Hudson (W. H.), The Land's End: a naturalist's impressions in West Cornwall, <i>special net</i> , \$3.
<i>Appleton</i> |
| BERNHARDT (J. S.), Our insect friends and enemies, net, \$1.50..... <i>Lippincott</i> | In American fields and forests: essays by American writers on aspects of nature, net, \$1.50.
<i>Houghton M.</i> |
| BURBA (G. F.), Our bird friends, \$1.... <i>Outing Pub.</i> | Kellogg (V. L.), Insect stories, net, \$1.50.... <i>Holt</i> |
| CHAPMAN (F. M.), Camps and cruise of an ornithologist, net, \$3..... <i>Appleton</i> | Kingsley (Rose G.), Roses and rose growing, net, \$2..... <i>Macmillan</i> |
| DANIELL (J. Frank), Animal life in Malaysia, net, \$1.20..... <i>Bobbs-M.</i> | Knowlton (Frank H.), Birds of the world, net, \$7.
<i>Holt</i> |
| DAVIDSON (Mrs. K. L.), Gardens past and present, net, \$1.50..... <i>Scribner</i> | Lea (J.), The romance of bird life, net, \$1.50.
<i>Lippincott</i> |
| DEPERET (Chas.), The transformation of the animal world, net, \$1.75..... <i>Appleton</i> | Marks (Jeannette), and Moody (Julia), Little busy-bodies, 75 c..... <i>Harper</i> |
| DILLON (J. M.), Motor days in England, net, \$3.
<i>Putnam</i> | Mills (Enos E.), Wild life on the Rockies, net, \$1.75..... <i>Houghton M.</i> |
| DUNCAN (Frances), When mother lets us garden, net, 75 c..... <i>Moffat, Y.</i> | |

- MILTOON (Francis), Italian highways and byways from a motor car, \$3.....Page
- MUIR (J.), Stickeen, net, 60 c.....Houghton M.
- PACKARD (Winthrop), Wild pastures.....Small, M.
- PAINE (A. B.), The tent dwellers, \$1.50. Outing Pub.
- POWELL (E. P.), The orchard and fruit garden, \$1.10.....Doubleday, P.
- REXFORD (Eben E.), The home garden, net, \$1.25. Lippincott
- ROBERTS (C. G. D.), The house in the water: animal stories, \$1.50.....Page
- SAINT MAUR (Mrs. Kate V.), The earth's bounty, net, \$1.75.....Macmillan
- SANDS (R. B.), American poultry culture, net, \$1.50. Outing Pub.
- SETON (Ernest Thompson), The biography of a silver-fox, f\$1.50.....Century
- SOUTH (R.), The moths of the British Isles, 2d ser., net, \$3.....Warne
- STACK (F. W.), Wild flowers every child should know, \$1.20.....Doubleday, P.
- STAWELL (Mrs. R.), Motor tours in Wales, \$2.50. Page
- STEP (E.), Wayside and woodland ferns, net, \$2.25. Warne
- THOMAS (Harry H.), Sweet peas and how to grow them, net, 50 c.....Cassell
- THONGER (C.), The book of the cottage garden, net, \$1.....Lane
- WALTON (G. Lincoln), Practical guide to the wild flowers and fruits, net, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- WARE (R. D.), In the woods and on the shore (hunting and fishing adventures), \$2.....Page
- WHARTON (Mrs. E.), A motor-flight through France, net, \$2.....Scribner
- WRIGHT (Horace W.), Birds of the Boston Public Garden, net, \$1.....Houghton M.
- WRIGHT (Walter P.), The perfect garden, net, \$2. Lippincott
- **
NEW NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.
- AITKEN (Rob.), Beyond the sky line: short stories, \$1.50.....Huebsch
- ALERAMO (Sibilla), A woman at bay (*Una donna*), f\$1.50.....Putnam
- ALTSHELER (Jos. Alex.), The recovery, \$1.50. Lovell
- ANDERSON (Mrs. A. W.), The strain of white, \$1.50. Little, B.
- ARMOUR (Francis J.), The Brotherhood of wisdom, f\$1.50.....Lane
- ATHERTON (Mrs. Gertrude), The gorgeous isle, net, 90 c.....Doubleday, P.
- AYSCOUGH (J.), pseud. Dromina, f\$1.50. Putnam
- Marotz, f\$1.50.....Putnam
- BACHELLER (Irving Addison), The hand-made gentleman, f\$1.50.....Harper
- BACON (Mrs. Josephine Daskam), An idyll of All Fool's Day, f\$1.25.....Dodd, M.
- BAGOT (Richard), Anthony Cuthbert, \$1.50. Brentano's
- BAILEY (H. C.), Colonel Greatheart, f\$1.50. Bobbs-M.
- The god of clay, f\$1.50.....Brentano's
- BAIN (Francis W.), An incarnation of the snow, f\$1.25.....Putnam
- BALMER (Edwin), Waylaid by wireless, \$1.50. Small, M.
- BANGS (J. K.), The genial idiot, f\$1.25.....Harper
- Potted fiction, f50 c.; f25 c.....Baker & T.
- BARBOUR (R. H.), My lady of the fog, f\$2. Lippincott
- BARNES-GRUNDY (Mrs. M. S.), Hilary on her own, f\$1.50.....Baker & T.
- BARR (Mrs. Amelia E.), The hands of compulsion, f\$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- The strawberry handkerchief, f\$1.50....Dodd, M.
- BARTLETT (F. Orin), The web of the Golden Spider, f\$1.50.....Small, M.
- BARWELL (Noel), Someone pays, \$1.50.....Lane
- BASHFORD (H. H.), The pilgrim's march, f\$1.50. Holt
- BAZIN (René), The coming harvest (*Le blé qui lève*), \$1.25.....Scribner
- Redemption (*De toute son âme*), f\$1.50. Scribner
- "This, my son" (*Les Noëllets*), f\$1.25. Scribner
- BEECKMAN (Ross), Princess Zara, \$1.50.....Watt
- BEGBIE (Harold), Tables of stone, f\$1.50. Doubleday, P.
- BELL (J. Joy), Oh! Christina!, net, 60 c.....Revell
- Thou fool!, f\$1.50.....Baker & T.
- Whither thou goest, \$1.50.....Revell
- BELLOC-LOWNDES (Mrs.), The pulse of life, \$1.50. Dodd, M.
- BENEDICT (Clare), A resemblance, and other stories, f\$1.50.....Putnam
- BENNETT (Arnold), The old wives' tale, net, f1.20. Doran & Co.
- BENSON (E. F.), The blotting book, f\$1.50. Doubleday, P.
- The climber, net, \$1.40.....Doubleday, P.
- BENSON (Ramsey), Melchisedec.....Holt
- BENSON (Father Rob. H.), The conventionalists, f\$1.50.....Hierder
- BINDLOSS (Harold), By right of purchase, f\$1.50. Stokes
- A damaged reputation, \$1.....Fenno
- Lorimer of the Northwest, f\$1.50.....Stokes
- Long odds, f\$1.50.....Small, M.
- Thrice armed, \$1.50.....Stokes
- BLAND (Mrs. Edith Nesbit), The house with no address, f\$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
- BOYER (Johan), The power of a lie, \$1.25. Kennicott
- BOOTH (E. C.), The post-girl, f\$1.50.....Century
- BOWER (B. M.), pseud., The lonesome trail, f\$1.25. Dillingham
- BRADY (C. T.), The adventures of Lady Susan, f\$1.50. Moffat, Y.
- The ring and the man, f\$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
- BRENNER (Percy Ja.) ("Christian Lys," pseud.), A royal ward, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- The testing of Olive Vaughan, \$1.50.....Docher
- BRENNAN (G. H.), Bill Truetell, \$1.50....McClurg
- BRIGGS (Olive M.), The black cross, f\$1.50. Moffat, Y.
- BROWN (Alice), The story of Thyrza, net, \$1.35. Houghton M.
- BRYSON (Chas. Lee), Tan and Teckle, \$1.25. Revell
- BURNHAM (Mrs. C. L.), The leaven of love, f\$1.50. Houghton M.
- BURTON (F. R.), Strongheart: novel founded on the play, f\$1.50.....Dillingham
- BUTLER (Ellis P.), Mike Flannery on duty and off, 50 c.....Doubleday, P.
- That pup, f50 c.....Doubleday, P.
- CABELL (Ja. Branch), The cords of variety, f\$1.50. Doubleday, P.
- CABLE (G. W.), Kincaid's Battery, f\$1.50. Scribner
- CABOT (Oliver C.), The man without a shadow, f\$1.50. Appleton
- CALHOON (F. B.), Miss Minerva and William Green Hill.....Reilly & B.
- CAMERON (Margaret), The bachelor and the baby, f50 c.....Harper
- CAREY (Rosa N.), The sunny side of the hill, f\$1.50. Lippincott.
- CASE (F. P.), Old Mr. Davenant's money, f\$1.50. Scribner
- CHAMBERLAIN (Lucia), The other side of the door, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- CHAMBERS (Rob. W.), The firing line, f\$1.50. Appleton
- Special messenger, f\$1.50.....Appleton
- CHEATHAM (Carrie V.), Beatrice Sumpter, \$1.50. Clark Pub.
- CHESTER (G. R.), The making of Bobby Burnit, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- CHOLMONDELEY (Mary), The hand on the latch-stories, f\$1.25.....Bobbs-M.
- CLARK (Ellery H.), Loaded dice, f\$1.50....Bobbs-M.
- COMPTON (C. G.), A princess of Hackney, \$1.50. Lane
- CONNOLLY (Ja. B.), An Olympic victor, f\$1.25. Scribner
- CONRAD (Jos.), The point of honor, f\$1.25. Doubleday, P.
- CORELLI (Marie), Holy orders, f\$1.50.....Stokes
- COTES (Mrs. S. J. D.), Cousin Cinderella, f\$1.50. Macmillan
- CRAWFORD (F. M.), The diva's ruby, f\$1.50. Macmillan
- The white sister, \$1.50.....Macmillan
- CROCKETT (S. R.), Red Cap adventures (stories), f\$1.75.....Macmillan
- CULLUM (Ridgwell), The compact, net, \$1.20. Doran & Co.
- The watchers of the plains, f\$1.50.....Jacobs
- CUNNINGHAM (Frances B.), Priest or pretender, \$1.50.....Clark Pub.
- CURTIES (H.), A bride on trust, \$1.50.....Estes
- The Queen's Gate mystery, f\$1.50.....Estes
- CURTIS (A. C.), The good sword Belgarde, f\$1.50. Dodd, M.
- CUTTING (Mrs. M. S. D.), The wayfarers, f\$1.50. Doubleday, P.
- DANBY (Frank), pseud., Sebastian, f\$1.50. Macmillan

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| DAVIS (C. Belmont), The lodger overhead and others: short stories, †\$1.50..... | Scribner |
| DAVIS (Foxcroft), The whirl, \$1.50..... | Dodd, M. |
| DAVIS (Norah), Wallace Rhodes, †\$1.50..... | Harper |
| DAVIS (R. H.), The white mice, \$1.50..... | Scribner |
| DAY (Fred. van R.), A gentleman of quality, \$1.50. | |
| | Page |
| DE LA PASTURE (Mrs. H.), Catherine's child, net, \$1.20..... | Dutton |
| DE SAIX (Tyler), The man without a head, net, \$1.50..... | Moffat, Y. |
| DEEPING (G. W.), Mad Barbara, †\$1.50..... | Harper |
| DEJEANS (Eliz.), The winning chance, \$1.50. | Lippincott |
| DIXON (T.), jr., Comrades, \$1.50.... | Doubleday, P. |
| DOUWORTH (Grace), The letters of Jennie Allen to her friend Miss Musgrove, †\$1.50.... | Small, M. |
| DOYLE (Sir Arthur C.), Round the fire stories, †\$1.50.... | Doubleday, P. |
| DUFFY (R.), An adventure in exile, \$1.50. | B. W. Dodge |
| DUNHAM (Curtis), Gamboling with Galatea, net, \$1.25..... | Houghton M. |
| DUNNING (Ja. E.), The master builders, \$1.50. | Appleton |
| GIBBON (Perceval), Salvator, †\$1.50.... | Doubleday, P. |
| GLASGOW (Ellen), The romance of a plain man, \$1.50..... | Macmillan |
| GLASPELL (Susan), The glory of the conquered, †\$1.50..... | Stokes |
| GODFREY (Hollis), The man who ended war, †\$1.50. | Little, B. |
| GOODRICH (Arthur), The lady without jewels, \$1.50. | Appleton |
| GORKEY (Maxim), pseud., The spy, \$1.50.... | Huebsch |
| GRAINGER (Francis E.) ("Headon Hill," pseud.), Unmasked at last, net, \$1..... | Fennario |
| GRANT (Rob), The Chippendales, \$1.50.... | Scribner |
| GRATACAP (L. P.), The evacuation of England, †\$1.25..... | Brentano's |
| HAGGARD (H. Rider), The yellow god, 75 c. | Cupples & L. |
| HALE (Mrs. Louise C.), The actress, †\$1.50. | Harper |
| HALL (H. F.), One immortality, †\$1.50.... | Macmillan |
| HALSEY (Forrest), Fate and the butterfly, \$1.50. | B. W. Dodge |
| HAMILTON (Cecily), Diana of Dobson's, †\$1.50. | Century |



From "The Home Garden."

Copyright, 1902, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE HOME GARDEN.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| DURING (Stella M.), Love's privilege, \$1.50. | Lippincott |
| EATON (Walter P.), and UNDERHILL (Elise M.), The runaway place, a May idyl of Manhattan, \$1.25..... | Holt |
| EDDY (A. J.), Ganton & Co., \$1.50..... | McClurg |
| EDDY (C.), Mrs. Bailey's debts, \$1.50..... | Cassell |
| EGAN (Maurice Francis), The wiles of Sexton Maginnis, †\$1.50..... | Century |
| EGGLESTON (G. C.), The Warrens of Virginia, †\$1.50..... | Dillingham |
| ELSON (Rob.), The magnate, †\$1.50.... | Brentano's |
| ESTABROOK (Alma M.), The rule of three, †\$1.25. | Small, M. |
| FITCHETT (Rev. W. H.), Pawn in the game, \$1.25. | Eaton & M. |
| FORBES (Mrs. A. S. C.), Mission tales in the days of the dons, \$1.50..... | McClurg |
| FORD (Sewell), Cherub Devine, \$1.50.. | Kennerley |
| FOSTER (Maximilian), Corrie who?, †\$1.50. | Small, M. |
| FOWLER (Ellen Thorneycroft), Miss Fallowfield's fortune, †\$1.50..... | Dodd, M. |
| FOX (J.), jr., The trail of the lonesome pine, †\$1.50. | Scribner |
| FRASER (Mrs. Mary Crawford), The heart of a Geisha, †\$2..... | Putnam |
| FREEMANTLE (Eliz.), The One and I, †\$1.50.. | Jacobs |
| FUTRELLE (Jacques), Elusive Isabel, \$1.50.. | Bobbs-M. |
| GALSWORTHY (J.), Fraternity, net, \$1.35...
— Villa Rubein, †\$1.50..... | Putnam |
| GARLAND (Hamlin), The shadow world, \$1.35. | Harper |
| GAY (Mrs. M. C.), Paths crossing. \$1.50. | Clark Pub. Co. |
| HAMILTON (Cosmo), The blindness of Virtue, \$1.50. | Brentano's |
| HARDING (J. W.), The city of splendid night, †\$1.50. | Dillingham |
| — The time, the place and the girl, †\$1. | Dillingham |
| HARKER (Mrs. L. A.), Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly, †\$1.50..... | Scribner |
| HARLAND (H.), The royal end, †\$1.50.... | Dodd, M. |
| HARRADEN (Beatrice), Interplay, †\$1.50.... | Stokes |
| HARRISON (Mrs. C. C.), The count and the congressman, 75 c..... | Cupples & L. |
| HAWKINS (Anthony Hope), The great Miss Driver, †\$1.50..... | Doubleday, P. |
| HAZELTINE (Horace), The city of encounters, \$1.50. | Kennerley |
| HAZELTON (G. C.), The raven, †\$1.50.... | Appleton |
| HAZZARD (J. E.), The four-flusher, †\$1.... | Dillingham |
| HENRY (O.), pseud., Roads of destiny: short stories, \$1.50..... | Doubleday, P. |
| HENRY of Navarre: a romance of August, 1572, †\$1.50..... | Putnam |
| HENSHAW (N. G.), Aline of the grand woods, \$1.50. | Outing Pub. |
| HERBERT (Alice), The measure of our youth, \$1.50. | Lane |
| HERRICK (Robert), Together, †\$1.50.... | Macmillan |
| HEWLETT (M. H.), Halfway House, †\$1.50.. | Scribner |
| HICHENS (Rob. S.), A spirit in prison, †\$1.75. | Harper |
| HINKSON (Mrs. Katharine Tynan), The lost angel: romantic tales, †\$1.50..... | Lippincott |
| HOCKING (Jos.), The sword of the Lord, net, \$1.25. | Dutton |
| HOLMES (Gordon), By force of circumstances, \$1.50. | Clode |

- HOLMES (R. Sill), *The victor*, \$1.50.....Revell
 HORN (Kate), *Ships of desire*, \$1.50.....Cassell
 HORNBLOW (Arthur), *By right of conquest*, \$1.50.
 Dillingham
 HOTCHKISS (C. C.), *A prisoner of the sea*, \$1.50.
 McBride
 HOUGH (Emerson), *54-40 or fight*, †\$1.50..Bobbs-M.
 HOUSTON (E. J.), *The Pacific series*: v. 1, *Four months on a derelict*; v. 2, *Wrecked on a coral island*; v. 3, *In captivity in the Pacific*; v. 4, *At school in the Cannibal Islands*....Griffith & R.
 HUME (Fergus W.), *The amethyst cross*, \$1.50.
 Cassell
 — *The green mummy*, †\$1.25.....Dillingham
 — *The solitary farm*, \$1.25.....Dillingham
 HUMPHREY Bold, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 HUNT (Violet B.), *White rose of weary leaf*, †\$1.50.
 Brentano's
 HUNTINGTON (Mrs. Helen), *The sovereign good*, †\$1.50.....Putnam
 HUSSEY (Eyre), *Polly Winford*, \$1.50....Longmans
 HUTTEN (Baroness v.), *Kingsmead*, †\$1.50.
 Dodd, M.
 INMAN (Rev. H. Escott), *The quest of Douglas Holms*, \$1.50.....Warne
 INNES (Norman), *My lady's kiss*, \$1.50.
 Rand, McN.
 INNER (The) *shrine*, \$1.50.....Harper
 IRWIN (Grace Luce), *The diary of a show-girl*, \$1.
 Moffat, Y.
 JACOB (Violet) (Mrs. Arthur Jacob), *Irresolute Catherine*, †\$1.....Doubleday, P.
 JACOBS (W. W.), *Salthaven: short stories*, †\$1.50.
 Scribner
 JEROME (J. K.), *Passing of the third floor back: stories*, \$1.....Dodd, M.
 JOHNSON (Enoch), *A captain of industry*, \$1.50.
 Clark Pub.
 JOHNSTON (Mary), *Lewis Rand*, †\$1.50.Houghton M.
 KELLY (Florence Finch), *The Delafield affair*, \$1.50.
 McClurg.
 KELLY (Myra), *Rosnah*, †\$1.50....Appleton
 KENEALY (Arabella), *The whips of time*, †\$1.50.
 Little, B.
 KING (C.), *Lanier of the cavalry*, †\$1.25..Lippincott
 KING (Gertrude), *The landlubbers*, †\$1.50.
 Doubleday, P.
 KINGSLEY (Mrs. Florence M.), *And so they were married*, †\$1.....Dodd, M.
 — *The glass house*, †\$1.50.....Dodd, M.
 KINROSS (Albert), *Joan of Garoch*, †\$1.50.
 Macmillan
 KIPLING (Rudyard), *Stories and poems every child should know*, ed. by Mary E. Burt and E. T. Chapin, \$1.20.....Doubleday, P.
 — *With the night mail*, \$1.....Doubleday, P.
 KIRKHAM (Stanton D.), *Mexican trails*, net, \$1.75.
 Putnam
 KLEIN (C.), *The music master: novelized from the play*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
 KNAAPP (Caroline), *The well in the desert*, \$1.50.
 Century
 KNAPP (Margaret L.), *But still a man*, †\$1.50.
 Little, B.
 KNOWLES (Rob. E.), *The web of time*, \$1.50..Revell
 KRAMER (Harold M.), *The chrysalis*, \$1.50.
 Lothrop, L. & S.
 LA RAMEE (L. de), ["Ouida"], *Helianthus*, †\$1.50..Macmillan
 LANE (Mrs. Elinor Macartney), *Katrine*, †\$1.50.
 Harper
 LANE (J. Russell), *The house between the trees*, \$1.50.
 Clark Pub.
 LARGE (M. H.), *The twelfth juror*, \$1.50.
 Clark Pub.
 LATHBURY (Eva), *The long gallery*, \$1.50....Holt
 LE QUEUX (W.), *The lady in the car*, †\$1.50.
 Lippincott
 LEE (Jeannette), *Simon Tetlow's shadow*, †\$1.50.
 Century
 LEGGE (Ronald), *The "Hawk," a story of aerial war*, \$1.50.....McBride
 LEROUX (Gaston), *The mystery of the yellow room*, †\$1.50.....Brentano's
 — *The perfume of the lady in black*, †\$1.50.
 Brentano's
 LEWISOHN (Ludwig), *The broken snare*, \$1.50.
 B. W. Dodge
 LILLIBRIDGE (W. O.), *The quest eternal*, †\$1.50..Dodd, M.
 LINCOLN (Jos. C.), *Cy Whittaker's place*, †\$1.50..Appleton
 LOCKE (Ja.), *The plotting of Frances Ware*, \$1.50..Moffat, Y.
 LOCKE (W. J.), *Septimus*, †\$1.50.....Lane
 LONG (J. Luther), *Felice*, †\$1.....Moffat, Y.
 LOOMIS (C. B.), *A holiday touch, and other tales*, net, \$1.25.....Dodd, M.
 LUCAS (E. V.), *Over Bemerton's*, †\$1.50.Macmillan
 LYNDE (Francis), *The king of Arcadia*, †\$1.50.
 Scribner
 MCARTHUR (Alex.), *The leveller*, \$1.50....Dasher
 McCALL (Sidney), *Red Horse hill*, \$1.50...Little, B.
 McCARTHY (Justin H.), *The duke's motto*, †\$1.50.
 Harper
 — *The gorgeous Borgia*, †\$1.50.....Harper
 McCUTCHEON (G. Barr), *The alternative*, †\$1.25.
 Dodd, M.
 — *The man from Brodney's*, †\$1.50....Dodd, M.
 MACGOWAN (Alice), *Judith of the Cumberland*, †\$1.50.....Putnam
 MACGRATH (Harold), *The enchanted hat: stories*, †\$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 MACNAUGHTAN (S.), *Three Miss Graemes*, \$1.50.
 Dutton
 MACVANE (Edith), *The black flier*.....Moffat, Y.
 — *The thoroughbred*, †\$1.50.....Dillingham
 MALLOCK (W. H.), *An immortal soul*, †\$1.50.Harper
 MAPES (Victor), *Partners three*, \$1.25.. Stokes
 MARKS (Jeannette), *Through Welsh doorways: stories*, net, \$1.10.....Houghton, M.
 MASON (Ruth Little), *The trailers*, net, \$1.20.Revell
 MATHEWS (Frances A.), *The flame dancer*, †\$1.50.
 Dillingham
 MAUD (Constance Eliz.), *A Daughter of France*, \$1.50.....Lane
 MAUGHAM (W. Somerset), *The explorer*, †\$1.50.
 Baker & T.
 — *The magician*, †\$1.50.....Duffield
 MAYS (Margaret), *Polly of the circus*, †\$1.
 Dodd, M.
 MEADE (L. T.), [formerly Mrs. E. T. Smith], *Betty of the rectory*, \$1.....Grosset & D.
 MARGARET (P. F.), and Mason (G. S.), *The car and the lady*, †\$1.50.....Baker & T.
 MERRICK (Leonard), *Lynch's daughter*, †\$1.50.
 Doubleday, P.
 MERWIN (Bannister), *The girl and the bill*, †\$1.50.
 Dodd, M.
 METOUR (E. P.), *In the wake of the green banner*, \$1.50.....Scribner
 MICHELSON (Miriam), *Michael Thwaite's wife*, \$1.50.
 Doubleday, P.
 MIGHELS (Ella S.), *The full glory of Diantha*, \$1.50.....Forbes
 MILLER (Alice Duer), *Less than kin*, \$1.25....Holt
 MITCHELL (Silas Weir), *The red city*, †\$1.50.
 Century
 MOFFETT (Cleveland), *The battle*, \$1.50..Dillingham
 MONTAGUE (Margaret P.), *In Calvert's valley*, †\$1.50.....Baker & T.
 MORGAN (W. de), *It never can happen again*, \$1.75....Holt
 MORROW (W. C.), *Lentala of the South Seas*, †\$1.50..Stokes
 MORSE (M. F.), *On the road to Arden*, net, \$1..Houghton M.
 MOSES (Barr), *Dreaming River*, \$1.....Stokes
 MUNN (C. C.), *Myrtle Baldwin*, †\$1.50.
 Lothrop, L. & S.
 MURFREE (Mary N.), [“Charles Egbert Craddock”], *The fair Mississippian*, †\$1.50....Houghton M.
 NICHOLSON (Meredith), *The little brown jug at Kildare*, †\$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 NIVEN (F.), *The lost cabin mine*, \$1.50.....Lane
 NORRIS (Frank), *The third circle: short stories*, \$1.50.....Lane
 NORTON (Roy), *The toll of the sea*, \$1.50..Appleton
 O'HIGGINS (H. J.), *A Grand Army man, founded on Belasco's play*, †\$1.50.....Century
 OLDMEADOW (Ernest), *Aunt Maud*, †\$1.50..Doubleday, P.
 OLLIVANT (Alfred), *The gentleman*, net, \$1.50..Macmillan
 OLSTEAD (Stanley), *The emotionalist*, †\$1.50..Appleton
 OPPENHEIM (E. P.), *The governors*, \$1.50.Little, B.
 — *The long arm of Mannister*, †\$1.50....Little, B.
 — *The missioner*, †\$1.50.....Little, B.
 ORCUTT (W. Dana), *The spell*, †\$1.50.....Harper
 ORCZY (Baroness), *The elusive pimpernel*, †\$1.50..Dodd, M.
 ORMOND (F.), *The three keys*, \$1.50.....Watt
 OSBORNE (W. H.), *The red mouse*, †\$1.50..Dodd, M.
 OSBOURNE (Lloyd), *Infatuation*, †\$1.50..Bobbs-M.
 OSGOOD (Irene), *Servitude*, †\$1.50.....Estes
 — *To a nun confessed*, †\$1.50.....Estes

- OTIS (Alex.), Hearts are trumps, \$1.50....McBride
 OWEN (Margaret Cunliff), [*"Mme. la Marquise de Fontenoy"*], The cradle of the rose, net, \$1.50.
 Harper
 PALMER (E.), The big fellow, †\$1.50....Moffat, Y.
 PATABELLUM, pseud., Banzai!, \$1.50....Baker & T.
 PARKER (Lottie Blair), Homespun, \$1.50....Holt
 PARTRIDGE (Anthony), The distributors, †\$1.50.
 Little, B.
 — The kingdom of earth, \$1.50.....Little, B.
 PATTERSON (Jos. M.), A little brother of the rich,
 \$1.50.....Reilly & B.
 PAYSON (W. F.), Barry Gordon, †\$1.50.
 Doubleday, P.
 PEMBERTON (Max), Sir Richard Escombe, †\$1.50.
 Harper
 PEPEL (E. H.), The mallet's masterpiece, net, 75 c.
 Moffat, Y.
 — The spitfire, †\$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
 PERRIN (Alice Robinson), Idolatry, †\$1.50....Duffield
 PHILLIPS (D. Graham), The fashionable adventures
 of Joshua Craig, †\$1.50.....Appleton
- RICE (E. Irving), Old Jim Case of South Hollow,
 \$1.....Doubleday, P.
 RICE (Mrs. Alice Hegan), Mr. Opp, \$1.....Century
 RICHARDS (Mrs. L. E. H.), The wooing of Calvin
 Parks, †\$1.25.....Estes
 RICHARDSON (H. H.), Maurice Guest, †\$1.50....Duffield
 RICHMOND (Mrs. G. L. S.), Round the corner in
 Gay Street, †\$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
 RIDEOUT (H. M.), Dragon's blood, net, \$1.20.
 Houghton M.
 RINEHART (Mary Roberts), The circular staircase,
 †\$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 — The man in lower ten, †\$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 ROBERTS (Morley), David Bran, \$1.50.....Page
 — The "Blue Peter": sea yarns, \$1.50.....Page
 ROBINS (Eliz.), [*"E. C. Raimond"*], The mills of the
 gods, \$1.....Moffat, Y.
 ROBINSON (Nellie G.), Philo's daughter, \$1.
 Jennings & G.
 ROWLAND (H. C.), The Countess Diane, †\$1.25.
 Dodd, M.
 ST. LUZ (Berthe), Tamar Curze, net, \$1.....Fenna



From "The Man Without a Shadow."

Copyright, 1909, by D. Appleton & Co

THERE WAS SOMETHING POSITIVELY MAGNETIC ABOUT HER HANDS.

- PHEILPOTTS (Eden), The three brothers, †\$1.50.
 Macmillan
 — The virgin in judgment, †\$1.50....Moffat, Y.
 — and Bennett (A), The statue: story of international intrigue and mystery, †\$1.50....Moffat, Y.
 PHILLIPS (H. W.), Trolley folly: stories, \$1.25.
 Bobbs-M.
 PIDGIN (C. F.), The further adventures of Quincey Adams Sawyer, \$1.50.....Page
 PINKHAM (E. G.), Fate's a fiddler, †\$1.50....Small, M.
 PRAED (Mrs. Campbell), By their fruits, \$1.50.
 Cassell
 PRATT (Lucy), Ezekiel, \$1.....Doubleday, P.
 RAINES (M. Macleod), Ridgway of Montana, †\$1.50.
 Dillingham
 — Wyoming, †\$1.50.....Dillingham
 RAMSAY (Rina), The straw, †\$1.50....Macmillan
 RAY (Anna Chapin), The bridge builders, †\$1.50.
 Little, B.
 RAY (F. A.), The devil worshipper, \$1.50....Clark Pub.
 REED (Myrtle), Flower of the dusk, net, \$1.50.
 Putnam
 REYNOLDS (Mrs. L. Baillie), [*formerly Gertrude M. Robins*], A false position, \$1.50....Brentano's
 — The supreme test, \$1.50....Brentano's
- SANDEMAN (G.), Uncle Gregory, †\$1.50....Putnam
 SANDS (Beatrice), Weepers in playtime, †\$1.50....Lane
 SCHULDER (Mrs. I. D.), Virginia Russell, \$1.25.
 Cochrane Pub.
 SCOTT (J. Reed), The woman in question, \$1.50.
 Lippincott
 SEDGWICK (Anne Douglas), Amabel Channice, \$1.50.
 Century
 SHAW (Adele Marie), and Beckwith (Carmelita),
 The lady of the dynamos, †\$1.50.....Holt
 SHEFFIELD (Andrew), Rose of Sharon, \$1.50.
 Clark Pub.
 SHELDON (M. B.), Coffee and a love affair, †\$1.50.
 Stokes
 SIMS (G. Rob.), The devil in London, \$1.
 Dodge Pub.
 SINCLAIR (B. W.), Raw gold, †\$1.50....Dillingham
 SINCLAIR (May), The immortal moment, †\$1.50.
 Doubleday, P.
 SINCLAIR (Upton), The money changers, \$1.50.
 B. W. Dodge
 SMITH (F. H.), Peter, †\$1.50.....Scribner
 SMITH (Harry Ja.), Amédée's son, †\$1.50.
 Houghton M.
 SNAITH (J. C.), Araminta, †\$1.50....Moffat, Y.

- SOMERVILLE (C.), *The wolf*, a novel founded on the play of Eugene Walter, †\$1.50....*Dillingham*
 STARK (W. W.), *Guy Hunter*, \$1.50....*Cochrane Pub.*
 STEEL (Mrs. Flora Annie), *A prince of dreamers*, †\$1.25....*Doubleday, P.*
 STEPHENS (Rob. N.), *Tales from Bohemia*, \$1.50.
 STEVENSON (Burton E.), *The quest for the rose of Sharon*, \$1.25....*Page*
 STREET (Julian), *The need of change*, 50 c....*Lane*
 STRINGER (Arthur J.), *The gunrunner*, \$1.50.
 STUART (G. V.), *The soul of Croesus*, 75 c....
Cupples & L.
 STUART (H. L.), *Weeping cross, net*, \$1.40.
Doubleday, P.
 TARKINGTON (Newton Booth), *The guest of Quenay*, †\$1.50....*Doubleday, P.*
 THOMAS (A.), *The witching hour*: novel, †\$1.50.
Harper
 THOMAS (Rowland), *The little gods*, \$1.50....*Little, B.*
 THOMPSON (C. Miner), *The calico cat*, †\$1.25.
Houghton M.
 THORNE (Guy), *pseud.*, *The angel*, †\$1.50....*Dillingham*
 THURSTON (Ernest T.), *Mirage*, \$1.50....*Dodd, M.*
 THURSTON (Katherine Cecil), *The fly on the wheel*, †\$1.50....*Dodd, M.*
 TOMPKINS (Juliet Wilbor), *Open house*, †\$1.50.
Baker & T.
 TOWNLEY (Houghton), *The scarlet feathers*, \$1.50.
Watt
 TOWNSEND (E. W.), *The climbing Courvates*, †\$1.50.
Stokes
 TRACY (L.), *The message*, \$1.50....*Clode*
 TRACY (Virginia), *Merely players*: stories of stage life, †\$1.50....*Century*
 TRAIN (Arthur), *The butler's story*, †\$1.25....*Scribner*
 TRAVERS (L. M.), *The honor of a Lee*, \$1.50.
Cochrane Pub.
 TREVENA (J.), *Arminel of the west*, \$1.50....*Moffat, Y.*
 —Heather, \$1.50....*Moffat, Y.*
 TROUBETZKOY (Prince Pierre), *The passer-by*, \$1.50.
Doubleday, P.
 TROWBRIDGE (J. T.), *A pair of madcaps*, \$1.50.
Lothrop, L. & S.
 TUTTIET (M. G.), [“Maxwell Gray”], *The suspicions of Mrs. Allonby*, †\$1.50....*Appleton*
 URNER (Mabel Herbert), *The journal of a neglected wife*, net, \$1.10....*B. W. Dodge*
 VANCE (L. Jos.), *The bronze bell*, †\$1.50....*Dodd, M.*
 VANDEVENTER (E. M.), [“Lawrence L. Lynch”], *The sealed verdict*, \$1; 25 c....*Laird & L.*
 VAUGHAN (Owen), [“Owen Rhoscomyl”], *Vronina*, †\$1.50....*Dodd, M.*
 WADELL (Mrs. C. C.), [“Louise Forslund”], *Old Lady Number 31*, \$1....*Century*
 WAGNALLS (Mabel), *The palace of danger*, †\$1.50.
Funk & W.
 WALLACE (Edgar), *Angel Esquire*, †\$1.50....*Holt*
 WALLER (Mary Ella), *A year out of life*, \$1.50
Appleton
 WARD (Eliz. Stuart Phelps), *Though life us do part*, †\$1.50....*Houghton M.*
 WARD (Mrs. Humphry), *Marriage a la mode*, \$1.20.
Doubleday, P.
 —The testing of Diana Mallory, †\$1.50....*Harper*
 WARD (J. O. P.), *The herd*, \$1.50....*Cochrane Pub.*
 WARNER (Anne) (Mrs. C. E. French), *In a mysterious way*, \$1.50....*Little, B.*
 —An original gentleman, and other stories, †\$1.50.
Little, B.
 —The panther, †\$1.25....*Small, M.*
 WARREN (Maude R.), *The land of the living*, †\$1.50.
Harper
 WEBSTER (H. Kitchell), *A king in khaki*, †\$1.50.
Appleton
 —The whispering man, †\$1.50....*Appleton*
 WEBSTER (Jean), *Much ado about Peter*, \$1.50.
Doubleday, P.
 WELLS (Herbert G.), *The war in the air*, †\$1.50.
Macmillan
 —Tono-Bungay, \$1.50....*Duffield*
 WELTY (C. G.), *The masquerading of Margaret*, \$1.
Clark Pub.
 WESTUM (A. S. v.), *The devil, founded on Molnar's play*, †\$1.50....*Dillingham*
 WFYMAN (Stanley J.), *The wild geese*, †\$1.50.
Doubleday, P.
 WHEELER (J. C.), *There she blows*....*Dutton*
 WEITAKER (Herman), *The planter*, †\$1.50....*Harper*
 WHITE (Fred. M.), *A crime on canvas*, \$1.50....*Fenno*
 —The sundial, \$1.50....*B. W. Dodge*
 WHITE (Stewart E.), *The riverman*, †\$1.50.
Doubleday, P.
- WHITE (W. Allen), *A certain rich man*....*Macmillan*
 WHOLE (The) family, a novel by twelve authors, †\$1.50....*Harper*
 WILLIAMSON (C. N. and Mrs. Alice M. L.), *Set in silver*, \$1.50....*Doubleday, P.*
 WILSON (Mrs. R. C. O'Neill), *The lady in the white veil*, \$1.50....*Harper*
 WINSLOW (Helen M.), *A woman for mayor*, *Reilly & B.*
Circle Pub.
 WODEHOUSE (P. G.), *Love among the chickens*, \$1.50.
Moffat, Y.
 WOODSEY (R. A.), *Sappho in Boston*, †\$1.50.
Woodrow (Nancy M. W.), The Silver Butterfly, †\$1.50....*Bobbs-M.*
 WOOLWINE (T. Lee), *In the valley of the shadow*, †\$1....*Doubleday, P.*
 WRIGHT (H. B.), *The calling of Dan Matthews*, \$1.25....*Book Supply Co.*
 WRIGHT (Mrs. M. O.), [“Barbara”], *The open window: tales of the months*, †\$1.50....*Macmillan*
 WYNNE (May), *The gipsy count*, \$1.50....*McBride*
 YORKE (Curtis, *pseud.*), *The girl and the man*, \$1.50....*Estes*
 —Mollie Deverill, \$1.50....*Estes*
 —The other Sara, †\$1.50....*Estes*
 YOUNG (A. B. F.), *When the tide turns*, †\$1.50....*Estes*
 YOUNG (F. E. M.), *Chip*, \$1.50....*Lane*
 —A mistaken marriage, †\$1.50....*Lane*
 YOUNG (Laurence D.), *The climbing doom*, †\$1.50....*Dillingham*

**

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

- AMUNDSEN (Capt. Roald), *The northwest passage*, 2 v., net, \$8....*Dutton*
 BROWN (Mrs. Kenneth), *Haremlik*: some pages from the life of Turkish women, net, \$1.25....*Houghton M.*
 CARSON (Blanche M.), *From Cairo to the Cataract*, \$2.50....*Page*
 CHURCHILL (Winston Spencer), *My African journey*, net, \$1.50....*G. H. Doran Co.*
 CONGER (Sarah Pike), *Letters from China*, net, \$2.75....*McClurg*
 COOLIDGE (W. A. B.), *The Alps in nature and in history*, net, \$2.50....*Dutton*
 CURWOOD (Ja. Oliver), *The Great Lakes*, net, \$3.50....*Putnam*
 DALE (Alan), *The great wet way*, net, \$1.50....*Dodd, M.*
 DIMOCK (A. W. and J. A.), *Florida enchantments*, net, \$3....*Outing Pub.*
 GILMAN (Arthur), *My Cranford*, net, \$1.25....*Houghton M.*
 GLIMPSES of Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle and Beautiful Puget Sound, 75 c....*Laird & L.*
 GRENFELL (W. Q.), *A voyage on an ice-pan*, *Houghton M.*
 GRIFFIS (W. E.), *D.D.*, *The story of New Netherlands*, net, \$1.25....*Houghton M.*
 HIGGINSON (Mrs. Ella), *Alaska, the great country*, \$2.50....*Macmillan*
 HOME (G. C.), *Along the rivieras of France and Italy*, net, \$3....*Macmillan*
 HOWE (Maud) (Mrs. J. Elliott), *Sun and shadow in Spain*, net, \$3....*Little, B.*
 HOWELLS (W. D.), *Roman holidays*, net, \$3....*Harper*
 HUBBARD (Mrs. Leonidas), *A woman's way through Labrador*, net, \$1.50....*Doubleday, P.*
 HULBERT (Archer B.), *The Niagara river*, net, \$3.50....*Putnam*
 JOHNSON (Clifton), *Highways and byways of Pacific coast*, net, \$2....*Macmillan*
 JONES (Plummer F.), *Shamrock land*, net, \$2....*Moffat, Y.*
 KIRKLAND (Caroline), *Some African highways: a journey of two American women to Uganda and the Transvaal*, \$1.50....*Estes*
 LEES (F.) *A summer in Touraine*, net, \$2.75....*McClurg*
 LINCOLN (Jos. C.), *Our village*, net, \$1.50....*Appleton*
 LOOMIS (C. Battell), *Just Irish*, \$1....*Badger*
 MACGOWAN (Rev. J.), *Sidelights on Chinese life*, net, \$3.75....*Lippincott*
 MASON (Caroline Atwater), *The spell of Italy*, \$3....*Page*
 PARRISH (Randall), *The last voyage of the “Donna Isabel”*, \$1.50....*Doubleday, P.*
 PETRIE (Graham), *Tunis, Kairouan and Carthage described and ill.*, net, \$4.80....*Doubleday, P.*
 RAYMOND (H. W.), *The story of Saranac*, net, \$1....*Grafton*

RUTTER (Frank), *The path to Paris*, net, \$5...Lane
 SHELLEY (H. C.), *Untrodden English ways*, net, \$3.
 Little, B.
 SINGLETON (Esther), *Holland*, net, \$1.....McClurg
 VAN DYKE (H. J.), *Out of doors in the Holy Land*,
 net, \$1.50.....Scribner
 WHARTON (*Mrs.* Anne Hollingsworth), *An English
 honeymoon*, net, \$1.50.....Lippincott
 WHITING (Lilian), *Paris the beautiful*, net, \$2.
 Little, B.

**

OUTDOOR SPORTS AND EXERCISES.

BOARDMAN (Edwin A.), *The small yacht*, net, \$2.
 Little, B.
 BRAID (Ja.), *Advanced golf*, net, \$3.....Jacobs
 BRIGGS (E. E.), *Angling and art in Scotland*, net,
 \$4.....Longmans, G.
 HUTH (Rollin Lynde), *The people at play*, \$1.50.
 Houghton M.
 JAMES (Alice R.), *Ball games and breathing exer-
 cises*, 40 c.....Longmans
 SMITH (Arthur), *The game of Go*, the national game
 of Japan, net, \$2.50.....Moffat, Y.
 TOMPKINS (F. C.), *Court tennis*, with notes on
 racquet and squash-racquets, net, \$1....Lippincott

**

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTHANDER (J. W.), *Apostle of Alaska* (story of
 William Duncan), net, \$1.50.....Revell
 BIRDEYE (Clarence F.), *The reorganization of the
 colleges*, net, \$1.75.....Baker & T.
 BISLAND (Eliz.), *Seekers in Sicily*, net, \$2.50...Lane
 CARLYLE (T.), and WELSH (Jane), *Love letters of
 Carlyle and Jane Welsh*, 2 v., net, \$8....Lane
 CARPENTER (Geo. R.), *Life of Walt Whitman*, net,
 75 c.....Macmillan
 CHANNING (Prof.), and LANSING (Marion), *Stories
 of the Great Lakes*, \$1.50.....Macmillan
 CHAPMAN (Allen), *Ralph on the Engine*.
 Grosset & D.
 CHESTERTON (Gilbert K.), *Orthodoxy*, net, \$1.50.
 Lane
 CORNISH (Vaughan), *The Panama Canal and its
 makers*, net, \$1.50.Little, B.
 DALY (T. A.), *Carmina: poems*, net, \$1.....Lane
 DAY (Sarah L.), *Fresh fields and pastures new:
 poems*.Putnam
 DEVINE (E. T.), *Misery and its causes*, net, \$1.25.
 Macmillan
 DICKENS (C.), *Works*, Oxford white pap. ed., 20 v.,
 per v., 80 c., \$1.25, \$1.50; Oxford India pap. ed.,
 17 v., per v., \$1.75.....Oxford Univ.
 EATON (Cady), *A handbook of modern French punt-
 ing*, net, \$2.50.....Dodd, M.
 ELSON, (H. W.), *A child's guide to American history*,
 net, \$1.25.....Baker & T.
 FAITH and works of Christian science, by the au-
 thor of "Confessio medici," net, \$1.25.
 Macmillan
 FRESH leaves and green pastures, by the author of
 "Leaves from a life," net, \$3.50.....Brentano's

GARIS (Howard R.), *Dick Hamilton's fortune*.

Grosset & D.

— Larry Dexter's great search.....Grosset & D.
 HAMEL (Frank), *Fair women at Fontainebleau*, ret,
 \$3.75.....Brentano's

HANKS (Chas. S.), *Our Plymouth forefathers*, \$1.50.
 Estes

HILL (Janet M.), *Cooking for two*, net, \$1.50.
 Little, B.

HUGO (Victor), *Novels*, 8 v., per v., \$1.25..Nelson

JAMESON (H. F.), *Pippins and peaches*, \$1.
 Reilly & B.

JERROLD (Walter), *Thomas Hood*, his life and times,
 net, \$5.....Lane

KING (H. C.), *The laws of friendship*, human and
 divine, net, \$1.25.....Macmillan

KING Alfred's jewel: a drama, net, \$1.25.....Lane
 KNOFF (S. Adolphus), *Tuberculosis*, a preventable
 and curable disease, net, \$2.....Moffat, Y.

LEE (Frank T.), *Sidelights on the Bible*, net, \$1.
 Winston

Low-cost suburban houses, 25 c.....Winston

MACKAYE (Percy), *The playhouse and the play*,
 net, \$1.25.....Macmillan

MAETERLINCK (Maurice), *The blue bird: a fairy play*,
 net, \$1.20.....Dodd, M.

MAHAN (A. T.), *The harvest within*, net, \$1.50.
 Little, B.

MILLIGAN (Rob. H.), *The jingle folk of Africa*, net,
 \$1.50.....Revell

PARAMANANDA (Swami), *Vedanta in practice*, net, \$1.
 Baker & T.

PECK (Harry Thurston), *Studies in several litera-
 tures*, net, \$1.20.....Dodd, M.

PORTER (Arthur K.), *Medieval architecture*, 2 v.,
 net, per set \$15.....Baker & T.

RAPPAPORT (Angelo S.), *Royal lovers and their fa-
 vorites*, net, \$4.....Brentano's

RIDER (Fremont). *Are the dead alive?*, net, \$1.75.
 B. W. Dodge

SANDARS (Miss), *Duke de Lauzun*, courier, adven-
 turer and friend of Louis XIV., 2 v., net, \$6.
 Brentano's

SHAW (G. B.), *Love among the artists*, new ed.,
 \$1.50.....Brentano's

STEINER (E. A.), *Tolstoy, the man and his message*,
 rev. and enl., net, \$1.50.....Revell

STERNBERG (C. H.), *Life of a fossil hunter*, net,
 \$1.50.....Holt

THACKERAY (T. M.), *Works*, Oxford white pap. ed.,
 20 v., per v., 80 c., \$1.25, \$1.50; Oxford India pap.
 ed., 17 v., per v., \$1.75.....Oxford Univ.

THOMSON (W. Hanna), M.D., *What is physical life*,
 net, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.

WHITNEY (H. C.), *Life of Lincoln*, 2 v., net, \$2.50.
 Baker & T.

WILLIAMS (Jesse Lynch), *Mr. Cleveland*, net, 50 c.
 Dodd, M.

WINFIELD (Arthur M.), *The Putnam Hall rebellion*.
 Grosset & D.

— Rover Boys on Treasure Isle.....Grosset & D.

WINSTON'S popular series, 20 v., per v., 75 c.
 Winston

WORLD'S classics, 76 v., per v., 35 c.; 65 c.
 Oxford Univ.



From "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill." Copyright,
 1909, by Reilly & Britton Co.

"IS MY BREECHES TORE, SAM?"

From
Page's
List

BEST BOOKS for SUMMER READING

FICTION

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES of QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS

By CHARLES FELTON PIDGIN

Author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Blennerhasset," etc. Illustrated . . \$1.50

What "The Old Homestead" has been to theatregoers, "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has supplied to readers, for "Three Miles to Mason's Corner" pointed thousands to old homestead scenes and heart memories. All the qualities of the first book are carried on by the Quincys, Sr. and Jr., and a new character in fiction, a charming girl detective, is introduced.

SECOND PRINTING

DAVID BRAN

By MORLEY ROBERTS

Author of "Rachel Marr," "The Idlers,"
etc. Illustrated. \$1.50

"As to the hearts of some men and of some women, he is cynical. But he draws capital pictures of the gossiping old men of Trescas—and when he is sounding for us the deeps in the nature of Lou Trevarris, Kate Poldrew, and even David Bran, the name of his writer's gift is Wonderful."

—N. Y. World.

THIRD PRINTING

A GENTLEMAN OF QUALITY

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey

Author of "The Magic Story"

Illustrated. \$1.50

"A romance that is vivid and original."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

"The best purely novelish story of the season."—St. Louis Times.

THE MYSTERY OF MISS MOTTE

By
CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

Author of "A Lily of France," "The
Binding of the Strong," etc.
Illustrated. \$1.25

"A love story particularly neat and sweet in which mystery plays a part. Mrs. Mason develops her romance skilfully against a very pleasant social background."

—N. Y. World.

THE QUEST FOR THE ROSE OF SHARON

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Marathon Mystery,"
etc. Illustrated. \$1.25

A tale of mystery with a fascinating heroine. The reader's curiosity is excited to the utmost, and the excitement sustained to the very end.

Only book reported last September which still appears among the best sellers in the May Bookman. Every customer who has not read it should have his attention called to

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (Twelfth Printing)

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated. \$1.50

From
Page's
List

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL BOOKS

ITALIAN HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS from a MOTOR CAR

By FRANCIS MILTOUN

*Author of "The Automobilist Abroad," "In the Land of Mosques and Minarets,"
"Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine," etc.*

*With eight colored plates and fifty other illustrations, cover design and minor
decorations by Blanche McManus. 8vo, cloth decorative, boxed. \$3.00.*

The announcement of a new book by Mr. Miltoun is sure to prove pleasant news to those who have read his previous volumes.

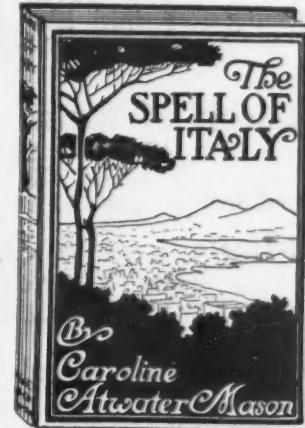
"Mr. Miltoun's books of travel have the quality of stimulating the imagination and of arousing the reader's ambition to visit the places described. He has a keen eye for the picturesque and unusual, and is never perfunctory. Miss McManus' illustrations have a very attractive individuality."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE SPELL OF ITALY

By CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

Author of "A Lily of France," etc. With frontispiece in color and forty-eight other illustrations in duogravure. 8vo, cloth decorative, boxed, \$2.50.

"How the very title of Mrs. Mason's book brings back the blue sweep of the Bay of Naples, the matchless panorama from the Capuccini at Amalfi, the oppressive embarrassment of things to be seen in Rome. Mrs. Mason not only has seen them all, but she writes of them with the fresh enthusiasm of a first acquaintance and, best of all, she makes her readers see Italy and feel its spell. . . . The author's breezy, anecdotal style, with touches of enlivening fiction here and there, makes her book as companionable as a novel."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

By BLANCHE M. CARSON

With forty-eight full page illustrations in duogravure from photographs taken by the author. Large 12mo, cloth decorative, boxed, \$2.50

An unusually charming narrative of a journey through the better known parts of Egypt.

"A pleasant and familiar style, a wealth of the most clear and most beautiful photographs and all the aids of good bookmaking go to make this a charming volume. In letter form (and the whole volume seems to have been founded upon long 'letters home'), the book seems as we turn its pages meant for us—for us individually. All this adds to the pleasure we take in it."—*Public Ledger*, Philadelphia.

Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties

By MRS. RODOLPH STAWEll

With upwards of seventy full-page illustrations in duogravure. Cloth, decorative, boxed, \$2.50

This most artistic book gives a sympathetic description of all that is worth seeing in Shropshire, North Wales, the Heart of Wales, South Wales, and the Wye Valley.

"To sit at home and read this book is to become so thoroughly acquainted with the district covered that you can easily imagine you had actually made a trip in the flesh instead of in the spirit only. . . . The pictures are exquisite and the whole volume reflects the highest praise on all concerned therein."—*The Boston Transcript*.

From
Page's
List

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, 200 Summer St., BOSTON

Winston's Popular Fiction

23 books nearly all published at \$1.25 and \$1.50 per volume, and until recently sold only in the original editions. Now offered for the first time in popular-priced editions. All are bound in extra cloth with attractive cover designs, and are standard 12mo size. **Price per volume, 75c.**

The "Bishop" of Cottontown

By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

One of the best selling novels published in recent years. An absorbing story of southern life in a cotton mill town, intense with passion, humor and pathos. The old "Bishop" is unique.

A Summer Hymnal

By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

One of the prettiest love stories ever written; a romance of the Blue Grass region of Tennessee.

The Quakeress

By CHAS. HEBER CLARK (Max Adeler)

A charming story which had great success in the original edition and was among the best selling books.

In Search of Mademoiselle

By GEORGE GIBBS

A stirring story during the struggle between French and Spanish arms in Florida.

Ole Mistis and Other Songs and Stories from Tennessee

By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

Captain Bluitt A Tale of Old Turley

By CHAS. HEBER CLARK (Max Adeler)

In this delightful humorist's happiest style.

In Happy Hollow

By CHAS. HEBER CLARK (Max Adeler)

The amusing story of a boom town.

Sawdust A Polish Romance

By DOROTHEA GERARD

The Tu Tze's Tower

By LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS

One of the best novels of Chinese and Tibetan life.

A Forest Drama

By LOUIS PENDLETON

An unusually strong story of the Canadian Wilds.

NOVELS BY ELIZABETH STODDARD (Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard)

E. C. STEDMAN, the late poet, said: "All lovers of true literature will consider it both just and fortunate that Mrs. Stoddard's books of fiction should now be reproduced in standard library form, as a recognition of their place among works of fascinating interest and permanent value."

The Morgessons. This was the first of Mrs. Stoddard's novels, and Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to the author:—"As genuine and life-like as anything that pen and ink can do."

Temple House. A powerful story of life in a little seaport town—romantic and often impassioned.

Adventures of the World's Greatest Detectives

By GEORGE BARTON

"Stories of feats performed by Vidocq, Wilkie, Pinkerton, Trepoff, Kelly, Brooks and other famous sleuths, proving that truth is stranger than fiction and forming most interesting and instructive reading."—*Detroit News*.

Pemberton By HENRY PETERSON

The classic Revolution romance of Philadelphia.

An Embarrassing Orphan

By W. E. NORRIS

One of the favorite living writers.

Out of the Hurly Burly

Or Life in an Odd Corner

By CHAS. HEBER CLARK (Max Adeler)

A most entertaining piece of humor.

Deacon Babbitt

By EDGAR G. BLANKMAN

Pronounced by some critics superior to "David Harum."

A Victim of Conscience

By MILTON GOLDSMITH

A Study of Judaism and Christianity.

Kent Fort Manor

By WILLIAM HENRY BABCOCK

The Isle of Kent, near Baltimore, is the scene of this dashing tale.

Dulcibel By HENRY PETERSON

A charming love story of Old Salem in Witchcraft days.

The Archierey of Samara

By HENRY ILIOWIZI

A semi-historic romance of Russian life.

In the Pale By HENRY ILIOWIZI

Stories and Legends of Jews in Russia.

Two Men. "Jason began 'life' in 'Crest' with ten dollars, two suits of clothes, several shirts, two books, a pin cushion and the temperance lecture."

PRICE PER VOLUME 75 CENTS

The John C. Winston Co., Publishers 1006-1016 Arch Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Summer Reading

THE OXFORD THACKERAY

Complete Edition, with more than 1500 illustrations. On Fine White and the Famous Oxford India Papers. Edited, with Introductions, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Size, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Oxford White Paper Edition. Complete in 20 Volumes

Nos.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| III. CLOTH, gilt top..... | 80 cents per volume, \$16.00 per set |
| II. RED VENETIAN, limp, gilt edges..... | \$1.25 per volume, 25.00 per set |
| III. FINE GRAIN LAMBSKIN, gilt top..... | 1.50 per volume, 30.00 per set |

The Oxford India Paper Edition. In 17 Volumes

Nos.

Average weight of volumes, 8 ounces

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 33. LAMBSKIN, limp, gilt back, gilt top..... | \$1.75 per volume, \$29.75 per set |
|--|------------------------------------|

The following sold only in sets:

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 44. POLISHED LAMBSKIN, gilt top..... | 35.00 per set |
| 55. DARK RED RUTLAND, limp, round corners, red under
gold edges..... | 45.00 per set |

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS

A New and Complete Edition in Handy Size on Fine White and the Famous Oxford India Papers. By Arrangement with CHAPMAN & HALL, Owners of the Copyright. With nearly 700 illustrations by CRUIKSHANK, "PHIZ," etc.

Oxford White Paper Edition. Complete in 20 Volumes

Nos.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| II. CLOTH, gilt top..... | 80 cents per volume, \$16.00 per set |
| 12. RED VENETIAN, limp, gilt top..... | \$1.25 per volume, 25.00 per set |
| 23. FINE GRAIN LAMBSKIN, gilt back,
gilt top..... | 1.50 per volume, 30.00 per set |

The Oxford India Paper Edition. The Only Illustrated Edition on Oxford India Paper. Complete in 17 Volumes

Nos.

Average weight of volumes, 8 ounces

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 2. LAMBSKIN, decorated cover, gilt top..... | per volume, \$1.75 |
|---|--------------------|

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 3. LAMBSKIN, limp, gilt back, gilt top..... | per volume, 1.75 |
|---|------------------|

The following sold only in sets:

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 4. POLISHED LAMBSKIN, gilt top..... | per set, \$35.00 |
| 5. DARK RED RUTLAND, limp, round corners, red under
gold edges..... | per set, 45.00 |
| 6. DARK RED RUSSIA, limp, round corners, red under gold
edges..... | per set, 70.00 |
| 7. SEALSKIN, limp, round corners, red under gold edges..... | per set, 75.00 |

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

18mo, Cloth, 35 Cents; Leather, Limp, 65 Cents. (Size, 6 x 4 Inches)

"These miracles of publishing are both the cheapest and the most charming series of classics in existence."

The best recommendation and feature of THE WORLD'S CLASSICS are the books themselves, which have earned unstinted praise from all the leading critics and the public. Upwards of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ million copies have been sold.

A pocket edition of the best of the world's literature. There are seventy-six volumes. A special circular will be sent upon request.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, AMERICAN BRANCH, 35 W. 32d St., New York

FRESH BOOKS for BOYS

BY A BOY LOVER

EDWIN J. HOUSTON, Ph.D. (Princeton)



THIS "boy," Prof. Edwin J. Houston, whose genial countenance we portray, has long been known as one of the world's greatest electricians and physicists. Among Professor Houston's many accomplishments there is none at which he is more expert than the telling of tales for boys.

Professor Houston knows the boy mind and heart, and appeals not only to the "heart of a boy," but to his intellect as well.

THE PACIFIC SERIES

Composed of four volumes that present life on and in the great ocean. As the Pacific Ocean just now is the center of universal interest the publication of this series is most timely.

Volume I

Five Months on a Derelict

This book describes the experiences of two men and three boys on a derelict brig in the Pacific Ocean. Altogether it is a fascinating and informing tale of ocean wanderings and wonders.

Volume II

Wrecked on a Coral Island

The story gives a number of experiences that were not only amusing, but were also exciting and often exceedingly dangerous.

Volume III

In Captivity in the Pacific

In this book is given an account of the exciting adventures of the two boys who were carried off in a war canoe to one of the Marquesas Islands.

(IN PRESS)

Volume IV

At School in the Cannibal Islands

The first volumes of "The Pacific Series" have been so well received by their juvenile readers that the author has consented to prepare a fourth book, with the above title.



Order from the Nearest House

PHILADELPHIA

The Griffith & Rowland Press

BOSTON

CHICAGO

ST. LOUIS

ATLANTA

DALLAS

NELSON'S

New Century Library of Standard Authors Printed on India Paper

HUGO
DICKENS
THACKERAY
SCOTT
ELIOT
SHAKESPEARE

New Style
complete in
One Volume
Fits the Pocket



The Type is the same
in both



AUSTEN
BRONTE
and
Selected
Works of
Best Authors

The India paper used in these volumes enables us to make a work of standard fiction in less than half the usual space. The binding is in full flexible leather. These books always lie open flat in the hand.

JUST PUBLISHED

VICTOR HUGO'S NOVELS

Complete in 8 Volumes

1. Les Miserables—Volume 1—contains Fantine and Cosette
2. Les Miserables—Volume 2—contains Marius and St. Denis
3. Les Miserables—Vol. 3—contains Jean Valjean; Bug Jargal & Claud Gueux
4. Notre Dame
5. Toilers of the Sea
6. The Man Who Laughs
7. Ninety-Three
8. Hans of Iceland and the Last Day of a Condemned

Bound in Maroon Limp Leather, gold top, frontispiece and bookmark. Price \$1.25 per volume

Nelson's New Century Library contains pocket size volumes ($4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ inches) no thicker than a monthly magazine, printed from large type, same size as you are now reading. The volumes weigh but eight ounces, thus making ideal books for summer reading, as they do not tire the hand nor the eye, and are easily packed in bag or trunk, or can be carried in the coat pocket.

SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST OF TITLES TO

THOMAS NELSON & SONS

Loose Leaf Encyclopedia

Publishers for over a Century

American Standard Bibles

37 East 18th Street, New York

Important Juveniles NOW READY

THE NEW ROVER BOYS BOOKS FOR 1909:

The Rover Boys on Treasure Isle
Or, THE STRANGE CRUISE OF THE STEAM YACHT
 By ARTHUR M. WINFIELD

THE NEW PUTNAM HALL VOLUME FOR 1909:

The Putnam Hall Rebellion
Or, THE RIVAL RUNAWAYS
 By ARTHUR M. WINFIELD

THE NEW VOLUME IN THE GREAT NEWSPAPER SERIES:

Larry Dexter's Great Search
Or, THE HUNT FOR THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE
 By HOWARD R. GARIS

THE NEW VOLUME IN THE RAILROAD SERIES:

Ralph on the Engine
Or, THE YOUNG FIREMAN ON THE LIMITED MAIL
 By ALLEN CHAPMAN

A NEW SERIES OF CLEVER TALES FOR BOYS

The Dick Hamilton Series

By HOWARD R. GARIS

DICK HAMILTON'S FORTUNE. This tale has a plot that is highly original. Dick, the son of a millionaire, has a fortune left to him by his mother. But before he can touch the bulk of this money it is stipulated in his mother's will that he must do certain things in order to prove that he is worthy of possessing such a fortune. If he fails, the boy is to be turned over to the care of a miserly uncle, whom he despises. The doings of Dick and his chums make the liveliest kind of reading. Sharpers try to get the best of the youth, and at times he cannot tell who are his friends and who his enemies. The first of a series destined to become enormously popular.

Beside the above well-known and deservedly popular lines of books for boys we have

THE FRONTIER SERIES. By Captain RALPH BONEHILL.

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM SERIES. By Captain RALPH BONEHILL.

THE RISE IN LIFE SERIES. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE ENTERPRISE SERIES. By SEVERAL POPULAR AUTHORS.

THE DOROTHY CHESTER SERIES FOR GIRLS. By EVELYN RAYMOND.

These Popular Books for Young People are **Wholly American** in Scene, Plot, Motives, and Characters. They are stories that will entrance the boys—full of those things they look for in the books they read for their own pleasure.

Clearly printed from large type on excellent paper, with excellent half-tone illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth, with decorative covers.

12mo. Bound in Cloth, Stamped in Colors. Price, 60 Cents per Volume, Postpaid.

GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, New York

SPRING BOOKS

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., 33 East 17th St.
New York

Clarence F. Birdseye

THE REORGANIZATION OF OUR COLLEGES
8vo. 425 pages. Price, net, \$1.75.

Henry W. Elson

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN HISTORY
12mo. 400 pages. Price, net, \$1.25.

William Somerset Maugham **THE EXPLORER**
12mo. 300 pages. Frontispiece in color. Second edition. \$1.50.

Parabellum

12mo. 2 illustrations and a map. Price, \$1.50.

BANZAI!

Swami Paramananda
140 pages. Price, net, \$1.00.

VEDANTA IN PRACTICE

Arthur Kingsley Porter **MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE**
4to. 2 vols. Cloth. 1000 pages. Price, net, per set, \$15.00.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

12mo. 276 pages. Frontispiece in color. Price, \$1.50.

OPEN HOUSE

Henry C. Whitney

Edited by MARION MILLS MILLER, D.Lit. 2 vols. 750 pages. Boxed. 2 portraits.
Price, net, \$2.50.

LIFE OF LINCOLN

IF you are interested in books and in the literary activity of the present time you cannot afford to be without THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, which, each week, gives information of the books as they are published; of what authors are doing; what is new in the journalistic field and in the world of letters in general. Though intended primarily for the book trade it has also many attractions for the literary man and the student of intellectual progress, because it gives more information on the subject than any other periodical published in this country. Subscription price, \$4 the year. Send for sample copy. THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, P. O. Box 943, New York.

TO THE GENTLE READER:

This attractive guide to the books for Summer Reading is sent to you in the hope that it may assist you in the leisurely selection of just the book desired to take with you to the seashore, to the mountains, or on any other vacation tour.

Kindly note the address of the bookseller who sends it with his best wishes for the vacation season, and when you are ready to make your purchases send him your order in appreciation of his enterprise. He merits this consideration.

BOOKS WANTED.

ED In answering, please state edition, condition, and price, including postage or express charges.

Houses that are willing to deal exclusively on a cash-on-delivery basis will find it to their advantage to put after their firm-name the word [Cash.]

ED Write your wants plainly, and on one side of the sheet only. Illegibly-written "wants" will be considered as not having been received. The "Publishers' Weekly" does not hold itself responsible for errors.

It should be understood that the appearance of advertisements in this column, or elsewhere in the "Publishers' Weekly," does not furnish a guarantee of credit. While it is endeavored to safeguard these columns by withdrawing the privilege of their use from advertisers who are not "good pay" book-sellers should take the usual precautions, as to advertisers not known to them, that they would take in making sales to any unknown parties.

Adair Book Store, 43 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Long, J. F. After-Dinner and Other Speeches.

Man of Property, Galsworthy.

Invisible Links.

Hapgood, Follies of Others.

Hapgood, The Eternal Forerunners.

Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc., 37 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Wonderful Lamp, by McLeod. Pub. by Her-rick & Co.

Am. Bap. Pub. Soc., 1701 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Scripture Itself the Illustrator, by G. S. Bowes.

Ammon & Mackel, Successors to Leggat Bros., 81 Chambers St., N. Y.

Dr. Carlin's Receipt Book.

March's Thesaurus.

A Budget of Paradoxes, by Augustus de Morgan. Perpetuum Mobile, by Henry Diercks.

John R. Anderson, 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Nat. Educational Assoc. Proceedings, 1871 to '93.

Nat. Teachers' Assoc. Proceedings, 1857 to '70.

De Vinne, Invention of Printing.

Mulford, Our Forces, 1, 5, 6.

Lummis, Enchanted Burro.

Wm M. Bains, 1213 Market St., Phila., Pa.

Ancestry of Samuel Stockton White, compiled by F. Cregar. Phila., 1888.

Bailey & Sackett, Syracuse, N. Y.

Williams, Veterinary Medicine.

Statesman's Year-Book, 1908.

H. Carey Baird & Co., 810 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Brann, Petroleum, Its History, etc. Baird, 1895. Crew, Practical Treatise on Petroleum. Baird, 1887. Davis, Brick, Tiles and Terra Cotta. Baird, 1895.

C. H. Barr, Lancaster, Pa.

Rupps, Harris and Ellis and Evans' Histories of Lancaster County, Pa.

Books or pamphlets of celebrated trials.

Wealthy Citizens of Lancaster County, Pa. D. S. Kieffer. Lancaster, 1845-6. Carriage, condition.

N. J. Bartlett & Co., 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Whittier's Works, Standard Lit. ed., vol. 2, hf. brown mor.

Everett's Poetry, Comedy and Duty.

Carpenter's Religious Spirit in Poets.

Geo. M. Beckwith, 268 E. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Langford's Vigilante Days and Ways, 2 vols. Hayes, A Kent Squire.

Bonnell, Silver & Co., 48 W. 22d St., N. Y.

Doctrines of Grace, Ian Maclaren.

C. L. Bowman & Co., 225 5th Ave., N. Y.

Scharf's History of Western Maryland, 2 vols.

Maryland Archives, vol. 18.

Brentano's, 5th Ave and 27th St., N. Y.

Dumas' Works, E. & L. Sub. ed.

Brentano's, 1228 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Palgrave's Hist. of Anglo-Saxons.

Bryce's Lect. on Constantinople. Harper.

Charles A. Brewster, Troy, N. Y.

Harper's Monthly, Nov., 1906.

Century Magazine, April, 1907.

2 In Distance and in Dream.

Bridgman & Lyman, 108 Main St., Northampton, Mass.

Holstein Friesian Blue Book, vols. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7.

Elliott's Landscape Gardening.

Sharing the Profits, M. W. Calkins. Ginn.

Albert Britnell, Toronto, Canada. [Cash.]

Caspar Whitney's On Snow Shoes to Barren Grounds of Canada. Warburton Pike's Barren Grounds of Canada.

The Brown, Eager & Hull Co., 411 Summit St., Toledo, O.

To California and Back, by Higgins.

My Reminiscences, by Countess Radziwill.

Ancient Law, by Glasgow, 1st ed.

Bryant & Douglas Book and Stationery Co., 922 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Fear, by Mosso.

H. F. Burnham, 943 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

[Cash.]

Napoleon in Exile, O'Mera.

J. W. Cadby, 50 Grand St., Albany, N. Y.

Architectural Record, vol. 8, no. 4; vol. 12, no. 5.

American Historical Review, Oct., 1897; Jan., '98.

Magazine of American History, Dec., 1878; April,

'80; Jan., Feb., '89; March, '93.

Blackwood's Magazine, Oct., 1889.

Democratic Review, vols. 17, 18; Jan., Aug., to Dec., 1853; Sept., Oct., '54.

Harper's Young People, 1884, '98.

Littell's Living Age, nos. 2817, 3070, 73, 74, 75, 79, 80, 83, 84, 86, 88, 89, 90, 95, 3100, 17-22, 31,

33, 34, 37, 38, 40, 41, 48, 49, 51-54.

North American Review, April, Oct., 1875, at \$2 ea.

Yale Review, vol. 5.

Callaghan & Co., 114 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Ewbank's Supp. to Burns' Indiana Digest.

Brodix's Patent Cases, 2, 3, 5, 13.

W. A. Callanan, 346 Broadway, N. Y. [Cash.]

Life Insurance Reports, all States; also books or pamphlets on life insurance.

Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Murray, Portugal.

Philosopher Dick.

Lagerlof, From a Swedish Homestead.

G. M. Caspar Co., 431 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

International Library of Technology, vol. 46.

Spanish Method. Int. Corresp. School.

Fontaine's Electrolysis.

Alcott, Young Housekeeper.

American Practical Cookery Book.

Holland's Moth Book.

Sanderson, Complete Cook, Confectioner and Baker.

Benton, How to Cook Well.

Henderson, Common Sense in the Kitchen.

Great Truths by Great Authors.

Elegant Extracts, Bishop Latimer, Hall, Montaigne, etc.

Dods, Art of Cooking.

Fontaine, Elementary Grammar of the Italian Language.

The Central Book Store, Harrisburg, Pa.

Good late ed. of Johnson's Encyclopedia.

W. L. Chambers, Santa Monica, Cal.

Bulletin of the Cooper Ornithological Club, vol. 1 complete, or odd nos.

The Condor, vols. 2 and 3 complete, or parts.

The City Library, Springfield, Mass.

Fullam, Handbook for Infantry and Artillery. U. S. Navy, o. p.

Pyle, Otto of the Silver Hand, 2 copies. (Out of stock for indefinite period.)

Lucas, Dies and Die Makers. o. p.

Bell, Lady, Conversational Openings. o. p.

A. H. Clapp, 32 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y.

Ladies of the White House, Holloway.

Chas. W. Clark Co., 128 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Barber and Howe, Historical Collections of New Jersey. 1844.

Barber, Historical Collections of Connecticut. 1836.

Day, Historical Collections of Pennsylvania. 1843.

Scharf, History of Western Maryland, 2 vols.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

W. B. Clarke Co., 26 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
 Watt's Hymns.
 Uncle Davey's Honeymoon.
 Kidnapped Millionaires, F. U. Adams.
 The "Krank," by T. W. Lawson.
 Wit, Wisdom and Pathos From Prose of Heinrich Heine Affixes, by Haldeman.
 La Beata, Trollope, T. A.
 Brown's Hist. of Accounting.

Cole's Bookshop, 767 South C St., Tacoma, Wash.
 Secrets of Wise Men and the Great Physician.
 Wilkes, Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, 1838-'42, 1st ed.
 Cook, Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, 1st ed., 4 vols., with all plates.
 Give full description of all offerings.

Cleesworthy's Book Store, 66 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

The Mar. From Texas. Pub. 25 years ago.
 Century Book of Names.

Columbia University Book Store, 117th St. and Broadway, N. Y.

Adams, Public Debts.
 Ricardo, ed. by McCullough.

Irving S. Colwell, 97 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.
 Mulford's The Nation.
 Doc. Hist. N. Y., vol. 4 only, small.

Connor's Book Store, 232 Meridian St., E. Boston, Mass.

The White Phantom.
 Burgess Genealogy.
 Diary of Madame Ridesel.
 Letters to Washington, vols. 1, 2, 5.

Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N. Y.
 Historical Collections Relating to American Colonial Church, ed. W. S. Perry, 5 vols., all or any vols. 1870-'78.

Cossitt Library, Memphis, Tenn.

Depew, Library of Oratory, 15 vols.
 Johnson, Universal Cyclopedias.
 Dowd, Physical Culture.
 Morin, Experiences sur le tirage des voitures, etc.
 Porter, Allen Dare and Robert le Diable.
 Grand opera scores and librettos.

R. W. Crothers, 246 4th Ave., N. Y. [Cash.]
 Locke's St. Paul the Master Builder.
 From Their Point of View.
 Peloubet's Notes on S. S. Lessons, 1907.
 Tarbell's Notes, 1907.

R. Davis, 41 W. 42d St., N. Y.

Physiology of Artistic Singing, by Howard.
 Mark Twain's Works, vols. 15-25, Autograph ed.
 Emerson's Works, Limited ed., Riverside, vol. 12 only, boards.

Dawson's Book Shop, 518 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Calif. Hist. Soc. Publications.
 Hawaii, by Mabel Kraft-Deering.
 Under the Shadow of the Sword, by Buchanan.

Denholm & McKay Co., Worcester, Mass.

Gun Boats and Cruises.
 Ilokusai, C. J. Holmes. Longmans, Green.
 Set of Spofford's Historical Characters
 Set of Guy de Maupassant, Definitive ed., 17 vols., cl.
 Pepys' Diary, Morris ed.

Desmond Pub. Co., 144 High St., Boston, Mass. [Cash.]

Roosevelt, Theodore, Vol. Heroic Tales of Am. History, of the original Royal ed. in 22 vols., $\frac{3}{4}$ bird's eye mor. Pub. by Gebbie & Co.

Dewitt & Snelling, 9 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Cal.

Historians' History of the World.
 History of All Nations, Pub. by Lea.
 Whitman, the Emancipator of Women.
 Life of Dickens, by Mackenzie.
 Pioneer, or Calif. Monthly Mag., any nos.

DeWolfe & Fiske Co., 20 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

David Harum, 1st ed.
 Life of Edward White Benson, A. C. Benson.
 Quest, Van Eden.
 Lectures on Nat. History, Flint.
 Life and Ad. Arthur Clenning, Flint.
 Immortality, Flint.
 Essay on the Arts, etc., Flint.
 Pattie's Narrative, Flint.

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, Harrisburg, Pa.
 The Invisible Glory, by Geo. Howard.

Dixie Book Shop, 41 Liberty St., N. Y.
 Poor's Manuals, vols. 1 and 2.
 Commercial and Financial Chronicle, vols. 1 to 27, any.

Dodd, Mead & Co., 372 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
 Marriage of the King's Son, by Dr. James.

Chas. H. Dressel, 559 Broad St., Newark, N. J. [Cash.]

Records of the Clan and Name of Fergusson, Ferguson and Fergus.
 Rented a Husband, by Voisin.
 Jacobs, Aesop's Fables, 2 vol. ed.

H. & W. B. Drew Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
 Obstetrical Nursing, by Henry E. Tulley.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 W. 23d St., N. Y.
 Genealogy of the Bliss Family in America, 1550-1880, comp. by J. H. Bliss. Norwich, Conn.
 Memoirs of Karoline Bauer. Roberts Bros.
 Bailey, Cyclopedia of Horticulture, vol. 1.

The Eichelberger Book Co., 308 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

Geo. Robertson, Families in Ayrshire. Irvine, 1823-'25.

Paul Elder & Co., 239 Grant Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Essays and Lectures of Dr. Samuel Johnson, about 1800-'75, American. Boston.
 Aken and Hilton, Story of Earthquake. Edward Hilton Co. \$1.50.
 Wilde, Happy Prince and Other Stories. Little, Brown.

Miss L. E. Fischer, 1604 Second Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Francis Hopkinson Smith's Works, Subscription set, 1st ed.

American Weather, by A. W. Greeley, 1st ed.
 Second Wooing of Selina Sue, by Ruth McEnery Stewart, 1st ed.
 Joyzelle and Monna Vanna, by Maurice Maeterlinck, 1st ed.
 Intelligence of Flowers, by Maurice Maeterlinck, 1st ed.

H. W. Fisher & Co., 214 S. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

Buckle and His Critics.
 The Yellow Pine Basin, by H. Catlin. Small, M.
 History of 2d Presby. Church Carlisle.
 Presbyter of Carlisle.
 Old Stone Meeting House, J. B. Landis. Carlisle.
 Munro, Gillian the Dreamer. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Hewlett, Masque of Dead Florentines.
 H'wlett. Songs and Meditations.
 Ibsen Brand, green cl. Scribner.

W. Y. Foote Co., University Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

Sweet's Atlas of Onondaga County.
 Practical Reference Library, 6 vols. Pub. by Dickson, Hamson Co.

Franklin Bookshop, (S. N. Rhoads,) 920 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.,

Clement's Settlers in Newton Township, N. J.
 Rafinesque, anything by.

Poe's Raven. Phila., 1866.

Free Public Library, Oskaloosa, Ia.

Julian's Dictionary of Hymns.
 James' Varieties of Religious Experience.
 Chambers' Book of Days.
 Walsh, Curiosities of Popular Customs, Rites, etc.
 Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.
 Lalor's Encyclopaedia of Political Science, 3 vols.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

Free Public Library, Oskaloosa, Ia.—Continued.
Bliss, Encyclopædia of Missions. 1904.
Wilson's Rise and Fall of the Slave Trade in America, 3 vols.
Stanley's History of the Jews, 3 vols. Scribner.
International Library of Technology, vols. on Architecture, Electrical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Designing.

W. R. Funk, Agt., Dayton, O.
Graven in the Rock, by Sam'l Kirms.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 23d St. and 4th Ave., N. Y.
Confessions of a Country Parson.
Goldeziher's Religion of Islam (American Lectures).
The Rocky Mountain Saints and Mormon Monster.

J. Gardner, 18 Broughton St., E., Savannah, Ga.
Atlas of Dancing, by Albert Zorn.

Goodspeed's Book Shop, 5a Park St., Boston, Mass.
Fenn, Geo. M., Off to the Wilds.

A. H. Grant, 356 Bay Way, Elizabeth, N. J.
[Cash.]

Am. Inst. Electrical Engineers, March, 1899.
Journal of Iron and Steel Institute, vol. 2, 1901;
vol. 1, 1902; vol. 2, 1907.

Gregory's Bookstore, 116 Union St., Providence, R. I.
Barton, Hero in Homespun.
Besant, Seamy Side.
Cross, Not All in Vain.
Edwards, Barbara's History.
Watson, Cinderella.
Wheelock, Christmas Eve.

F. B. Hartranft, 49 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.
Fresenius, Quantitative Chemical Analysis, 2 vols., trans. by Cohn.
Allibone, Critical Dict., 5 vols.
Allibone, Prose Quotations.
Jesuit Relations, 73 vols.

L. B. Herr, 112 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.
Jacob Denner's Betrachtungen über die Sonn und Festags Evangelien des Ganzen Jahres.
Martyr's Mirror, or Martyren Spiegel, in German.

H. H. Hershey, Box 592, Columbus, O.
Odd numbers or sets of:
Canadian Dental Journal.
Dental Office and Laboratory.
Dental Advertiser and Practitioner.
New York Dental Recorder.

Ernst Hertzberg & Sons, 108-110 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. [Cash.]
Houghton Mifflin & Co. Homer, in 8 vols., buckram binding, Flaxman's drawings.

Walter M. Hill, 831 Marshall Field Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Stevens, G. W., With Kitchener to Khartoum.
Dodd, Mead & Co., 1898.

Paul B. Hoeber, 69 E. 59th St., N. Y.
Marshall, Surg. Diseases of Face, Mouth and Jaw.
Johns Hopkins Hospital Plan. Wm. Wood, 1875.
Hospital Plans. Wm. Wood & Co., 1875.
Montaigne's Essays.

Holmes Book Co., 1158 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Hutchings' Cal. Magazines, any nos.
Pioneer Magazine Cal., any nos.
Overland Monthly, any nos. of '83, '84, '85, '86.
The Hesperian Cal., any nos.
Publications of the Cal. Academy of Science.

C. W. Houghton, 21 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.
Forum, May, June, Sept., '86; June, Sept., '87.
Cosmopolitan, March, May, Aug., Nov., 1886.
World's Work, Jan., Feb., Nov., 1901.

W. S. Houghton, 64 New Park St., W. Lynn, Mass.
Littell's, nos. 2601, 2614, 3091.
Craftsman, small size.
Bay State Monthly, Nov., 1884.
World's Work, Dec., 1900; Jan., '01.
N. A. Review, July, 1862; Oct., '63,

The Hub Magazine Co., 110 Tremont St., Boston.
Educational Review, Oct., '92; Dec., '99; Nov., '01.
Harper's Bazaar, Aug. 19, 1899. At 25 c.
Review of Reviews, April to Oct., '91.
St. Nicholas, vol. 1.

George P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y. [Cash.]
Auction Prices Current, 4 vols., 8vo, cl. D., M. & Co.

H. R. Hunting Co., 317 Main St., Springfield, Mass.
Lee, History of N. J.
Lincoln's Political Debates.
Naumann, Hist. of Music, 2 vols.

Huston's Book Store, Rockland, Me.
Jennings' Memorials of the Centuries.

H. S. Hutchinson & Co., New Bedford, Mass.
Works of William Gilmore Simms, 12mo, green cl., in good condition.

Illinois Book Exchange, 407 Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.
Nicolay and Hay's Lincoln, 10 vols.

Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 1216 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
Through Unknown African Countries, by A. Donaldson Smith.
Head Hunters of Borneo, by Dr. Furness.
Stevenson's Father Damien, an Open Letter to Dr. Hyde.

U. P. James, 127 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.
Buslayev, Russkaya Grammatica, 5th ed.
Sturgis, Little Comedies.
Matthews, B., Comedies for Amateur Acting.

Jennings & Graham, 57 Washington St., Chicago.
Dr. Gideon Brechee, The Book of Jeziro. Vienna, 1850.

E. T. Jett Book and News Co., 912 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Architecture of Renaissance in Italy. Scribner.
Prendergast's Mastery Series, French Language.
Beyond the End, Boutell.

Joe's Second-Hand Book Store, 113 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Any books on landscape gardening with illustrations.
Ben Pitman's Shorthand Dictionary.
Books on repairing action of pianos.
Chief's Reminder.
Kent's, Trautwine's, Kidder's Handbooks.

E. W. Johnson, 39 W. 42d St., N. Y.
Any books or pamphlets on Hungary.
Perkins' Tuscan Sculpture, 2 vols. 1864.
Tissot's Bible, cheap ed.
Canfield, Diary of a Forty-Niner.
Common Council Manuals, any early vols.
Kurz, Precious Stones of North America.
Any history of Harvard College except Quincy's.

Johnson's Bookstore, 313 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

Art of Living Alone, by Bradford.
Sistine Madonna, by Bradford.
Spirit of Life, by Bradford.
Prendergast's Spanish Mastery Series.

Kendrick Book and Stationery Co., Denver, Col.
The Sweet Sugar of Michigan, by Mrs. Moore, cl. or pap. binding.
Cole's Encyclopedia of Dry Goods, by Geo. S. Cole.
Pub. by Root Newspaper Agency.

Kimball Bros., 618 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. [Cash.]

Hugo's Novels, in French.
Whitford's History of the Canal.
System of N. Y. State, 2 vols. 1906.
Farman's Monogram on the Bull Dog. Lond., 1902.

King's Old Book Store, 891 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Flynn, Irrigation.
Dwinelle, Colonial History of S. F.
Annals of S. F.
Stock Buyer's Manual and Handbook of Reference.

Latin-American Book Co., 203 Front St., N. Y.
Morelet, Travels in Cent. Amer. 1871.
Stevenson, Maximilian in Mexico. 1899.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.**Latin-American Book Co.—Continued.**

Squier, States of Cent. Amer. 1858.
 Allen, Mexican Treacheries. 1848.
 Barnard, The Administration, Its Treatment General Scott.
 Livingston, Book Prices Current. 1908.
 Texas Journals of the House and Senate, also State, for first Ten Legislatures.

Charles E. Lauriat Co., 385 Washington St., Boston

Bailey's Scholars' Companion.
 Joy of Capt. Ribot, Grandee, and Scum, by Valdes.
 Sargossa, Battle of Salamanca, Trafalgar, Court of Charles IV., and Marianela, by Perez Galdos.
 Lossing's Our Country.
 Young's Tour in France, early ed.
 Lecky's History of England, cheap second-hand set.

Legal Literature Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Life of Daniel O'Connell, by Robert MacDonagh.
 Self-Preparation for Final Examination, by John Indermaur.

Lester Book and Stationery Co., 60 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

Geographical Distribution of Animals, by Heilprin.

Library Clearing House, 140 Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Brinley Catalogue Index.
 Who's Who in America.
 Schoolcraft, Algic Researches, vol. 2. N. Y., 1839.
 Ward, Robert Elsmere, 2 vol. ed., cl., cheap.
 Vega's Logarithms, or other 7 or more place tables.

Lib. Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the U. S., vols. 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 19, 22, 23, 25-37 inclusive, 39, 40 to date, or any of these vols.

C. F. Liebeck, 1261 E. 67th St., Chicago, Ill.

Centennial History of Mason Co., Ill., J. Cochrane, 8vo, cl. 1876.
 History of U. S. Flag, S. Hamilton, 12mo, cl. 1852.
 Hot Corn, N. Y. Life Scenes, Robinson. 1854.

Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston

Mme. Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends, Kathleen O'Meara.
 Dugdale, The Jukes.
 Emma, Lady Hamilton, J. T. H. Bailey.

B. Login & Son, 1328 3d Ave., N. Y.

Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics, any nos. from from vol. 3 to date.
 Brain, vol. 8, no. 4. Will pay \$3 for this no.
 Index Medicus, New Series, vols. 1-3, 4, 5; Old Series, any nos. after vol. 9, no. 8.

Louisville Free Public Library, Louisville, Ky.

Historic Families of Kentucky, by Thomas Marshall Green, Cincinnati, Clarke.
 Old Families of Virginia, and Virginia Genealogy, by Horace Hayden.

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C.

Kotzebue, New Voyage Round the World, 1823-'26.
 Wrangell, Narrative of Expedition to Polar Sea, 1820-'23.
 Coxe, Account of Russian Discoveries Between Asia and America.
 Dixon, Voyage Round the World.
 Beechey, Narrative of Voyage to Pacific and Behring Strait.
 Barrington, Miscellanies, Journal of a Voyage to Explore Coast of America.
 Muller, Voyages From Asia to America.
 Lissiansky, Voyage Round the World, 1803-'06.
 Bryant, Three Great Poems.
 Chanute, Progress in Flying Machines.
 Hoyt, Protectionism Versus Free Trade.
 Fawcett, Pauperism.
 Willcox, Study of City Government.
 Mayo-Smith, Statistics and Economics.

Macaulay Bros., Detroit, Mich.

Letters of Siva.

McDevitt-Wilson, 30 Church St., N. Y.

Devil Tree of Eldorado.
 Battlefields of Our Fathers.
 The Little Epicure.

Joseph McDonough Co., 98 State St., Albany, N. Y.

Stanton Genealogy, by Z. I. Stanton.
 Goethe's Faust, trans. by Bayard Taylor.
 Life of Mesmer.
 Bains' Life of Hans C. Anderson.
 Williams' or Allen's History of Vermont.

McGirr & Co., 1102 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Shourd, Fenwick Colony.
 Pollard, Lost Cause.
 Woolman, John, Early Quaker Tracts by.
 Brunner, Indians of Bucks Co., Pa.
 Hogarth, Odd plates of sporting, cocking-fighting, etc.

Henry Malkan, 42 Broadway, N. Y.

Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, and Huckleberry Finn, early eds.
 De Tocqueville's Ancient Regime, etc.
 Adams' Democracy and Monarchy in France.
 Marshall's American Bastile. 1883.
 Walpole's Memoirs, any except George III.
 Herndon and Gibbon's Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon.
 Nasby's Confederate Cross Roads.
 Any of Ambrose Bierce's Books.
 The Apples of New York.
 Picturesque Beauties of the Hudson; also any items on Hudson River.

The Edw. Malley Co., New Haven, Conn.

The Oxonians, in paper cover.

Lewis S. Matthews & Co., Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
 Paget, Surgical Disasters.
 Deavers, Surg. Anatomy, vol. 3.
 Benedict, Brain of Criminals.
 Whittaker, Brain and Cord.
 Van Valsah and Nesbit, Stomach.

B. & J. F. Meehan, Bath, Eng.

Prisoners and Captives.
 Phantom Future.
 Young Mistley.

Isaac Mendoza, 17 Ann St., N. Y. [Cash.]

Emily Dickinson's Poems, 1st Series.
 Thornbury's Shakespeare's England.
 Any histories of Virginia.
 Old New York City Directories.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Can.

Heart of My Heart, by Meredith.

Dewitt Miller, P. O. Drawer 1351, Phila., Pa. [Cash.]

The Preacher's Counsellor, by Athanase Coquerel, translated from the French by R. A. Bertram. London, Elliot Stock, 1867.

N. F. Morrison, 314 W. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.
 Hoffman, Ecclesiastical Law.
 Dunbar Family Chart.
 Mackenzie, Alex., Voyages. N. Y., 1902.
 Am. Jewish Hist. Soc. Proceedings, no. 17.

Moroney's Book Sales, 404 Central Ave., Cin., O.
 Compendium Sacrae Liturgiae of Wapelhorst. O. S. F. De Hass, History of W. Va.
 Anything by Archbishop Spalding.
 Century Cyclo. of Names.
 Ohio State Reports (Law).

John J. Newbegin, 242 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
 Hittell's History of California, 4 vols.
 Larned's History for Ready Reference, 6 vols.
 Stoddard's Lectures, cl., 14 vols.
 Done in the Open, de luxe ed.
 Oscar T. Schucks' California Anthology.

N. Y. Medical Book Co., 45 E. 42d St., N. Y.
 Buckham, Insanity in Its Medico-Legal Relations. 1883.

John P. Nicholson, Flanders Building, Phila., Pa.
 Were the West Point Graduates Loyal. Van Nostrand.

Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague, Holland.
 Gage, Anthony and Stanton, History of Woman Suffrage. New York, 1881.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

Nunn & Co., 535 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.
The Messenger, Feb., 1909.
 Goodnow, Comparative Administrative Law, 2 vols.

Old Corner Book Store, 27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Years in Oregon, and Arizona and Sonora, by Sylvester Mowry, 3d ed.

Old Corner Book Store, Springfield, Mass.

Southern Historical Society Papers, vols. 7 and 10.

H. A. O'Leary, 1597 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hungerford, The Old Plantation, 1859.
 Vetromile, The Abnakis and Their History.
 Any work by Father Vetromile.
 Life and Traditions of the Red Man. Bangor, 1893.

Drake, Book of the Indians.
 Rand, Book of Genesis, in Micmac.
 Cooke, Conquest of New Mexico and Cal.
 Fremont, Memoirs, vol. 1, 1887.
 Fremont, Jessie B., A Year of American Travel, 1878.
 Greeley, Overland Journey.
 Hinton, Negroes in Negroland.
 Warren, A Doctor's Experience, 1885.
 Why the Solid South. Balt., 1890.

O'Shea's Book Store, 109 E. 59th St., N. Y.
 Engravings of Ada, Ruth, Esther, Elector, and Martha.

Oxford Univ. Press, 35 W. 32d St., N. Y.
 Washington Irving's History of Granada, the author's revised ed. of 1850 or '57.

Philadelphia Magazine Depot, 326 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

Literary Digest, vol. 1; vols. 7, no. 19.
 Democratic Review, 1853-'59, or odd nos.
 De Bow's Review; Craftsman, vols. 1 and 2.
 Catholic University Bulletin; Cath. Quart. Rev.
 Cassier's Mag., 1891-'94; Catholic World, '93 to date.

The Pilgrim Press, 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Life and Works of John Bunyan, by Robt. Southey.

E. W. Porter, 132 Endicott Arcade, St. Paul, Minn.
 Hurd's Principles of Land Values.
 McFarland, Awakening of Harrisburg.
 Horsfall, Improvement of Dwellings.
 James, Painters and Their Work, vols. 1 and 2.
 Century Dictionary, 10 vols., 3/4 mor., new.
 L'nnian, Limerick, Its History, etc.
 Genealogy of Creagh Family.
 Strange, Japanese Prints.

Pownall's Book Store, 107 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
 [Cash.]

Ford's History of Illinois.
 Edge-Tools of Speech, by Maturin M. Ballou.
 Reynolds' History of Illinois.
 Job lots in Italian or French books.

C. S. Pratt, 161 6th Ave., N. Y. [Cash.]

Flammarion, Stella.
 Ben Eyra, Coming of the Messiah in Glory.
 Whitman, Edgar Poe and His Critics.
 The Knight of Glencoe.
 Tuckerman, A Month in England.

Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

History of the 57th Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment.
 L. Hearn, Some Chinese Ghosts.
 Amateur Angler's Days in Dovedale.
 Prime, Owl Creek Letters.
 Prime, Along N. E. Roads and Among Northern Hills.

C. J. Price, 1004 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
 Buchanan, J. R., Psychometry.
 Denton, Wm., Soul of Things.

Public Library, San Francisco, Cal.
 Deane, Chas., Catalogue of Private Library.
 Durrie, Daniel, Bibliographia Genealogica Americana.
 Hunter, Col. Geo., Reminiscences of an Old Timer.

Purdy Bros., Galveston, Tex.
 Pygmalion and Galatea.
 Yoakum, Texas History.

R. Rayson, 90 High Road, Chiswick, London, W., England. [Cash.]
 Malt, books relating to.
 German Music, books on.
 Smith's Successful Advertising, 1st to 5th eds.

Peter Reilly, 133 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa.
 Three Graces, Kilner.
 Wings of Silence, Cozzens.
 Joshua Marvel, Farjeon.
 Sign of the Silver Flagman, Farjeon.
 Schopenhauer, The World, as Will and Idea.

Robson & Adeo, 309 State St., Schenectady, N. Y.
 Machinist and Draftman Handbook, Lobben. Pub. by Van Nostrand Co.

Ludwig Rosenthal, Hildegardstrasse 14, Munchen,
 Laws of U. S. A., vol. 10, 1811, or incomplete.
 Wandering Jew, all on.
 Jewish Encyclopedia, vols. 4, 6, 7.

J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson, Mich.
 Anything on management of wholesale drug business.
 Tyler's Early Hist. of Mankind.

Schaefer & Koradi, Philadelphia, Pa. [Cash.]
 Shelhamer, Life and Labor of Spirit World. o. p.
Schoenhof Book Co., Inc., 128 Tremont St., Boston.
 Chambers' Encyclopedia.

Theo. E. Schulte, 132 E. 23d St., N. Y.
 Butler, Solar Biology.
 Hardy, Christianity and the Roman Government.
 Bellaire, As it is in the Philippines.

John E. Seepen, 53 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y.
 Woodbury's Bedford, N. H. 1851.
 Knapp's Lib. of Am. Hist. N. Y., 1835.
 Pollard's Southern War, vols. 4 and 5.
 Anaceron, old ed.
 Strang's Hist. of Flatbush. 1842.

Scranton, Wetmore & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
 Lecky's England, Cabinet ed.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
 Cowe and Cavalcaselle, Early Flemish Artists.
 Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales. Putnam.
 Crawford, Constantinople. Scribner.
 D'Annunzio, Griconda. Russell.
 Darwin, Origin of Species. Appleton.
 Dictionary of National Biography. Macmillan.
 Duruy, History of Greece.
 Duruy, History of Rome.
 Epoch Series, 3 vols. Longmans.

Erskine, Constitutional History of England.
 Fanshaw, Liquor Legislation in U. S. and Canada.
 Cassell.

Fenellosa, Mural Painting of the Boston Public Library.
 Fenelon, Telemachus. Appleton.

Forbes, Eng. Estate Forestry. Judd.
 Forester, Lone Star Blockhouse. Nelson.
 Forty Years of Advertising. Printers' Ink.
 Grattan, Thos. C., History of the Netherlands.

Harper.
 Greenaway, The Marigold Garden. Warne.
 Grenfell, Vikings of To-day. Revell.

Hamlin, Among the Turks. American Tract Soc.
 Hartmann, Sadakichi, Schopenhauer in the Air,
 12 stories. Hartmann.

Hauptman, Lonely Souls. Russell.
 Hauptman, Weavers. Russell.
 Heine, Book of Song, tr. by Leland. Holt.

Henderson, History of Germany in Middle Ages.
 Macmillan.
 Hervey, A., French Music of the 19th Century.
 Dutton.

Indian Statesman.
 Ivison, H., Horse-Power Diagrams. Hill.
 James, W., Psychology, vol. 1. Holt.
 Jordan, Factors of Organic Evolution. Ginn.
 Jordan, Voice of the Scholar. Elder.
 Knight, C., The Mechanician. Hill.
 Lagerlof, From a Swedish Homestead. McClure.
 Leakey, England in 18th Century, 7 vols. Appleton.
 Lethaby and Swainson, Church of St. Sophia.
 Macmillan.
 Lethe, Law in the Prophets. Nelson.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

Charles Scribner's Sons.—Continued.

- Little, St. Francis. Whittaker.
 2 Loane, From Their Point of View. Longmans.
 Lyell, Principles of Geology, rev. ed., 2 vols. Appleton.
 MacArthur, Education in Its Relation to Manual Industry. Appleton.
 McCook, North American Spiders, 2 vols.
 MacDonald, Seaboard Parish. Lothrop.
 Mackenzie, Social Philosophy. Macmillan.
 McLeod, Stories of the Land of Evangeline. Lothrop.
 Macpherson, Poems of Ossia. Macmillan.
 Margaret of Valois, Memoirs. Page.
 Maupassant, Fort Comme le Mort. Fenn.
 Michelet, History of France. Appleton.
 Molesworth, Two Little Waifs. Macmillan.
 Montesquieu, Grandeur and Decadence. Appleton.
 Mowry, Talks With My Boys. Little.
 Potter, Bible Stories in Bible Language. Appleton.
 Ranke, History of Latin and Teutonic Nations, 1494 to 1514. Macmillan.
 Rawlinson, Five, Six and Seven Oriental Monarchies.
 Rennsat, Memoirs. Appleton.
 Richards, Machine Construction Manual of '88. Hill.
 Robinson, Principles of Architecture, Composition Arch. Rec. Co.
 Romanes, Scientific Evidences of Organ Evolution. Humboldt.
 Sanborn, Genius and Character of Emerson. Houghton.
 Schenck, Forest Policy. C. A. Schenck.
 Selections From Madame D'Arblay Diary. Little.
 Spirnmann and Leyard, Kate Greenaway. Putnam.
 Taine, Notes on Paris. Holt.
 The Signist. Comstock.
 Uncle Ned, Little Letters to Boys Grown Tall. Abbey Press.
 Vance, Ways for Boys to Make and Do Things. Lothrop.
 Vines, Physiology of Plants. Putnam.
 Wadsworth, Practical Crystallography. Van Nostrand.
 Wagner, Names and Their Meaning. Putnam.
 Wait, Law of Contracts. Eng. News Pub. Co.
 Walford, County Families of the United Kingdom.
 Warne, Mother Goose Rhymes. Warne.
 Wedmore, Fred'k, Studies in English Art 1st Ser.
 West, Max, The Inheritance Tax. Macmillan.
 Whewell, History of the Inductive Sciences. Appleton.
 Witcher, Widow Bedott Papers. Armstrong.
 Wilson, Making the Most of Ourselves. McClurg.
 Wolf, Emma, Other Things Being Equal. McClurg.
 Yeats, Where There is Nothing. Macmillan.

A. G. Seiler, 1224 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y.

- Gray, Scientific Papers, 2 vols.
 Monroe, History of Education.
 Books on Methods of Teaching.

C. S. Shaffet, 218 W. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.
 Ridpath's History of the World, vol. 1 only. Dugal Free Co., Minneapolis.**John V. Sheehan & Co., 178 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

- Smyth's Franklin, vol 5, large pap. ed.
 Clark's Historical Sketches Poe.
 Candy Making. Bruce and West.
 Fairy Tales Far and Near. Couch.
 Mate of the Mary Ann, Sweet.
 Practical Instruction in the Art of Letter Engraving, Whelpley.

R. E. Sherwood, 48 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

- The Chronic Loafer, Nelson Lloyd.
St. Nicholas, 2d half 1892 and 1898.
 Strange Adventures of Miss Faulkner, Doyle.

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester, N. Y.
 [Cash.]

- 2 copies of History of Green Bay, Wis., 1834 to '99.

The Sisson Book Co., 1391 Main St., Hartford, Conn.
 [Cash.]

- Faustus, His Life, Death, etc. London, 1825.
 Odd vols. of Willson, 1808-'14.

Geo. D. Smith, 48 Wall St., N. Y.

- Cymbalum Mundi. B. des periers about 1730.
 Dufour's Histoire de la Prostitution. Paris, 1853.
 Stoddard's Lectures.

Geo. D. Smith.—Continued.

- Cooper's Works, 3/4 levant.
 Dickens' Dinner, Boston, Feb. 1, 1842.
 D. G. Rossetti, by P. W. Nicholson. Edin., 1866.
 The Federalist, vol. 1, uncut. N. Y., 1788.
 Studies in the Psychology of Sex, Havelock-Ellis, 5 vols., or single copies.
 Modern Horsemanship, E. L. Anderson. 1889.
 Man and Woman, Havelock-Ellis. 1908.

J. G. Smith, Charlotte, N. C.

- Wheeler's History of N. C.
 Wheeler's Reminiscences.
 Stoddard's Lectures, any, cheap.
 Southern Historical Association, odd vols.
 Black's Law Dictionary.
 Mark Twain's Works, any, cheap.
 Longfellow's Works, as new, complete.
 Tennyson's Works, as new, complete.

Smith & McCance, 34 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

- Golden Songs of Great Poets. Leggett, N. Y., 1877.
 Hogarth's Works, vol. 10. Barrie & Sons, Phila., 1900.
 Shakespeare's Works, vol. 8. Morris & Co.
 Psalms and Hymns. N. Y., 1820, '23, '27.
 Neal's History of the Puritans.

Smith & Lamar, Agts., Dallas, Tex.

- Encyclopedia Britannica, American ed., cl., 17 vols. only.
 Scharff's Comprehensive History of Texas, Lippincott ed.

A. H. Smythe, 43 S. High St., Columbus, O.

- Irving's Life of Washington, vols. 4 and 5. 1st ed.
 Bible of To-day.

G. E. Stechert & Co., 129 W. 20th St., N. Y.

- McClintock and Strong, Cyclopedias, 12 vols.
 Goodholme, Domestic Encyclopedia. Scribner.
 Ritter, Music in America. Scribner.
 Jackson, Life and Times of Stonewall Jackson.
 Roche, Life and Letters of O'Reilly. Cassell.
 Elers, Cleopatra.
 McLaughlin, Matthew Lyon. Hist. P. Co.
 Willoughby, Workingmen's Insurance. Crowell.
 Hillern, On the Cross.
 Newton, Dictionary of Birds.
Poet Lcre, vols. 7 to 10 and foll.
 MacDonald, Abnormal Women.
North American Review, set.
 Williams, Diamond Mines of So. Africa.

W. F. Stowe, 167 Clinton Ave., Kingston, N. Y.

- Old American Songsters.
 Books and pamphlets on Vermont.
 Valentine's Manuals.

Strashun Book Co., 64 Vesey St., N. Y.

- Treatise on Chemistry, Roscoe and Schorlemmer, vol. 2, pt. 2. App., '88.
 John Bull's Ship Carpentry Work.

Stratford & Green, Los Angeles, Cal.
Wide World Mag., Feb., '03; May, '04; Nov., '05.**Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.**

- Footsteps of Fate, Louis Couperus. Appleton.

J. F. Taylor & Co., 18 E. 17th St., N. Y.

- Josephus, Whitton, 4 vols.
 Josephus, any other ed.
 Brantome, Fair and Gallant Ladies, 2 vols.
 Brantome, Works, any ed.
 Longfellow, fine extra illustrated set.
 Portraits of the Popes, woods or steels.
 Omar Khayyam, New Amsterdam Pub. Co. ed.
 Anacreon. New Amsterdam Pub. Co. Only proof copies wanted.

Taylor's Book Shop, 3518 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

- Science and Health, before 1883, with chapter on Animal Magnetism.
 Drugs and Their Uses.
 Alchemy and the Alchemists.

The Teetshorn Co., Houston, Tex.

- Chemical Dictionary, 10 or 15 vols., Standard Works.
 Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi, by J. Baldwin.

The Texas Co., 15 Battery Place, N. Y.

- Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Transportation of Petroleum, pt. 2, entitled Prices and Profits.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

F. H. Thomas Co., 727 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Jackson, The Young Physician.
Bigelow, Self-Limited Diseases.

C. W. Treat, Nashville, Tenn.
Bartlett's Personal Narrative. 1854.
Palladino, Indian and White in the Northwest.
Ross, Fur Hunters of Far West.
Ross, Adventures of First Settlers on Columbia River.
Schultz, Travels on an Inland Voyage.

Otto Ulbrich Co., 386 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Clover Club of Philadelphia, by Mary R. Deakon.
Clover Leaves. Pub. 1885.
Hamilton's Speaker, comp. by Orrin Root.
Missionary Study Ref. Library, nos. 1 and 6.

The United Press Bd. of Pub., Pittsburg, Pa.
Hannah's Life of Christ, vol. 1. Pub. by Carter.

University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Hubbard's Newspaper and Book Directory of the World.

Hurd, First Daily Newspaper.
International League of Press Clubs, 9th, 1899.
Life of Geo. Jones, ed. of the *N. Y. Times*.
Miller, History of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, 1756-1872.

Pearson, From Cottage to Castle. Gutenberg.

Univ. of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

Child Study Monthly, set.
Illinois Child Study Society's Proceedings.
Goodyear, Coal Mines of Western Coast of U. S.

H. D. Utley, 236 State St., New London, Conn.
Genealogy of the Lee Family.
Genealogy of the Strong Family.

D. Van Nostrand Co., 23 Murray St., N. Y.
Proceedings of Master Car Builders for 1873, '74, '76, '78, '79.
Car Builders' Dictionary, 1879.
Voss, Railway Car Construction.

Varsity Supply Co., 1602 N. High St., Columbus, O.
Minnesota Plant Diseases, new or second-hand.

M. A. Vinson, 206 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.
Architectural Record, vol. 3, no. 4; vol. 4, complete; vol. 10, nos. 1 and 2; vol. 11, complete.

Edwin C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., N. Y.
Adheimer Brady, National Money (pamphlet).
The Bank Charter Act (England, 1857), or the later ed., Commercial Panics, Their Cause and Cure (1861).
Jonathan Duncan, Monetary Pamphlets, the '50s, London.

John Wanamaker, New York.
N. Y. Sunday Mercury, 1890, '91, '92.

John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.
Dyers' Folk Lore of Plants.
The Enchanter. by Silberrad.
Flush Times in Alabama, Baldwin.
Correspondence of John Sedgwick, vol. 1, by Stoeckel.

William Wesley & Son, 28 Essex St., Strand, London, Eng.
Torrey Club Bulletin, vols. 7 and 8.
Astrophysical Journal, vols. or nos.

E. Wesson, 225 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.
[Cash.]
Bowditch's Translation of La Place's Mecanique Céleste.

Anglo-Saxon Review.
State full particulars. Quote express prepaid.

The Wheeler Pub. Co., 215 Colorado Bldg., Denver, Colo. [Cash.]

Tahiti, the Island Paradise, by N. Senn.

Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, N. Y.
The Child, the Wise Man and the Devil, by Coulson Kernahan.

God and the Ant, by Coulson Kernahan.
Life of Dr. Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg.

A Pickwickian Pilgrimage, by J. R. G. Hazzard.

Wilder's Old Curiosity Shop, Saratoga, N. Y.

[Cash.]
Collins' Plato. Pub. by Alden, 1883.
Cicero's Orations, in Eng., cheap.

Holden's Hist. of Queensbury, N. Y.

Wilder's Old Curiosity Shop.—Continued.

Fayette Robinson's California.
Alfred Robinson's Life in California.

Arthur C. Wilkins, 207 W. 23d St., N. Y.
1st Report of Interstate Commerce Commission.
Kipling, Outward Bound ed., vols. 3, 4, 11.
Paul, C. K., William Godwin, vol. 2.
Choteau's Journal.

Williams Book Store, Worcester, Mass. [Cash.]
Publishers, Subscription Houses and Dealers having large or small lots of remainders, remnants, pulled books, and other literary job lots, can find us ready buyers with spot cash for lots of any size. Correspondence invited.

Wilmington Inst. Free Lib., Wilmington, Del.
Columbia University Quarterly, vol. 3, no. 1.
Weaver, A. G., Story of Our Flag.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

John R. Anderson, 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Mark Twain, Royal ed., hf. mor., new. Make offer.

G. A., P. O. Box 943, New York City.
Notes and Queries [English], from January, 1889, to December, 1908. The 18 volumes, from 1889 to 1897, are bound in half russia, the remainder in weekly parts as published. Make offer.
Printing Art, complete set to 1909, in number. Make offer.

The Bookman, pub. by Dodd, Mead & Co. Complete set to 1909, bound in cloth. Make offer.
Growell-Eames, Three Centuries of English Book-trade Bibliography. \$3.

Paul B. Hoeber, 69 E. 59th St., N. Y.
Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, vols. 2, 3, 6, 9-16.

Moroney's Book Sales, 404 Central Ave., Cin. O.
50 de luxe sets, fine bindings, low numbers, Am. Statesmen, Paul de Koch, Maupassant, Bret Harte, Voltaire, Webster, Hamilton, etc., etc., Write for catalogue and details. (Think quick.)

M., care of Publishers' Weekly, N. Y.
U. S. Fish Commissioner's Reports, 17 vols., bound, good condition, covering 21 years, 15,478 pages and 954 illustrations.

Strashun Book Co., 64 Vesey St., N. Y.
Country Life in America, in sets or single nos.

Williams Book Store, Worcester, Mass. [Cash.]
Just bought at the Boston and Albany auction of refused and unclaimed freight a big lot of small Dictionaries and a few cases of other books. Dealers and Public Libraries interested in bargains in desirable new and second-hand books send for list.

HELP WANTED

BOOK MANAGER WANTED for large Western agricultural book company. Previous experience with agricultural books necessary. Excellent salary to start. Possibilities unlimited for an experienced man that can make good. State age, experience and salary wanted in first letter. Application treated as confidential. "F. A." care of PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, New York.

SITUATIONS WANTED

WANTED.—Position by a librarian. Has had long experience in managing a successful circulating library. Address HELEN R. MARVIN, 205 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

BUSINESS FOR SALE.

ESTABLISHED wholesale and retail book business, new and old, on prominent avenue N. Y. City. ROBINSON, care of PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, New York.

COMPLETE PRINTING PLANT FOR SALE.—The printing plant of The Outing Publishing Company, located at Deposit, N. Y., will shortly be on sale. It has five monotype and three linotype machines, a complete book and job composing room, eleven Babcock and two job presses, electrotype foundry and bindery. There is also well equipped cloth-

BUSINESS FOR SALE.—Continued.

bindery located in the town near the Outlook plant. The Deposit Board of Trade can guarantee prospective purchasers nominal taxes, and electric light and water at cost, also other privileges, and solicits correspondence from responsible purchasers. Further particulars on application. Address SECRETARY, BOARD OF TRADE, Deposit, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT NOTICES.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class D, XXc, No. 15666.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 16th day of March, 1909, Countess Eleanor Fletcher Bishop Nicholas, of New York, N. Y., hath deposited in this office the title of a Dramatic Composition, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Zenobia of England," the right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from Aug. 4, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 229235.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 27th day of January, 1909, The W. H. Anderson Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Pleadings, Parties and Forms Under the Code. Adapted to the statutes of Ohio in force July, 1881, with full authorities from all states using a code and decisions from the common law practice. By Clement Bates. Vol. I," the right whereof it claims as proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from July 25, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 239027.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 11th day of May, 1909, George W. Cable, of Northampton, Mass., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Madame Delphine. By George W. Cable. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons," the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from June 28, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 233048.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 9th day of March, 1909, Mary B. Cheney, of New Haven, Conn., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Building Eras in Religion. By Horace Bushnell. Literary Varieties III. Centenary edition. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons," the right whereof she claims as proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from June 18, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 236514.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 13th day of April, 1909, Ellen Willis Eldridge Parton, of Newburyport, Mass., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Life of Voltaire. By James Parton. Volume I. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company," the right whereof she claims as proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from April 25, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 236515.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 13th day of April, 1909, Ellen Willis Eldridge Parton, of Newburyport, Mass., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Life of Voltaire. By James Parton. Volume II. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company," the right whereof she claims as proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from May 9, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 236016.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 8th day of April, 1909, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, of Newton Center, Mass., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Friends: a Duet. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company," the right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from May 21, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 236015.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 8th day of April, 1909, Miriam Coles Harris, of New York, N. Y., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Happy-Go-Lucky. By Miriam Coles Harris. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company," the right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from May 9, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 236014.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 8th day of April, 1909, John Burroughs, of West Park, N. Y., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "Pepacton. By John Burroughs. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company," the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from April 30, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 236013.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 8th day of April, 1909, Ellen Olney Kirk, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "A Lesson in Love. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company," the right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from April 11, 1909.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class A, XXc, No. 226558.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 2d day of January, 1909, George E. Whiting, of Boston, Mass., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: "George E. Whiting: The Tale of the Viking. Cantata. New York, G. Schirmer," the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.
In renewal for 14 years from June 20, 1909.

THE NEED OF CHANGE

By JULIAN STREET

Author of "My Enemy the Motor."

16mo. Illustrated. Ornamental Cover. 50 Cents

A new mirth provoker by this popular comic writer.



SEPTIMUS

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

A leading seller throughout the English speaking world.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"The kindest spirit in English letters since Lamb."

12mo. \$1.50

—Atlantic.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE

By CONSTANCE ELISABETH MAUD. 12mo. \$1.50

A meeting of French piquancy and Scotch propriety.



CARMINA

DAGO DREAMS AND IRISH BLARNEY

Poems by T. A. DALY, author of "Canzoni," etc.

12mo. \$1.00 net

"What Riley is to the farmer, Daly is to the immigrant."

—Phila. Enquirer.

"His Italian studies are really marvelous." — Julian Hawthorne.

THE THIRD CIRCLE

By FRANK NORRIS, author of "The Pit," etc.

12mo. \$1.50

A collection of the most famous stories of this gifted author, many of them about conditions of life in San Francisco which have now vanished.

THE LOST CABIN MINE

A Stirring Tale of the West

12mo By FREDERIC NIVEN \$1.50

"Rattling good story." — Prof. Phelps. "A sockdologer." — N.Y. Sun.



THE LOVE LETTERS OF CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH

Edited by ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Nephew of Thomas Carlyle.

With Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. \$8.00 net

"The most important contribution to literature of the new year." — Chicago Tribune.

SEEKERS IN SICILY

By ELIZABETH BISLAND and ANNE HOYT

12mo. Illustrated. \$1.50 net

A delightful account of the people, country, and villages of the island jewel of the Mediterranean. More than a guide book and invaluable for tourists.

CHESTERTON'S ORTHODOXY

By the Author of "Heretics"

"I tried to found a Heresy and discovered it was Orthodoxy." — Gilbert K. Chesterton.

"A work of genius." — Chicago Evening Post. 12mo. \$1.50 net

KING ALFRED'S JEWEL. A Drama in Blank Verse

With colored frontispiece reproducing the Jewel now at Oxford. 12mo. \$1.25 net

"The English speaking world has waited a thousand years for a worthy dramatic impersonation of King Alfred. And here it is. The author is supremely a poet, the master of metaphor not less than of melody." — H. M. Alden in N. Y. Times Review.

JOHN LANE COMPANY THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO Send for Summer List **New York**



Light Summer Reading



THE PEOPLE AT PLAY

By Rollin Lynde Hartt

A remarkable book, presenting the sports and amusements of the American people with shrewd insight and a rich vein of humor. Fully illustrated. \$1.50 net. Postpaid \$1.65.

STICKEEN: The Story of a Dog

By John Muir

"A moving story of a faithful dog and a perilous escape in the glacier country."—*Philadelphia North American*. 60 cents net. Postpaid 68 cents.

HAREMLIK: Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women

By Demetra Vaka

(Mrs. Kenneth Brown)

Vivid pictures of Turkish life by one who has a first hand knowledge of the subject. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.

GAMBOLLING WITH GALATEA By Curtis Dunham

A rural comedy with an entirely new vein of humor and sentiment, presenting some interesting characters not all human. Illustrated by OLIVER HERFORD. \$1.15 net. Postpaid, \$1.30.

MY CRANFORD

By Arthur Gilman

"A delightful little volume of sketches, picturing in beguiling fashion a New England Arcadia."—*New York Times*. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.

DRAGON'S BLOOD

By Henry Rideout

"'Dragon's Blood' is the most powerful, dramatic, and tense story of its kind of which we have any recollection."—*San Francisco Argonaut*. Illustrated. \$1.20 net. Postpaid \$1.35.

A VOYAGE ON AN ICE-PAN By Wilfred T. Grenfell

A true account of wonderful escape from almost certain death off the Labrador coast. Illustrated. 75 cents net. Postpaid 81 cents.

ON THE ROAD TO ARDEN

By Margaret Morse

"A dainty little love-story, charmingly told, and touched with whimsical humor."—*Detroit Free Press*. Illustrated. \$1.00 net. Postpaid \$1.10.

THE STORY OF THYRZA

By Alice Brown

"Miss Brown has succeeded in delineating a feminine temperament at once splendid and appalling."—*Chicago Tribune*. Illustrated. \$1.35 net. Postpaid \$1.50.

THROUGH WELSH DOORWAYS By Jeannette Marks

"Breezy, bracing, alluring as a breath from the high Welsh hills."—*Chicago Record-Herald*. Illustrated. \$1.10 net. Postpaid \$1.20.

WILD LIFE ON THE ROCKIES

By Enos A. Mills

"One of the most informing, entertaining, and fascinating nature books seen in many a day."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Fully illustrated. \$1.75 net. Postpaid \$1.90.

BOSTON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

NEW YORK

